

The  
Oxford Book  
Of English Prose

Oxford University Press

*London Edinburgh Glasgow Copenhagen*

*New York Toronto Melbourne Capetown*

*Bombay Calcutta Madras Shanghai*

Humphrey Milford Publisher to the University

The  
Oxford Book  
Of English Prose

Chosen & Edited by  
Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

Oxford  
At the Clarendon Press  
1925

*Printed in England*  
*At the OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS*  
*By John Johnson*  
*Printer to the University*



TO  
TWO HOUSES  
OF LEARNING AND HOSPITALITY  
TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD  
AND  
JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE  
*αἰχμαθῶν εἰκαδὲς*  
AND TO  
FRIENDSHIP

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## PREFACE

IT will hardly allure a 'hesitating purchaser' of this book that I open it with a query if it be possible to make a Prose Anthology at all. This doubt I confess has more than once assailed me in the years spent on the attempt. But to be brave is the only way to succeed, and I have hope that this volume will at least establish the possibility.

Yet I must premise that any anthology of English Prose is—for several reasons and of its very nature—difficult.

To begin with, if a man seek to the sources, it demands long and laborious reading, the bulk of our prose being already well-nigh immeasurable. I have read pretty widely among the originals for this book, and during five years for its special purpose. The result leaves me convinced that no honest scholar can pretend an acquaintance with the whole of English prose, or even with the whole that may yield good selections. All one can do is to spread a wide and patient net and report that he brings the best of his haul.

Of this labour upon mere bulk, however, he should despise to complain. It is his

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business, once undertaken; and it is not the inherent difficulty of his undertaking, which the reader will perhaps most readily understand if he turn to No. 581 of this volume and consider what Mr. Clutton-Brock says of the essential qualities by virtue of which Prose differs from Verse. He hazards that while the cardinal virtue of Verse is Love, the cardinal virtue of Prose is Justice. I should put it a little differently, using other terms. Bearing in mind such lines as Milton's famous invocation :

Hail holy Light! offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
or Macbeth's:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
or Marvell's *Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland*, or Gray's *Elegy*, or many a sonnet of Wordsworth's, I should prefer 'a high compelling emotion' to Mr. Clutton-Brock's 'Love', however widely interpreted, as the virtue of Poetry; and Persuasion rather than Justice as the first virtue of Prose, whether in narrative or in argument. Defoe's art in telling of Crusoe's visits to the wreck is all bent on persuading you that it really happened and *just so*; as Burke, in pleading for conciliation with the American colonists, is bent on marshalling argument upon argument why conciliation is expedient besides being just. In

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argument, to be sure, the appeal lies always towards an assumed seat of absolute justice to which even in the Law Courts every plea is addressed; Persuasion is, after all, as Matthew Arnold says, the only true intellectual process, or as Socrates, in prison under sentence of death for having failed in it, so nobly proclaimed, the only right way of reforming a commonwealth.

But persuasion, whether in narrative or in argument, is a long process, insinuating, piling up proof; and Prose its medium is therefore naturally long. So we find ourselves confronted with the material, almost brutal, question, Can any anthology of short passages rightly illustrate an art of which the property is to be long? From this the Devil's Advocate easily goes on to say, 'Prose, being what you allow it to be, on that admission abhors the purple patch. You have admitted many purple patches. Please you, justify yourself.' To this I might answer that the purple patches in this book are actually few in comparison with the mass of its contents: I have very sedulously included all sorts of our prose, choosing often a passage quite pedestrian. Yet the answer would not be quite honest: for some things are here which all men have applauded, and (frankly) because they have been so applauded as well

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as because my own judgement applauds. Raleigh on Death, for example, some pages of Sir Thomas Browne, Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration. As I wrote in my preface to the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, I have tried to choose the best, and the best is the best though a hundred judges have declared it so.

But I have a bolder word to say for the purple patch. One might, in servility to a catchword of criticism, plead that from a sermon of Donne's, a tract of Milton's, an oration by Chatham or Burke, one must of necessity take the *culmen*, only referring the reader to the winding ways up the heights from which like eagles the impassioned phrases launch themselves. I think that, upon examination, literature—which, after all, is memorable speech—will be found in practice very much more on the side of the purple patch than the generality supposes nowadays. For certain Thucydides sewed on these patches deliberately: so (I think) did Plato, albeit more delicately as a philosopher electing to be a man of the world: so certainly did Cicero: so as certainly in the line of our own prose and in their turn did Malory, Donne, Milton, Browne, Berkeley, De Quincey, Hazlitt—to pursue no farther. Nay, if we go right back, it is arguable that Prose was 'born in the purple': that nine-tenths of the speech-

## IRLI ACT

making in the *Iliad* itself, for example, is not poetry at all but rhetoric strung into hexameters; a metre which the tragedians discarded for iambs, 'the most conversational form of verse'. Aristotle himself never troubled to define prose, the medium in which he wrote as it happened to him. In the *Poetics* he just indicates that there is such a thing; that hitherto it has lacked a name; and so (without supplying it) he passes on. He nowhere separates prose from poetry, though we may infer a separation. But in the *Rhetoric* (Book III) the philosopher, while (man of science as he was) suggesting that bald words, such as he habitually used, are the medium for some definite and ascertained knowledge, does admit the existence of a medium persuading men's opinion, and, while belittling it somewhat, allows its right to cultivate *στυλιότης* or—shall we call it?—the grand style. The man, after all, could not escape the witchery, the noble charm of Plato, his beloved master. Now we may reasonably argue, I think, that men's opinions about things—their speculations, memories, aspirations, glimpses of the unseen and infinite—are actually of more importance, of more meaning to mankind than any amount of ascertained fact, that all ascertained fact *exit in mysterium*; that when one generation of it has been swallowed,

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or more frequently ejected, by the next, still man's eternal speculation abides and must abide; and that this is why, while books of exact science may be antiquated by new ones, we can never spare from our shelves a Shakespeare or a Dryden or even a Gibbon. But my immediate point is that even the most austere practical of philosophers, with his eye intent on prose, admits the value of emotion and the purple patch.

For a last difficulty of the Prose anthologist (or the last to be mentioned here): he can by no contrivance make his book attract the eye as a Verse anthology—with its glancing differences of metre, its stanzas, its long and short lines of type—so easily and naturally does. His type must sit blockishly on the page, broken only by paragraphs or by quotations. There is no help for him here.

In face of all this, on what can he rely even for hope? Simply, I believe, on the courage of a conviction that of his acquaintance with English prose and by driving at practice in the English way, he (or somebody on the strength of an idea) can make a serviceable and portable volume which shall remind not only many stay-at-home quiet-living folk but many an Englishman on his travels and (still better) many a one in exile



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on far and solitary outposts of duty, of the nobility of this Island, its lineage and its language. I claim here, and with all emphasis, that my book is not one of *Specimens*: that a critic will mistake its purpose who starts judging it by the amount of space, the number of extracts, assigned to so-and-so; as that he may likely be mistaken in deeming me ignorant of an author not included or, in his opinion, insufficiently represented as against one of acknowledged importance. Mine is not an effort at 'class-listing'—a method always repulsive to me in dealing with literature.

The anthologist, as I understand his trade, must have a 'notion' of his own, a 'pattern in the carpet', though he cannot easily define his pattern. If pressed, I should confess to one or two things.

To begin with, I have tried to make this book as representatively English as I might; with less thought of robust and resounding 'patriotism' than of that subdued and hallowed emotion which, for example, should possess any man's thoughts standing before the tomb of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral: a sense of wonderful history written silently in books and buildings, all persuading that we are heirs of more spiritual wealth than, may be, we have surmised or hitherto begun to divine.

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With this in my mind—keeping English prose as a grand succession while yet trying to release it from any order of ‘specimens’, I have (and the critics are welcome to the admission) not cared a whit for the number of extracts by which this or that author is over or under ‘represented’. All comment directed upon this will simply ignore the book’s purpose. There is a great deal of Berners’ Froissart. Why? For two reasons: the first that it holds the core of true English gentility: the second that, in the matter of technique, our prose learnt its grace of our dear enemy, France.

For a like reason I have been bold to include an amount of ‘out-of-door’ matter that may here and there be considered to fall beneath the dignity of high prose and would anyhow overweight a book of ‘specimens’. For it is curious to observe, in contrast with our poets who sing of green country all the time, what a disproportionate mass of our prose is urban, and how rarely it contrives, at its best, to get off the pavement. As a countryman I may easily be blamed for a stubborn zeal in redressing this balance.

Yet, this opportunity given, I do not repent of my attempt to redress it. Let me illustrate. When Wolfe crossed the St. Lawrence at night to scale the heights of Abraham, it is recorded

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that he murmured a stanza or two from Gray's *Elegy*—that his vision on that dark passage went back to a green and English country churchyard; so if the reader will turn to an extract I have taken from Charles Reade (No. 429) he will feel this imperishable land of ours revived, and with tears, in the hearts of its roughest outcasts. Those men had no 'patriotism', no sense of any duty to England: a fair sprinkling of them, perhaps, had been convicts and 'left their country for their country's good'. But what they felt is just what I could wish this book to recall to the breast of any gallant Englishman on outpost duty in fort or tent.

Nescio qua nitate solum dulcedine cunctos  
Ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui.

I propose that, with the aid of the Clarendon Press, this book shall be put upon sale on November 25, 1925, twenty-five years to a day since *The Oxford Book of English Verse* saw the light and started to creep into public recognition, at first (as I remember) very slowly. While no more superstitious than ordinary men, I take a pleasure in observing birthdays and other private anniversaries as well as those of the Church: and it is my fancy to choose this as an omen of continuance in some public favour. A quarter of a century is a large slice in the life

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of any man who pretends (as in this book must be pretended) some claim to preserve a capacity for discerning good literature from that which is less good : and I feel that the interval may, as happens to men, have somewhat chilled and hardened the judgement. I have, for example, removed out of this anthology many sounding passages for the sole reason that on second thoughts they did not ring true—that is to me, at my time of life, when the instinct to admire is subdued by a scruple against leaving this world with any profession of knowing more than one does. And on a similar principle, in covenant with the years, I have felt it right to concede that my sympathy with prose nowadays being written, though often warm enough, misses a right capacity to discriminate. Therefore I end this book with writers who had already solidified their work by 1914, and trust that the reader will accept this break-off as reasonable and allow me *donatum iam rude* to hang up just there the old harness. Yet, relinquishing it, I look forward in entire faith to the opening fields. The Newspaper Press admits to-day a portentous amount of that Jargon, or flaccid writing to which flaccid thought instinctively resorts. But literature, I repeat, is memorable speech, recording memorable thoughts and deeds, and in such deeds at any rate the younger

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generation has not failed. Our fathers have, in the process of centuries, provided this realm, its colonies and wide dependencies, with a speech malleable and pliant as Attic, dignified as Latin, masculine, yet free of Teutonic guttural, capable of being precise as French, dulcet as Italian, sonorous as Spanish, and of capturing all these excellencies to its service. Turning over these pages before they go to the printer I recognize (not, I hope, too fondly) that the whole purpose moves to music. So, taking leave of a trade which in these years has at least not lacked the compliment of imitation, I look back somewhat wistfully on the fields traversed, to be searched over by other eyes to which I would fain bequeath, if I could so entreat the gods, a freshness of eyesight more delicate than mine.

My debts to those who have granted me the use of copyright passages are acknowledged elsewhere. I conclude here with a word of special gratitude to one or two helpful friends, to Mr. Charles Whibley, to Professor G. Gordon of Oxford, and to many of the Oxford University Press, at Oxford itself and at Amen House, who on an old tradition would probably resent my particularizing them by name. But, in old regard, I must name two friends: the first, the late Mr. Charles Cannan, sometime Secretary

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of the Clarendon Press, who suggested this enterprise and nursed its beginnings: the second, the late Mr. A. R. Waller, Secretary of the Cambridge University Press, who fostered it with the purest good-will and of his own wide reading freely bestowed all that was in his power to give. I like to think that, when my time comes in turn, I shall survive in the Oxford Books of English Verse and English Prose along with these two good men.

A. Q.-C.

In the list on pp. xix-xv the following permissions should be recorded, with my thanks

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I must tender my thanks to those many who have helped me with permission to include copyright passages -

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mr. E. V. Lucas (Messrs. Methuen & Co.); The Hon. R. H. Lyttelton (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.); Mr. Compton Mackenzie (Mr. Martin Secker); Mr. John Masefield (Mr. Grant Richards); George Meredith (Messrs. Constable); William Morris (Mr. Sydney Cockerell); Mr. C. E. Montague (Messrs. Chatto & Windus); Mr. George Moore (Messrs. Heinemann); Lord Morley (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.); Walter Pater (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.); Mark Pattison (The Clarendon Press); F. York Powell (The Clarendon Press); Lady Ritchie (Mr. John Murray); The Earl of Rosebery; W. Clark Russell (Sir Herbert Russell); 'Mark Rutherford' (Mrs. Hale White); Dr. George Saintsbury; Professor George Santayana (Messrs. Constable & Co.); Olive Schreiner (Mr. Cronwright Schreiner); Captain R. F. Scott (Mrs. Hilton Young and Mr. John Murray); Mr. G. Bernard Shaw (Messrs. Heinemann); J. H. Shorthouse (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.); Sir Harry Smith (Mr. John Murray); R. L. Stevenson (Mr. Lloyd Osbourne); Mr. Lytton Strachey (Messrs. Chatto & Windus); Lord Sumner of Ibsstone; A. C. Swinburne (Messrs. Heinemann); Francis Thompson (Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell); T. T. T. Thorne (Messrs. P. J. & A. C. Dobell); Mr. G. M. Trevelyan (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.); Mr. A. B. Walkley; Mr. H. G. Wells; Mr. Charles Whibley; J. A. McNeill Whistler (Messrs. Heinemann); Oscar Wilde (Messrs. Methuen & Co.); F. W. Maitland (Cambridge University Press).

I must beg the forgiveness of any one whose rights have been overlooked in the above list.

A. Q-C



# JOHN TREVISA

1326-1402

## *This Realm, this England*

**A**s *Fraunce* passeth *Bretayne*, so *Bretayne* passeth *Irland* in faire weder and nobilté, but nought in helthe. For this ilond is best and bringeth forth trees and fruyt and retheren and other bestes, and wyn groweth there in som place. The lond hath plenté of foules and of bestes of dyvers manere kynde; the lond is plenteous and the see also. The lond is noble, copious, and riche of nobil welles and of nobil ryveres with plenté of fische; there is grete plenté of small fische, of samon, and of elys. So that cherles in som place fedith sowes with fische. . .

There beeth schepe that bereth good wolles; there beeth meny hertes and wylde bestes and fewe wolves, therfore the schepe beeth the more sikerliche without kepyngge i-lefte in the folde. In this ilond also beeth many cities and townes, faire and noble and riche, many grete ryveres and stremes with grete plenté of fische; many faire wodes and grete with wel many bestes, tame and wylde. The erthe of that lond is copious of metal ore and of salt welles; of quarers of marbel, of dyuers manere stones, of reed, of whyte of nesche, of hard; of chalk and of whyte lyme. There is also white cley and reed forto make of crokkes and stenes and other vessel, and brent tyle to hele with

4 retheren) cattle	10 cherles) peasants	14 sikerliche) securely
20 quarers) quarries	21, 22 red) red	22 nesche) soft
24 stenes) poles	brent) burnt	hele) roof
28; 30	II	I

## JOHN TREVISA

hous and cherches, as hit were in the other *Samia*,  
that hatte *Samos* also *Flaundes* loveth the wolles of  
this lond, and *Normandie* the skynnes and the velles;  
*Gasquyn* the iren and the lead; *Irland* the ore and  
the salt, *Europa* loveth and desireth the white metal  
of this lond.

From the translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*

### 2      *The Mettle of Your Pasture*

**B**UT the Englishe men that woneth in *Engelond*,  
that beeth i-medled in the lond, that beeth fer  
i-spronge from the welles that they spronge of first,  
wel hightliche withoute entsyng of eny other men  
by here owne assent tornen to contrary dedes. . . .

These men been speedful bothe on hors and on foote,  
able and redy to alle manere dedes of armes, and beeth  
i-woned to have the victorie and the maistris in everich  
fight wher no treson is walkynge; and beeth curious,  
and kunneth wel now telle dedes and wondres that  
ther haveth i-seie. Also they gooth in dyvers londes,  
unnethe beeth eny men richere in her owne londe  
othere more gracious in fer and in strange londe.  
They konneth betre wynne and gete newe than kepe  
her owne heritage; therefore it is that they beeth  
i-spred so wyde and weneth that everich londe is hir  
owne heritage. The men beeth able to al manere  
slenethe and witte, but tofore the dede blondrynge and  
hasty, and more wys after the dede, and levethe ofte  
hightliche what they haveth bygonne. .

2 hatte) was called	3 welles) fells	5 white metal) iron	7 woneth)
dwelt	8 i-medled)	(of race) blended	fer) far
14 i-woned) accustomed	16 kunneth)	can	now) enough
seen	18 unnethe)	hardy	19 othere)
22 weneth)	think	24 slenethe)	contrivance
		tofore)	before

## JOHN TREVISA

These men despiseth hir owne, and preiseth other menis, and unnethe beeth apaide with hir owne estate; what byfalleth and semeth other men, they wolleth gladlyche take to hemself; therfore hit is that a yeman arraieth hym as a squyer, a squyer as a knyght, a knyght as a duke, a duke as a kyng.

From the translation of Higden's *Polychronicon* 1001

### 3 *The Thirteenth-Century Maiden*

**M**EN byhove to take hede of maydens. for they ben hote & tendre of complexion, smale, plaunt and fayre of disposicion of body, shamfaste, ferdefull and mery touchynge the affeccion of the mynde. Touchinge outwarde disposicion they be well nurtured, demure and softe of speche and well ware what they say: and delycate in theyr apparell. Their hondes and the uttermeste party of their membres ben full subtyll and plyaunt, theyr voyce small, theyr speche easy and shorte, lyght in goynge & shorte steppes, and lyght wit and heed; they ben sone angry, and thev ben mercyable and envyous, bytter, gylefull, able to lerne. . . And for a woman is more meker than a man, she wepeth sone, and is more envyousse, and more laughinge, & lovinge, and the malice of the soule is more in a woman than in a man. And she is of feble kinde, and she makith more lesynges, and is more shamefaste, & more slowe in werkynge and in mevyng than is a man, as sayth *Aristotle*.

From the translation of Bartholomew de Glanville's  
*De Proprietatibus Rerum*

2 <i>apud</i> ) satisfied.	3 <i>venit</i> ) seems	8 complexion) tempera-
ment	10 ferdefull) fearful	affection) disposition
head	19 for) because	23 levynges) lies
		25 mevyng) moving

## JOHN WYCLIFFE

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*The Prodigal Son*

**L**UK seith that Crist tolde how, A man hadde two sones; and the yonger of hem seide unto his fadir, Fadir, gyve me a porcioun of the substance that fallith me. And the fadir departide him his goodis. And soone attir this yonge sone gederide al that fel to him, and wente forth in pilgrimage into a fer contré; and ther he wastide his goodis, lyvyng in lecherie. And after that he hadde endid alle his goodis, ther fel a gret hungre in that lond, and he bigan to be nedý. And he wente oute, and clevede to oon of the citizeins of that contré, and this citisein sente him into his toun, to kepe swyn. And this sone coveitide to fille his beli with these holes that the hogges eten, and no man gaf him. And he, turninge agen, seide, How many hynen in my fadirs hous ben ful of loves, and Y perishe here for hungre. Y shal rise, and go to my fadir, and seie to him, Fadir, I have synned in heven, and bifore thee; now Y am not worthi to be clepid thi sone, make me as oon of thou hynen. And he roos, and cam to his fadir. And yit whanne he was fer, his fadir sawe him, and was moved bi mercy, and rennyng agens his sone, fel on his nekke, and kiste him. And the sone seide to him, Fadir, Y have synned in hevene, and bifore thee; now Y am not worthi to be clepid thi sone. And the fadir seide to his servauntis anon, Bringe ye forth the firste stole, and clothe ye him, and gyve ye a ryng in his hond, and shoon upon his feet. And bringe ye a fat calf, and

4 departide) divided	5 gederide) gathered	22 toun) farm
13 holes) husks	15 hynen) servants	loves) loaves
21 fer) afar off	22 agens) to meet	26 stole) robe
		29 clepid) called

## JOHN WYCLIFFE

sle him, and etc we and fede us ; for this sone of myn was deed, and is quykened agen, and he was perishid, and is foundun. And thei bigunne to feede hem. And his eldere sone was in the feeld ; and whanne he cam, and was nygh the hous, he herde a symphonic and other noise of mynystrealceye. And this eldere sone clepide oon of the servauntis, and axide what weren thes thingis. And he seide to him, Thy brothir is comen, and thi fadir hath slayn a fat calf, for he hath resceyved him saaf. But this eldere sone hadde dedeyn, and wolde not come in ; thertore his fadir wente out, and bigan to preie him. And he answeride, and seide to his fadir, Lo, so many yeeris Y serve to thee, Y passide nevere thi mandement ; and thou gavest me nevere a kide, for to fede me with my frendis. But after that he, this thi sone, that murtheride his goodis with hooris, is come, thou hast killid to him a fat calf. And the fadir seide to him, Sone, thou art ever more with me, and alle my goodis ben thine. But it was nede to ete and to make mery, for he, this thi brothir, was deed and lyvede agen ; he was perishid, and is founden.

*Sermons • The Saturday Gospel in the Secunde Weke in Lente*

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340? 1400

### 5 *Little Lewis and the Astrolabe*

**L**ITTEL Lowis my sone, I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilité to lerne sciences touchinge noumbres and proporciouns ; and as wel considere I thy bisy preyere in special to lerne the

2 *perishid*) lost      10 *dedeyn*) indignation      14 *passide*) overstepped  
17 *hooris*) harlots

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER

*Tretis of the Astrolabie.* Than, for as mechel as a filosofre seith, 'he wrappeth him in his trend that condescendeth to the rightful preyers of his frend, therfor have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie as for oare orizonte, compownded after the latitude of *Oxenford*; upon which, by mediacion of this lute tretis, I purpose to teche thee a certein nombre of conclusions apertening to the same instrument. I seye a certein of conclusiouns, for three causes. The furste cause is this: truste wel that alle the conclusiouns that han ben founde, or elles possibly mighten be founde in so noble an instrument as an Astrolabie, ben unknowe perfittly to any mortal man in this regioun, as I suppose. Another cause is this - that sothly, in any tretis of the Astrolabie that I have seyn, there ben some conclusions that wole nat in alle thinges performen hir bihestes; and some of hem ben to harde to thy tendre age of ten yeer to conseyeve. This tretis, divided in fyve parties, wole I shewe thee under ful lighte rewles and naked wordes in English; for Latin ne canstow yit but smal, my lyte sone. But natheles, suffyse to thee thise trewe conclusiouns in English, as wel as suffyseth to thise noble clerkes Grekes thise same conclusiouns in Greek, and to Arabiens in Arabik, and to Jewes in Ebrew, and to the Latin folk in Latin; whiche Latin folk han hem furst out of othre diverse langages, and writen in hir owne tonge, that is to seyn, in Latin. And God wot, that in alle thise langages, and in many mo, han thise conclusiouns ben suffisantly lerned and taught, and yit by diverse rewles, right as diverse pathes leden diverse folk the righte wey to *Rome*.

*A Treatise on the Astrolabe*

1 mechel) much                      a a certein of) a certain (limited) number of  
23 noble clerkes Grekes) learned Greeks                      26 han) have

# GEOFFREY CHAUCER

## 6 *O stelliferi conditor orbis*

**O** THOU Maker of the whele that bereth the sterres, which that art y-fastned to thy perdurable chayer, and tornest the hevne with a ravysching sweigh, and constreynest the sterres to suffren thy lawe, so that the mone somtyme shynyn with hir ful hornes, metyn with alle the bemes of the sonne hir brother, hydeth the sterres that ben lesse; and somtyme, whan the mone, pale with hir derke hornes, approacheth the sonne, leseth hir lightes; and that the eve-sterre *Hesperus*, whiche that in the firste tyme of the night bringeth forth hir colde arysinges, cometh eft ayein hir used cours, and is pale by the morwe at the rysyn of the sonne, and is thanne cleped *Lucifer*. Thou restreynest the day by shorter dwelling, in the tyme of colde winter that maketh the leves to falle. Thou dividest the swifte tydes of the night, whan the hote somer is comen. Thy might atempreth the variaunts sesons of the yere; so that *Zephus* the deboneir wind bringeth ayein, in the first somer sesoun, the leves that the wind that highte *Boreas* hath reft away in autumpne, that is to seyn, in the laste ende of somer, and the sedes that the sterre that highte *Arcturus* saw, ben waken hove cornes whan the sterre *Sirius* eschaufeth hem. Ther nis nothing unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forleteth the werke of his propre estat.

O thou governour, governinge alle thinges by certein ende, why refusestow only to governe the werkes of men by dewe manere? Why suffrest thou that

4 sweigh) movement 11 cometh eft ayein) returns to 12 morwe) morning 14 dwelling) tarrying 24 eschaufeth) warms 25 forleteth) leaves

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER

slydinge *Fortune* torneth so grete entre-chaunginges of thinges, so that anoyous peyne, that sholde dewely punisshē felouns, punissheth innocents? And folk of wikkede maneres sitten in heye chayres, and anoyinge folk treden, and that unrightfully, on the nekkes of holy men? And vertu, cler-shyninge naturēlly, is hid in derke derkenesses, and the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. Ne forsweringe ne the fraude, covered and kembd with a fals colour, ne anoyeth nat to shrewes; the whiche shrewes, whan hem list to usen hir strength, they rejoysen hem to putten under hem the sovereyne kinges whiche that poeple with-outen noumbre dreden.

O thou, what so ever thou be that knittest alle bondes of thinges, loke on this wrecchede erthe; we men that ben nat a foule party but a fayr party of so grete a werk, we ben tormented in this see of fortune. Thou Governour, withdraw and restrayne the ravissinge flodes, and fastne and ferme this erthe stable with thilke bonde with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.

*Boethius de Consolatione Philosophie*

7

### *Sins of the Tongue*

**L**AT us thanne speken of chydinge and reproche, whiche been ful grete woundes in mannes herte; for they unsowen the semes of frendshipe in mannes herte. For certes, unnethes may a man pleyntly been accorded with him that hath him openly revyled and repoved in disclaundre. This is a ful grisly sinne, as Crist seith in the gospel. . And certes, chydinge

9 kembd) trimmed (combed)    10 shrewes) scoundrels    25 unnethes)  
hardly    27 repoved) repoved    disclaundre) disgrace



## GEOFFREY CHAUCER

may nat come but out of a vileyns herte For after the habundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful ofte. . . . Lo, what seith seint Augustin : 'ther is no-thing so lyk the develes chuld as he that ofte chydeth.' Seint Paul seith eek : 'I, servant of god, bihove nat to chyde.' And how that chydinge be a vileyns thing bitwixe alle manere folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable bitwixe a man and his wyf ; for there is nevere reste. And therfore seith Salomon, 'an hous that is uncovered and droppinge, and a chydinge wyf, been lyke.' A man that is in a droppinge hous in many places, though he eschewe the droppinge in o place, it droppeth on him in another place So fareth it by a chydinge wyf. But she chyde him in o place, she wol chyde him in another. . .

Now comth the sinne of hem that soven and maken discord amonges folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth outrely ; and no wonder is. For he deyde for to make concord. And more shame do they to Crist, than did they that him crucityede, for god loveth bettre that frendshipe be amonges folk, than he dide his owene body, the which that he yaf for untee. Therfore been they lykned to the devel, that evere been aboute to maken discord. .

Now comth jangling, that may nat been withoute sinne. And, as seith Salomon, 'it is a sinne of apert folye.' And therfore a philosophe seyde, whan men axed him how that men sholde plesse the peple, and he answerde, 'do many gode werkes, and speke fewe jangles.'

After this comth the sinne of japeres, that been the develes apes ; for they maken folk to laughe at hir

6 how that) whereas	7 uncoverable) unsittable	13, 15 a) one
14 But) unless	18 outrely) utterly	26 apert) open

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER

japerie, as folk doon at the gaudes of an ape. Swiche japeres deffendeth seint Paul. Loke how that vertuose wordes and holy conforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so conforten the vileyns wordes and knakkes of japeris hem that travaillen in the service of the devel. These been the synnes that comen of the tonge.

*The Persones tale*

## SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

*d 1372*

8

### *Of Paradise*

**O**F paradys ne can I not speken properly for I was not there, it is fer beyonde and that forthinketh me. And also I was not worthi. But as I have herd seye of wyse men beyonde, I schall telle you with gode will. PARADYS TERRESTRE, as wise men seyn, is the highest place of erthe that is in all the world and it is so high that it toucheth nygh to the cercke of the mone, there as the mone maketh hire tour. For sche is so high that the flode of Noe ne myght not come to hire, that wolde have covered all the erthe of the world all abowte and aboven and benethen, saf PARADYS only allone. And this PARADYS is enclosed all aboute with a wall and men wyte not wherof it is. For the walles ben covered all over with mosse, as it semeth. And it semeth not that the wall is ston of nature ne of non other thing that the wall is. And that wall streccheth fro the south to the north And it hath not but one entree that is closed with fyre brennyng, so that noman that is mortall ne dar not

1 gaudes) tricks      2 deffendeth) forbids      5 knakkes) tricks  
9 that forthinketh me) I am sorry for that      15 torn) turn

## SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

entren. And in the most high place of PARADYS, even in the myddel place, is a welle that casteth out the .iiij. flodes that rennen be dyverse londes. Of the whiche the firste is clept PHISON or GANGES, that is all one, and it renneth thorghout YNDR or EMLAK. In the whiche Ryvere ben manye precieuse stoncs, and mochel of LIGNUM ALOES, and moche gravell of gold. And that other Ryvere is clept NILUS or GYSON, that goth be ETHIOPE and after be EGYPT. And that other is clept TIGRIS, that renneth be ASSIRYE and be ARMENYL the grete. And that other is clept EUFRATE that renneth also be MEDEE and be ARMONYE and be PERSYL. And men there beyonde seyn that alle the swete watres of the world aboven and benethen taken hire begynnyng of that welle of PARADYS, and out of that welle all watres comen and gon. . And yee schull understonde that noman that is mo tell ne may not approchen to that PARADYS. For be londe noman may go for wylde bestes that ben in the desertes and for the high mountaynes and grete huge roches, that noman may passe by, for the derke places that ben there and that manye. And be the ryveres may noman go, for the water renneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high places aboven, that it renneth in so grete wawes that no schipp may not rowe ne scyle agenes it. And the water roreth so and maketh so huge noyse and so gret tempest that noman may here other in the schipp, though he cryede with all the craft that he cowde in the hieste voys that he myghte. Many grete lordes han assayed with gret wille many tymes for to passen be tho ryveres toward PARADYS with full grete companyes, but thei myghte

## SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

not speden in hire viage. And manye dyeden for weryness of rowynge agenst tho stronge wawes. And many of hem becamen blynde and many deve for the noyse of the water. And summe weren perisschit and loste withinne the wawes. So that no mortell man may approche to that place withouten specyall grace of God, so that of that place I can sey you nomore.

*The Voyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville*

### 9      *Of the Centre of the Earth*

ALSO yee have herd me seye that JERUSALEM is in the myddes of the world; and that may men preven and schewen, there be a spere that is right into the erthe upon the hour of mydday whan it is EQUINOX-IUM, that scheweth no schadwe on no syde. And that it scholde ben in the myddes of the world, *David* wytneseth it in the psauter where he seyth: DEUS OPERATUS EST SALUTEM IN MEDIO TIRRE. Thanne thei that parten fro tho parties of the west for to go toward JERUSALEM, als many journeyes as thei gon upward for to go thider, in als many journeyes may thei gon fro JERUSALEM unto other confynys of the superficialtee of the erthe beyonde. And whan men gon beyonde tho journeyes toward YNDE and to the foreyn yles, all is envyronyng the roundnesse of the erthe and of the see under oure contrees on this half. And therefore hath it befallen many tymes of o thing that I have herd cownted whan I was yong, how a worthi man departed somtyme from oure contrees for to go serche the world. And so he passed YNDE and the yles beyonde YNDE where ben mo than .v. M<sup>l</sup>. yles. And so

1 viage) journey      3 deve) deaf      28 v.M<sup>l</sup>) 5000

## SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

longe he wente be see and lond, and so enviroound the world be many seisons, that he fond an yle where he herde speke his owne langage, callynge on oxen in the plowgh suche wordes as men speken to bestes in his owne contree. Whereof he hadde gret mervayle, for he knew not how it myghte be.

*The Voyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville*

### 10 *The Lady of the Land*

AND somme men seyn that in the Ile of LANGO is yit the doughter of *Ypocras* in forme and lykness of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme of lengthe as men seyn, for I have not seen hire. And thei of the Ilcs callen hire lady of the lond. And sche lyeth in an olde castell in a cave, and scheweth twyces or thryes in the yeer, and sche doth non harm to no man but yif men don hire harm. And sche was thus chaunged and transformed from a fair damysele into lykness of a dragoun be a Goddess that was clept *Deane*. And men seyn that sche schal so endure in that forme of a dragoun unto tyme that a knyght come that is so hardy that dar come to hire and kisse hire on the mouth, and than schall sche turne agen to hire owne kynde and ben a womman agen, but alter that sche schall not lyven longe. . . And it is not longe sithen that a yonge man, that wiste not of the dragoun, wente out of a schipp, and wente thorgh the Ile til that he come to the castell, and cam into the cave and wente so longe til that he fond a chambre, and there he saugh a damysele that kembered hire hede and lokede in a myrour. And sche hadde meeche tresoure abouten

9 fadme) fathom

27 kembered) combed

## SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

hire and he trowede that sche hadde ben a comoun womman that dwelled there to resceyve men to folye. And he abode till the damysele saugh the schadewe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him and asked hym what he wolde. And he seyde he wolde ben hire lemman or paramour, and sche asked him yif that he were a knyght, and he seyde nay. And than sche seyde that he myghte not ben hire lemman. But sche bad him gon agen unto his felowes and let make him knyght, and come agen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of the cave before him, and thanne come and kysse hire on the mowth. 'And have no drede, for I schall do the no maner harm, all be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun.' For though thou seme hidouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doute I am non other than thou seest now, a womman, and therfore drede the nought. And yif thou kisse me thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord and lord also of all that Ile. And he departed fro hire, and wente to his felowes to schippe, and leet make him knyght, and cam agen upon the morwe for to kysse this damysele. And whan he saugh hire comen out of the cave in forme of a dragoun so hidouse and so horrible, he hadde so gret drede that he fleygh agen to the schipp, and sche folowed him. And whan sche saw that he turned not agen, sche began to crye as a thing that hadde meche sorwe. And thannesche turned agen into hire cave. And anon the knyght dyede, and sithen hiderwardes myghte no knyght se hire but that he dyede anon. But whan a knyght cometh that is so hardy to kisse hire, he schall not dye, but he schall turne the damysele into hire

16 *I do the to wytene) I tell thee*

30 *sithen hiderwardes) till now*

## SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

right forme and kyndely schapp, and he schal be lord of all the contreyes and Iles aboveseyd.

*The Voyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville*

### II *Noes Schipp*

**F**RA that cytee of ARTYROUN go men to an hill that is clept SABISSOCOLLE; and there besyde is another hill that men clepen ARARATH, but the Jewes clepen it TANEEZ, where Noes schipp rested and yit is upon that montayne. And men may seen it aferr in cleer weder. And that montayne is wel a vij. myle high. And sum men seyn that thei han seen and touched the schipp, and put here fyngres in the parties where the fecnd went out whan that Noe seyde *Benedicite*. But thei that seyn suche woordes seyn here wille. For a man may not gon up the montayne for gret plentee of snow that is allweys on that montayne, nouthur somer ne wynter, so that noman may gon up there, ne neuere man dide, sithe the tyme of Noe, sif a monk that be the grace of God broughte one of the planks down, that yit is in the mynstre at the foot of the montayne.

*The Voyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville*

## THE LADY JULIAN OF NORWICH

1373

### 12 *The Courtesy of our Lord*

**F**LE we to our Lord and we shall be comforted; touch we him and we shall be made clene; cleve to him and we shall be sekir and safe fro al maner of peril. For our curtes Lord will that we ben as homley

1 kyndely schapp) natural shape    11 the fecnd) the Dremt    22 sekir)  
secure    23 curtes) courtlous

## THE LADY JULIAN

with him as herte may thinke or soule may desiren. But beware that we taken not so reklesly this homleyhede that we levyn curtesy. For our Lord himselte is sovereyn homleyhede; and as homley as he is, as curtes he is, for he is very curtes. And the blissid creatures that shall ben in hevyn with him without end, he will have them like to himselte in all things. And to be like our Lord perfectly it is our very salvation and our full bliss. And it we wott not how we shall don all this, desire we of our Lord and he shal lerne us. For it is his owne likeing and his worship: blissid met he be.

*XVI Revelations of Divine Love*

## ANONYMOUS

c. 1400

### 13 *The Magpie and the Eel*

**I** WOLL tell you an ensaumpel of a woman that ete the good morsell in the absence of her husbonde. Ther was a woman that had a pie in a cage, that spake and wolde tell talys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbonde made kepe a gret ele in a litell ponde in his gardin, to that entent to yene it sum of his frendes that wolde come to see hym; but the wyff, whanne her husbond was oute, saide to her maide, 'late us ete the gret ele, and y will saie to my husbond that the otour hathe eten hym,' and so it was done. And whan the good man was come, the pye began to tell hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wiff wher the ele was

2 *homleyhede* (homeliness) intimacy      3 *levyn* leave      22 *otour* other  
25 *yode* went



## ANONYMOUS

become. And she wende to have excused her, but he saide her, 'excuse you not, for y wote well ye have eten yt, for the pye hathe told me' And so ther was gret noyse betwene the man and hys wiff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the maistresse and the maide come to the pic, and plucked of all the fedres on the pyes hede, saieng, 'thou hast discovered us of the ele;' and thus was the pore pye plucked. But ever after, whanne the pic sawe a balled or a pillid man, or a woman with an high forhede, the pic saide to hem, 'ye spake of the ele.' And therfor here is an ensauple that no woman shulde ete no lycorous moicelles in the absens and withoute weting of her husbond, but yef it so were that it be with folk of worshipp, to make hem chere; for this woman was afterward mocked for the pye and the ele.

*The Knight de la Tour Landry*

## JOHN CAPGRAVE

1393-1464

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### *Times of Tribulation*

**I**N the XXI. yere, whan Kyng Philip of Frauns was fled thus cowardly fro the sege of Caley, thei of the same town offered the town to Kyng Edward withoute any poyntment. And he lay in the town a month, considering the strong disposicion thereof. Thanne, at instrauns of the Pope, was taken trews betwix the two Kyngis for a yere. Aboute the fest of Seynt Michael, the Kyng took the se into Ynglond and there had he grete tempest, and mervelous wyndes;

1 wende) thought

weting) knowledge

4 D 1347

10 pillid) shaven

14 but yef) unless

20 poyntment) conditions

13 lycorous) daintly

17 XXI. yere)

## JOHN CAPGRAVE

and thanne he mad swech a compleynt onto our Lady, and seide, O blessed Mayde, what menyth al this? Evyr, whan I go to Frauns, I have fayre wedn, and whanne I turne to Ynglond intollerable tempestes.

In the XXII yere were grete reynes, which dured fro the Nativité of Seynt Jon Baptist onto Cristmasse.

And aftir that reyne there folowid a grete pestilens, specialy in the Est side of the world amongst the Sarasines. So many deied, that there left scarsly among hem the tenth man, or the tenth woman. Thei, seyng this veniauns amongst hem, purposed verily to be Cristen. But whan thei wist that the pestilens was among the Cristen men, than her good purpos sesed.

In the XXIII. yere was the Grete Pestilens of puple. First it began in the north cuntre; than in the south, and so forth thorw oute the reme. Aftir this pestilens folowed a moreyn of bestis, which had never be seyn. For, as it was supposed, there left not in Ingland the ten part of the puple. Than cased lordes rents, prestis tithes. Because there were so fewe tylmen, the erde lay untillid. So mech misery was in the lond, that the prosperité which was before was never recured

*The Chronicle of England*

## SIR JOHN FORTESCUE

1301<sup>5</sup>-1476?

### 15 *The Cheap Defence of England*

SOME men haue said that it were good for the kyng, that the commons of Englande were made pore, as be the commons of Fraunce. For than thai wolde not rebelle, as now thai done oftentymes;

9 left) remained  
22 recured) recovered

11 remains) vengeance

14 puple) people

## SIR JOHN FORTESCUE

wich the commons of Fraunce do not, noi mey doo; for thai haue no wepen, nor armour, nor good to bie it with all. To theis maner of men mey be said with the phylosopher, *ad pauca respicientes de facili enunciant*. This is to say, thai that see but few thynges, wolle sone sav thair advyses. For soth theis folke consideren litill the good of the reaume of England, wherof the myght stondith most vppon archers, wich be no ryche men. And yf thai were made more pouere than thai be, thai shulde not haue wherwith to bie hem bowes, arroes, jakkes, or any other armour of defence, wherby thai myght be able to resiste owre enymes, when thai liste to come vppon vs; wich thai mey do in euery side, considerynge that we be a Ilelonde, and, as it is said before, we mey not sone haue soucour of any other reaume. Wherfore we shall be a play to all owre enymes, but yf we be myghty of owreself, wich myght stondith most vppon owre pouere archers; and therefore thai nedun not only haue suche ablements as now is spoken of, but also thai nedun to be much excersised in shotynge, wich mey not be done without ryght grete expenses, as euery man experte therin knowith ryght well. Wherfore the making pouere of the commons, wich is the making pouere of owre archers, shalbe the distruction of the gratest myght of owre reaume.

*The Governancie of England*

• 11 jakkes) jackets of quilted leather

20 nedun) need

# WILLIAM CAXTON

1422?-1491

16

## *Discretion*

**T**HER was a child of Rome that was named Papius that on a tyme went with his fader whiche was a senatour into the chambre where as they helde their counceyll. And that tyme they spak of suche maters as was comanded and agreed shold be kept secrete upon payn of their heedes, and so departed. And whan he was comen home from the senatoire and fro the counceyll with his fader, his moder demanded of hym what was the counceyll and whereof they spack and had taryed so longe there. And the childe answerd to her and sayd he durst not telle ner saye hit for so moche as hit was defended upon payn of deth. Than was the moder more desirous to knowe than she was to fore, and began to flatere hym one tyme, and afterward to menace hym that he shold saye and telle to her what hit was. And whan the childe sawe that he might have no reste of his moder in no wise, he made her first promise that she shold kepe hit secrete and to telle hit to none of the world. And that doon he fayned a lesing or a lye and sayd to her that the senatours had in counceyll a grete question and difference which was this: whether hit were better and more for the comyn wele of Rome that a man shold have two wyvys or a wyf to have two husbondes. And whan she had understonde this, he defended her that she shold telle hit to none other body. And after this she wente to her gossyb and told to her this

*is defended) forbidden*

## WILLIAM CAXTON

counceyll secretly, and she told to an other, and thus every wyf tolde hit to other in secrete. And thus hit happend anone after that alle the wyves of Rome cam to the senatorye where the senatours were assemblid, and cryed with an hyc voys that they had lever, and also hit were better for the comyn wele that a wyf shold have two husbondes than a man two wyves.

*Game and Playe of the Chesse*

17

### *His Labours*

**T**HUS ende I this book, whyche I have translated after myn Auctor as nyghe as god hath gyuen me connyng, to whom be gyuen the laude and preysyng. And for as moche as in the wrytyng of the same my penne is worn, myn hande wery and not stedfast, myn eyen dimmed with ouermoche lolyng on the whit paper, and my corage not so prone and redy to laboure as hit hath ben, and that age crepeth on me dayly and febleth all the bodye, and also because I have promysid to dyuerce gentilmén and to my frendes to adresse to hem as hastely as I myght this sayd book, therefore I have practysed and lerned at my grete charge and dispence to ordeyne this said book in prynte after the maner and forme as ye may here see, and is not wretón with penne and ynke as other bokes ben, to thende that every man may haue them attones: for all the bookes of this storye named the Recule of the Historyes of Troyes thus enpryntid as ye here see were begonne in oon day, and also synsshid in oon day, whiche book I haue presented to my sayd redoubtid lady as

24 attones) at once

## WILLIAM CAXTON

afore is sayd. And she hath well acceptid hit, and largely rewarded me. wherfore I beseche almyghty God to rewarde her euerlastyng blisse after this lyt. Praying her said grace and all them that shall rede this book not to desdaigne the symple and rude werke, nether to replie agaynst the sayyng of the maters towchyd in this book, thauwh hyt acorde not vnto the translacion of other whiche haue wreton hit: for dyuerce men haue made dyuerce bookes, whiche in all poyntes acorde not . . .; but alle acorde in conclusion the generall destruccion of that noble cyté of Troye. And the deth of so many noble prynces, as kynges, dukes, Erles, barons, knyghtes, and comyn peple, and the ruyn irreperable of that Cyté that neuer syn was reedefyed, whiche may be ensample to all men duryng the world how dredefull and leopardous it is to begynne a warre, and what harmes, losses and deth foloweth. Therefore thapostle sauth all that is wreton is wreton to our doctryne, whyche doctryne for the comyn wele I beseche God maye be taken in suche place and tyme as shall be mooste nedefull in encrecyng of peas, loue, and charyté, whyche graunte vs he that suffryd for the same to be crucyfied on the rood tree. And saye we alle Amen for charyté

Epilogue to Book III of the *Recuyell of Troy*

# WILLIAM CAXTON

18

## *His Homage to Chaucer*

THUS endeth this boke whiche is named the boke of Consolacion of philosophie, whiche that Boecius made for his comforte and consolacion, he beyng in exile for the comyn and publick wele, hauyng grette heuynes & thoughtes and in maner of despayr, Rehercing in the sayde boke howe Philosophie appiered to him, shewyng the mutabilité of this transitorie lyfe, and also enformyng howe fortune and happe shold bee vnderstonden, with the predestynacion and prescience of God as moche as maye and ys possible to bee knowen naturelly, as afore ys sayd in this sayd boke . . . And for as moche as the stile of it is harde & difficile to be vnderstonde of simple persones Therfore the worshipful fader & first foundeur & enbelissher of ornate eloquence in our Englishsh (I mene, Maister Geoffrey Chaucer) hath translated this sayd werke oute of Latyn in to oure vsual and moder tonge, folowyng the Latyn as neygh as is possible to be vnderstande. Wherein in myne oppynyon he hath deseruid a perpetuell lawde and thanke of al this noble Royame of Englonde, and in especiall of them that shall rede & vndeistande it. For in the sayd boke they may see what this transitorie & mutable worlde is, and wherto euery man liuyng in hit ought to entende. Theanne for as moche as this sayd boke so translated is rare & not spred ne knowen as it is digne and worthy, for the erudicion and lernyng of suche as ben Ignoraunt & not knowyng of it, atte requeste of a singuler frende & gossib of myne, I William Caxton haue done my debuoir & payne t'enprynte it in fourme as is here afore made, in hopyng that it shal prouffite moche peple to the

## WILLIAM CAXTON

welle & helth of theire soules, & for to lerne to haue and kepe the better pacience in aduersitees. And furthermore I desire & require you that of your charite ye wold praye for the soule of the sayd worshipful man Geffrey Chaucer, first translatour of this sayde boke into Englissh & enbelisshet in making the sayd langage ornate & fayr: whiche shal endure perpetuelly, and therfore he ought eternelly to be remembred.

*Preface to Boethius de Consolatione Philosophie*

### 19 *Of Le Morte Arthur*

**T**HENNE al these thynges forsayd alledged I coude not wel denye, but that there was suche a noble kyng named Arthur, and reputed one of the ix Worthy, & fyrst & chyef of the cristen men. And many noble volumes be made of hym & of his noble knyghtes in frensshe, which I have seen & redde beyonde the see, which been not had in our maternal tongue. But in walsshe ben many, & also in frensshe, & somme in englysshe, but no wher nygh alle. Wherefore suche as have late ben drawen oute bryefly in to englysshe, I have after the symple connyng that God hath sente to me, under the favour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen, enprysed to enprynte a booke of the noble hystories of the sayd kyng Arthur, and of certeyn of his knyghtes, after a cople unto me delyverd, whyche cople Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of frensshe and reduced it in to Englysshe. And I accordyng to my cople have doon sette it in enprynte, to the entente that

*ix of the ix Worthy) of the nine 'Christian Worthies' undertaken* *22 enprysed)*



## WILLIAM CAXTON

noble men may see and lerne the noble actes of chyvalrye, the lentyll and vertuous dedes that somme knyghtes used in tho dayes, by whyche they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punysshed and ofte put to shame and rebuke, humbly bysechyng al noble lordes and ladyes wyth al other estates of what estate or degree they been of, that shal see and rede in this sayd book and werke, that they take the good and honest actes in their remembraunce, and to folowe the same. Wherin they shalle fynde many Ioyous and playsaunt hystoryes, and noble & renommed actes of humanyté, gentylnesse and chyualryes. For hercin may be seen noble chyualrye, Curtosye, Humanyté, frendlynnesse, hardynesse, loue, frendshyp, Cowardyse, Murdre, hate, vertue, and synne. Doo after the good and leue the euyl, and it shal brynge you to good fame and renommed.

*Preface to Malory's Le Morte Arthur*

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

*fl 1470*

### 20 *The Month of May*

AND thus it past on from Candylmas untyl after Ester that the moneth of May was come, whan every lusty herte begynneth to blosomme and to brynge forth fruyte. For lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and floryssheth in May, in lyke wyse every lusty herte that is in ony maner a lover spryngeth and floryssheth in lusty dedes. For it gyveth unto al lovers courage, that lusty moneth of May, in some thyng to constrayne hym to some

*is renommed) renowned*

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

maner of thyng more in that moneth than in any other moneth, for dyverse causes. For thenne alle herbes and trees renewen a man and woman. And lyke wyse lovers callen ageyne to their mynde old gentilnes and old servyse, and many kynde dedes were forgotten by neclygence. For lyke as wynter rasure doth alway arase and deface grene somer, soo fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stabyltyé. For we may see al day, for a lytel blast of wynters rasure anone we shalle deface and lay aparte true love, for lytel or noughte, that cost moch thyng. This is no wysedome nor stabyltyé, but it is feblenes of nature and grete disworshyp who somever used this. Therefore lyke as May moneth floreth and floryssheth in many gardyns, soo in lyke wyse lete every man of worship florysshe his herte in this world, fyrst unto God, and next unto the joye of them that he promysed his feythe unto. For there was never worshipful man or worshipfull woman but they loved one better than another. And worshyp in armes may never be foyled, but fyrst reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarel must come of thy lady, and suche love I calle vertuous love. But now adayes men can not love seven nyghte but they must have alle their desyres. That love may not endure by reason. For where they ben soone accorded, and hasty hote, soone it keleth. Ryghte soo fareth love now adayes: sone hote, soone cold. This is noo stabyltyé. But the old love was not so. Men and wymmen coude love togyders seven yeres, and no lycours lustes were bitwene them, and thenne was love trouthe and teythfulnes. And loo in lyke wyse was used love in kynge Arthurs dayes. Wherfor I lyken love now

21 *foyled*) *defiled*

27 *keleth*) *coaleth*

32 *togyders*) *together*

adayes unto somer and wynter. For lyke as the one is hote & the other cold, so fareth love now adayes. Therfore alle ye that be lovers calle unto your remembrance the moneth of May, lyke as dyd quene Guenever. For whome I make here a lytel mencyon, that whyle she lyved she was a true lover, and therfor she had a good ende.

*Le Morte-Arthur*

21

*The Maid of Astolat*

NOW speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat, that made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she never slepte, ete, nor drank, and ever she made her complaynt unto sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten dayes, that she fabled so that she must nedes passe out of this world, thenne she shryved her clene, and receyved her creatoure. And ever she complayned styлле upon sire Launcelot. Thenne her ghoostly fader bad her leve suche thoughtes. Thenne she sayd, Why shold I leve suche thoughtes? am I not an erthely woman? and alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me, for my byleve is I doo none offence though I love an erthely man, and I take God to my record I loved none but sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall. And a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other. And sythen hit is the sufferaunce of God that I shalle dye for the love of soo noble a knyghte, I byseche the hyghe iader of heven to have mercy upon my sowle, and upon myn innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allygeaunce of parte of my synnes. For swete lord

28 *allygeaunce*) *alleviation*

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

Ihesu, sayd the fayre mayden, I take the to record, on the I was never grete offenser ageynst thy lawes, but that I loved this noble knyght sire Launcelot out of mesure, and of my self, good lord, I myght not withstande the fervent love wherfor I have my dothe. And thenne she called her fader sire Bernard and her broder sir Tyrre, and hertely she praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she did endyte hit: and so her fader graunted her. And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as she devysed, thenne she prayd her fader that she myght be watched untill she were dede: And whyle my body is hote lete this letter be putt in my ryght hand, and my hande bounde fast with the letter untill that I be cold, and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rychest clothes that I have aboute me, and so lete my bedde and alle my rychest clothes be laide with me in a charyot unto the next place where Temse is, and there lete me be putte within a barget, & but one man with me, suche as ye trust to stere me thyder, and that my barget be coverd with blak samyte over and over. Thus, fader, I byseche yow, lete hit be done. Soo her fader graunted hit her feythfully alle thyng shold be done lyke as she had devysed. Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole, for when this was done, anone she dyed. And soo whan she was dede, the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next way vnto Temse, and there a man and the corps & alle were put in to Temse. And soo the man styred the barget unto Westmynster, and there he rowed a grete whyle to & fro or ony aspyed hit.

Soo by fortune kynge Arthur and the quene Guenever were spekyng togydere at a wyndowe, and

31 or) ere

33 togydere) together

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

soo as they loked in to Temse they aspyed this blak barget, and hadde merveylle what it mente. Thenne the kynge called sire Kay, & shewed hit hym. Sir, said sir Kay, wete you wel there is some newe tydynges. Goo thyder, sayd the kynge to sir Kay, & take with yow sire Brandyles and Agravayne, and brynge me redy word what is there. Thenne these four knyghtes departed and came to the barget and wente in, and there they fond the fayrest corps lyenge in a ryche bedde, and a poure man sittying in the bargets ende, and no word wold he speke. Soo these foure knyghtes retorned unto the kyng ageyne, and told hym what they fond. That fayr corps wylle I see, sayd the kynge. And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the hand & went thydder. Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holden fast: & thenne the kyng & the quene entred, with certayn knyghtes wyth them. And there he sawe the fayrest woman lye in a ryche bedde coverd unto her myddel with many ryche clothes, and alle was of clothe of gold, and she lay as though she had smyled. Thenne the quene aspyed a letter in her ryght hand, and told it to the kynge. Thenne the kynge took it, and sayd, Now am I sure this letter wille telle what she was, and why she is come hydder. Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget, and soo commaunded a certayne wayte upon the barget. And soo whan the kynge was come within his chamber he called many knyghtes aboute hym, & saide that he wold wete openly what was wryten within that letter. Thenne the kynge brake it, & made a clerke to rede hit. & this was the entente of the letter: Moost noble knyghte, sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover, that men called the fayre mayden

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77

of Astolat: therfor unto alle ladyes I make my mone. Yet praye for my soule, & bery me atte leest, & offre ye my masse peny; this is my last request. And a clene mayden I dyed, I take God to wytnes. Pray for my soule, sir Launcelot, as thou art pierles. This was alle the substance in the letter. And whan it was redde the kyng, the quene and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyté of the doleful complayntes. Thenne wis sire Launcelot sente for. And whan he was come kyng Arthur made the letter to be redde to hym. And whanne sire Launcelot herd hit word by word, he sayd, My lord Arthur, wete ye wel I am ryghte hevy of the dethe of this fair damoyzel. God knoweth I was never causer of her dethe by my wyllynge, & that wille I reporte me to her own broder: here he is, sir Lavayne. I wille not saye nay, sayd syre Launcelot, but that she was bothe fayre and good, and moche I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of mesure. Ye myght have shewed her, sayd the quene, somme bounté and gentilnes that myghte have preserved her lyf. Madame, sayd sir Launcelot, she wold none other wayes be ansuerd but that she wold be my wyf, outhir els my peramour, and of these two I wold not graunte her. But I proferd her, for her good love that she shewed me, a thousand pound yerly to her and to her heyres, and to wedde ony manere knyghte that she coude fynde best to love in her herte. For, madame, said sir Launcelot, I love not to be constrayned to love. For love muste aryse of thé herte, and not by no constraynte. That is trouth, sayd the kyng and many knyghtes: love is free in hym selfe, and never wille be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth hym self. Thenne

(said the knyge) into sire Launcelot, Hit wyl be your  
 woishyp that ye over see that she be entered worshyp-  
 fully. Sire, said sire Launcelot, that shalle be done  
 as a good best devyse. And soo many knyghtes yede  
 to behold that fayr mayden. And soo upon  
 the morne she was entered rychely, and sir Launcelot  
 offryd her masse peny, and all the knyghtes of the  
 table round that were there at that tyme offryd with  
 syr Launcelot. And thenne the poure man wente  
 ageyne with the barget.

*Le Morte Arthur*

22 *The Last Meeting of Launcelot  
 and Guenever*

SO it was no bote to stryve, but he departed and  
 rode westerly, & there he sought a vij or viij  
 dayes, & atte last he cam to a nonnerye, & than was  
 quene Guenever ware of sir Launcelot as he walked  
 in the cloystre. And whan she sawe hym there she  
 swouned thryse, that al the ladyes & lentyl wymmen  
 had werke ynough to holde the quene up. So whan  
 she myght speke she callyd ladyes & lentyl wymmen  
 to hir & sayd, Ye mei vayl, fayr ladyes, why I make this  
 fare. Truly, she said, it is for the syght of yonder  
 knyght that yender standeth. Wherefore, I praye you  
 al, calle hym to me. Whan syr Launcelot was brought  
 to hyr, than she sayd to al the ladyes, Thorowe this  
 man & me hath al this warre be wrought, & the deth  
 of the moost noblest knyghtes of the world. For  
 thorough our love that we have loved togyder is my  
 moost noble lord slayn. Therfor, syr Launcelot, wyt

11 bote) good

20 fare) stir

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

thou wel I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele. & yet I truste thorough Goddes grace that after my deth to have a syght of the blessyd face of Cryst, and at domes day to sytte on his ryght syde, for as synful as ever I was are sayntes in heven. Therefore, syr Launcelot, I requyre the & beseche the hertelye, for al the love that ever was betwyxte us, that thou never see me more in the vysage, & I comande the on goddes behalte that thou forsake my companye, & to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn & kepe wel thy royaume from waire & wrake. For as wel as I have loved the, myn hert wyl not serve me to see the, for thorough the & me is the flour of kynges & knyghtes destroyed. Therfor, sir Launcelot, goo to thy royaume, & there take the a wyf, & lyve with hir with Ioye & blysse. & I praye the hertelye praye for me to our Lord, that I may amende my myslyvyng. Now, swete madam, sayd syr Launcelot, wold ye that I shold torne ageyn unto my cuntreie & there to wedde a lady? Nay, Madam, wyt you wel that shal I never do, for I shal never be soo fals to you of that I have promysed, but the same deystenye that ye have taken you to I wyl take me unto, for to plesse Iesu, & ever for you I cast me specially to praye. Yf thou wylt do so, sayd the quene, holde thy promyse. But I may never byleve but that thou wylt torne to the world ageyn. Wel, madam, sayd he, ve say as pleseth you, yet wyt you me never fals of my promesse, & God defende but I shold forsake the world as ye have do. For in the quest of the Sank Greal I had forsaken the vanytees of the world had not your lord ben. And yf I had done so at that tyme wyth my herte, wylle and thought, I had passed al the knyghtes that were in the Sank

to *torne*) turn



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Greal, excepte syr Galahad my sone. And thertfore, lady, sythen ye have taken you to perfeccion, I must nedys take me to perfection of ryght. For I take recorde of God, in you I have had myn eithly loye. And yf I had fouden you now so dysposed I had caste me to have had you in to myn owne royaume. But sythen I fynde you thus desposed I ensure you faythfully I wyl ever take me to penaunce, & praye whyle my lyf lasteth, yf that I may fynde ony heremyte other graye or whyte that wyl receyve me. Wherefore, madame, I praye you kysse me, & never nomore. Nav, sayd the quene, that shal I never do, but absteync you from suche werkes; & they departed

*Le Morte d'Arthur*

### 23 *Sir Ector's Dirge over Launcelot*

AND soo the bysshop & they al togydere wente wyth the body of syr Launcelot dayly, tyl they came to loyous garde. And ever they had an C torches bernnyng aboute hym; & so within xv dayes they came to loyous garde. And there they layed his corps in the body of the quere, & sange & recde many saulters & prayers over hym and aboute hym, & ever his vysage was layed open & naked that al folkes myght beholde hym. For suche was the custom in tho dayes, that al men of worschyp shold so lye wyth open vysage tyl that they were burved. And ryght thus as they were at theyr servyce there came syr Ector de Maris, that had vij yere sought al Englonde, Scotland & Walys, sekyng his brother syr Launcelot. And whan syr Ector herde suche noyse & lyghte in the

9 other) either      13 departed) separated

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

quyre of Ioyous garde he alyght, & put his hois from hym, & came in to the quyre, & there he sawe men synge & wepe. And al they knewe syr Ector, but he knewe not them. Than wente syr Bois unto syr Ector, & tolde hym how there laye his brother syr Launcelot dede. And than Syr Ector threwe hys shelde, swerde & helme from hym; and whan he behelde syr Launcelottes vysage he fvl down in a svoun, & whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his brother. A, Launcelot, he sayd, thou were hede of al crysten knyghtes; & now I dare say, sayd syr Ector, thou sir Launcelot, there thou lyst, that thou were never matched of erthely knyghtes hande, & thou were the curtest knyght that ever bare shelde; & thou were the truest frende to thy lover that ever bestrade hois; & thou were the trewest lover of a synful man that ever loved woman, & thou were the kyndest man that ever strake wyth swerde; & thou were the godelyest personc that ever cam amonge prees of knyghtes, & thou was the mekest man & the Ientyllest that ever ete in halle amonge ladyes; & thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foe that ever put spere in the breste. Than there was wepyng & dolour out of mesure. Thus they kepte syr Launcelots corps on lofte xv dayes, & than they buryed it with grete devocyon.

*Le Morte Arthyr*

*15 (west) most courteous  
above ground*

*21 (fresc) crown*

*26 on (left)*

# WILLIAM LOMNER

24      *Suffolk dies by Pirates*      5 May 1450

*To my ryght worshipfull John Paston, at Norwiche*

**R**YGHTE worshipfull sir, I recomaunde me to yow, and am right soyr of that I shalle sey, and have soo wesse this litel bille with sorwtulle terys, that on-thes ye shalle reede it.

As on Monday nexte after May day there come tydyngs to London, that on Thorsday before the Duke of Suffolk come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dover with his ij shepes and a litel spynner; the qweche spynner he sente with certeyn letters to certeyn of his trustid men unto Caleys-warde, to knowe howe he shuld be resceyvyd, and with hym mette a shippe callid Nicolas of the Towre, with other shippis waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the spynner, the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowlich of the dukes comyng. And whanne he espyed the dukes shepis, he sent torth his bote to wete what they were, and the duke hym selle spakke to hem, and seyde, he was be the Kyngs comaundement sent to Caleys-ward, &c.

And they seyde he most speke with here master. And soo he, with ij. or iij. of his men, wente forth with hem yn here bote to the Nicolas, and whanne he come, the maister badde hym, 'Welcom, Traitor,' as men sey; and forther the maister desyrd to wete yf the shepmen woldde holde with the duke, and they sent word they wold not yn noo wyse. and soo he was on the Nicolas tyl Saturday next folwyng.

Soon sey he wrotte moche thenke to be delyverd

27 *maister*) with difficulty  
*what*      27 *thenke*) thing

8 *spynner*) pinnace

9 *qweche*)

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to the Kynge, but thet is not verily knowe. He hadde  
hes confessor with hym, &c.

And some sey he was arreynd yn the sheppe on  
here maner upon the appechementes and fonde  
gylty, &c.

Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne  
he knew it, he remembred Stacy that seid, if he myght  
eschape the daunger of the Towr, he should be siffe,  
and thanne his herte faylyd hym, for he thoughte he  
was desseyvyd, and yn the syght of all his men he was  
drawyn ought of the grete shippe yn to the bote; and  
there was an exe, and a stoke, and oon of the lewdeste  
of the shippe badde hym ley down his hedde, and he  
should be fair ferd wyth, and dyc on a swerd; and  
toke a rusty swerd, and smotte of his hedde withyn  
halfe a doseyn strokes, and toke away his gown of  
russet, and his dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde  
his body on the sonde of Dover; and some sey hi  
hedde was sette oon a pole by it, and hes men sette  
on the londe be grette circumstaunce and preye. And  
the shreve of Kent doth weche the body, and sent hi  
under shreve to the juges to wete what to doo, and  
also to the Kenge whatte shalbe doo.

Forther I wotte nott, but this fer is that yf the  
proces be erroneous, lete his concell reverse it, &c.

Also for alle your other maters they slepe, and the  
treer also, &c.

Sir Thomas Keriel is take prisoner, and alle the  
legge harneyse, and abowte iiij. m<sup>l</sup>. Englishe men  
slayn.

Mathew Gooth with xvc fledde, and savyd hym

10 desseyvyd) deceived dealt with	12 stoke) block	14 fair ferd wyth) fairly
20 be grette circumstaunce)	24 fer) far	
27 freer) friar	29 iiij. m <sup>l</sup> ) 3000	31 xvc) 1500

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selte and hem, and Peris Brusy was chete captcyn,  
and hadde x m<sup>i</sup> Fienshe men and more, &c.

I prey yow lete my mastias your moder knowe these  
tydyngis, and God have yow all yn his kepyn.

I prey yow this bille may recomaunde me to my  
mistrases your moder and wyfe, &c.

James Gresham hath wietyn to John of Dam, and  
recomaundith hym, &c

Wretyn yn giet hast at London, the v. day of May,  
&c.

W. L

*The Paston Letters*

## JOHN FISHER

1459-1535

### 25 *The Death of the Lady Margaret*

**B**UT specyally whan they sawe the dethe so hast  
vpon hei and that she must nedes depaite from  
them, and they sholde forgo so gentyll a maystris, so  
tender a lady, then wept they meruayllously, wepte  
hei ladyes and kynneswomen to whom she was full  
kynde, wepte her poore gentylwomen whom she had  
loued so tenderly before, wept her chamberiers to  
whome she was full deare, wepte her chapelaynes and  
preestes, wepte her othei true & faythfull scruautes.  
And who wolde not haue wept that there had ben  
presente. All Englonde for her dethe had cause of  
wepynge. The poore creatures that were wonte to  
receyue her almes, to whome she was alwyfe pyteous  
and mercyfull. The studyentes of bothe the vnyuer-

## JOHN FISHER

sytees to whome she was as a moder. All the lerned men of Englonde to whome she was a veray patronesse. All the vertuous and deuoute persones to whom she was as a lounge syster, all the good iolygyous men and women whom she so oiten was wont to vyste and comforte. All good preestes and clerkes to whome she was a true defendresse. All the noble men and women to whome she was a myrroure and example of honoure. All the comyn people of this realme for whom she was in theyr causes a comyn mediatryce, and toke right grete dyspleasure for them, and generally the hole realme hathe cause to complayne & to morne her dethe.

Now therfore wolde I aske you this one questyon. Were it, suppose ye, al this considered, a meetly thyng for vs to desyre to haue this noble princes here amongst vs agayn to forgo the ioyous lyte aboue, to wante the presence of the glorious Trynyté whom she so longe hathe sought & honoured, to leue that moost noble kyngdome, to be absent from the moost blessed company of sayntes & sayntesses, & hether to come agayn to be wrapped & endangered with the mysenes of this wretched worlde, with the paynfull dyscasses of her age, with the other encomberaunces that dayly happethe in this myserable lyfe? Were this a reasonable request of oure partye, were this a kynde desyre, were this a gentyl wysshe, that where she hathe ben so kinde & lounge a maystresse vnto us, all we sholde more regarde our owne prouffytes then her more synguler wele & comfort? The moder that hathe so grete affeccion vnto her sone that she wyll not suffre hym to departe from her to his promocyon & furtheraunce but alway kepe hym at home, more regardynge her owne pleasure than hys wele, were not she an vnkinde & vngentyl

## JOHN FISHER

moder? Yes verayly, let vs therefore thynke our moost louyng maystres is gone hens for her promocyon, for hei grete furthraunce, for hei moost wele & prouffyte. And herin comforte vs, herin reioyse ourselfe & thanke almyghty God whiche of his infynyte meicy so graciously hathe dysposed for hei.

*The Mouth's Mind of the noble princess Margaret,  
Countess of Richmond and Derby*

## THOMAS BETSON

26 *To his Kinswoman Katherine Ryche*

June 1476

Jesus An' xvj'

**M**Y nowne hartely beloved Cossen Kateryn, I recomande me unto you with all the inwardnesse of myn hart. And now lately ye shall understand that I resseyvid a token from you, the which was and is to me right hartely welcom, and with glad will I resseyvid it, and over that I had a letter from Holake, youre gentyll Squyer, by the whuch I understood right well that ye be in good helth of body, and mery at hart. And I pray God hartely to his plesour to contynue the same: for it is to me veray grete comfort that ye so be, so helpe me Jesu. And yf ye wold be a good etter of your mete allwiye, that ye myght waxe and grow fast to be a woman, ye shuld make me the gladdest man of the world, be my trouth. for whanne I remembre your favour and your sadde lofyng delynge to me-waides, for

7 *nowne*) our  
*lofyng*) loving

to resseyvid) received

22 *sadde*) serious

## THOMAS BETSON

south ye make me evene veray glade and joyus in my hart: and on the tother syde agayn whanne I remembre your yonge youthe, and seeth well that ye be none etter of youre mete, the which shuld helpe you greatly in waxynge, for south than ye make me veray hevvy agayn. And therefore I praye you, myn nown swete Cossen, evene as you lofe me to be niery and to eate your mete lyke a woman. And yf ye so will do for my love, looke what ye will desyre of me, whatsomever it be, and be my trouth I promyse you by the helpe of our Lord to performe it to my power. I can [no] more say now, but at my comyng home I will tell you mych more betwene you and me and God before. And where as ye, full womanly and lyke a lofer, remembre me with manytolde recomendacion in dyversse maners, remyttynge the same to my discreccion to depart them ther as I love best, for south, myn nown swete Cossen, ye shall understand that with good hart and good will I resseyve and take to my self the onc half of them, and them will I kepe by me; and the tother hult with hartely love and favour I send hem to you, myn nown swete Cossen, agayn, for to kepe by you: and over that I send you the blissyng that our lady gave hir dere sonne, and ever well to fare. I pray you grete well my horsse, and praye hym to gyfe you iij of his yeres to helpe you with all: and I will at my comynge home gyf hym iij of my yeres and iij horsse lofes till amendes. Tell hym that I prayed hym so. And Cossen Kateryn I thanke you for hym, and my wif shall thanke you for hym hereafter; for ye do grete cost apon hym as it is told me. Myn

17 depart) divide  
cost) spend much money

29 horsse lofes) horseshoes

32 do grete



## THOMAS BETSON

noun swete Cossen, it was told me but late that ye were at Cales to seeke me, but ye cowde not se me nor fynde me: for south ye myght have comen to my counter, and ther ye shuld bothe fynde me and see me, and not have fawtid off me: but ye sought me in a wronge Cales, and that ye shuld well know yf ye were here and saw this Cales, as wold God ye were and som of them with you that were with you at your gentill Cales. I praye you, gentill Cossen, comaunde me to the Cloke, and pray hym to amend his unthryfte maners: for he strykes ever in undew tyme, and he will be ever afore, and that is a shrewde condiscion. Tell hym with owte he amend his condiscion that he will cause strangers to advoide and come no more there. I trust to you that he shall amend agaynest myn commynge, the which shalbe shortly with all hanndes and all feete with Godes grace. My veray faithetull Cossen, I trust to you that thowc all I have not remembred my ight worshipfull maystres your modyr afore in this letter that ye will of your gentilnesse recomaunde me to her maystresship as many tymes as it shall ples you. and ye may say, yf it ples you, that in Wytson Weke next I intend to the marte-ward. And I trust you will praye for me for I shall praye for you, and, so it may be, none so well. And Almyghty Jesu make you a good woman, and send you many good yeres and longe to lyve in helth and vertu to his plesour. At greate Cales on this syde on the see, the fyyst day of June, whanne every man was gone to his Dener, and the Cloke smote noynne, and all oure howsold cyled after me and badde me come down; come down to

4 counter) office      5 fawtid off) missed      10 Cloke) clock  
24 marte-ward) to the market

## THOMAS BETSON

dener at ones ! and what answer I gave hem ye know  
it of old,

Be your feithfull Cossen and lofer  
Thomas Betson

I sent you this ryng for a token.

To my feithfull and hartely beloved Cossen  
Katern Ryche at Stonor this letter be delyvered in  
hast.

*Stonor Letters and Papers*

## ADAM OF EYNSHAME. *Englisched*

### 27 *The Monk awakes from his Vision*

*ca. 1480*

*How the monke came owte ageyne throw the same gate  
of paradysse Ca. 181*

THEREFORE when y had seyn al these syghtys  
aboue seyde and many othyr innumerable, my  
lorde Sent *Nycolas* that hyld me by the hande seyde,  
schortly thys to me. Loosonne, he seyde, now a party  
aftyr thy pencion and grete desir thou haite seyne,  
and beholde the state of the worlde that ys to cumme  
as hyt myghte be to possible. . .

*Of the swete pele and melodye of bellys that he herde in  
paradysse and also how he came to hym self ageyne*

And whyle the holy confessor Sent *Nycolas* thys  
wyse spake yet with me, sodenly y herde ther a solenne  
pele and a rynggyng of a mervelus sweteness, and al  
al the bellys yn the worlde, or whatsumever ys of  
sownyng, had be rongen togedyr at onys. Trewly yn  
thys pele and rynging brake owte also a mervelus  
sweteness, and a variant medelyng of melody sownyd

*26 medelyng) mingling*

## ADAM OF EYNSHAME

wyth alle. . Sothly anone as that gret and mervelus  
sownnyng and noyse was cessyd, sodenly y saw myselc  
departyd fro the swete feleschippe of my duke and leder  
Sent *Nicholas*. Than was y returnyd to myselc ageyne,  
and anone y herd the voycis of my brethyrne that  
stode abowte our bedde, also my bodely stienthe  
cam ageyn to me a lytyl and a litil, and myn yes opinde  
to the use of seying as ye sawe ryghte welc . . Ful de-  
lectable hyt was to hym, as he seyde, tro that tyme  
forthe, as ofte as he herde any solenne pele of ryngyng  
of bellys, bycause hyt wolde then cum to hys mynde  
ageyne, the ful swete pele and melody the whyche he  
herde when he was amonge the blessyd sowlys yn  
paradyse Sothely attyr that he was cum to hymselfe,  
and hys brethirne had tolde hym that now ys the holy  
tyme of Estyr, than fyrst he belevyd, when he herde  
hem ryngge solenly to complen For then he knew  
certainly that the pele and melodye that he herde  
yn paradyse wyth so gret joy and gladnes betokynde  
the same solennyté of Estyr yn the whyche owre  
blessyd lorde and sauour *Jesus Criste* rose uppe  
visibly and bodely fro dethe onto lyfe, to whome wyth  
the Fadyr and the Holy Gooste be now and evermore  
everlastyng joy and blyse Amen

*The 1482 edition of William de Machines*

## JOHN BOURCHIER, LORD BERNERS

1467-1532

### 28 *The Death of the Bruce*

**I**F fortunéd that kyng *Robert* of *Scotland* was right  
sore aged, and feble, for he was greatly charged  
with the great sickenes, so that ther was no way with  
hym but doth. And whan he felte that his ende drew

## JOHN BOURCHIER

nere, he sent for suche baronis & lordis of his realme  
 as he trusted best; & shewed them, how there was  
 no remedy with hym but he must nedes leue this  
 transitory lyfe: Commaundyng them on the faith and  
 trouth that they owed hym, truly to kepe the realme,  
 and ayde the yong prince *Dauid* his sonne, and that  
 whan he were of age, they shulde obey hym and crowne  
 hym kyng, and to mary hym in suche a place as was  
 conuenient for his estate. Than he called to hym the  
 gentle knyght sir *William Douglas*, & sayde before all the  
 lordes: Sir *William* my dere frend, ye knowe well that  
 I haue had moche ado in my dayes to vphold and sus-  
 teyne the ryght of this realme, and whan I had most  
 ado, I made a solemne vow, the whiche as yet I haue  
 nat accomplysshed, whereof I am right sorry. The  
 which was, if I myght acheue and make an ende of al  
 my warres, so that I myght ones haue brought this  
 realme in rest and peace, than I promysed in my mynd  
 to haue gone, and warred on Christes enemies, ad-  
 uersaries to our holy christen faith. To this purpose  
 myn hart hath euer entended, but our Lorde wolde nat  
 consent therto, for I haue had so moche ado in my  
 dayes, & now in my last entreprise I haue taken suche  
 a malady that I can nat escape. And syth it is so that  
 my body can nat go nor acheue that my hart desieth,  
 I wyll sende the hart in stede of the body to accom-  
 plysshe myn avowe, and bycause I knowe nat in all my  
 realme no knyght more valyaunt than ye be, nor of  
 body so well furnysshed to accomplysshe myn avowe  
 in stede of my selfe. Therefore I require you myn owne  
 dere & speciall frende that ye wyll take on you this  
 voiage for the loue of me, and to acquite my soule  
 agaynst my Lorde God. For I trust so moche in your  
 noblenes and trouth, that and ye wyll take on you,

I doubte nat but hat ye hall achyu t and than hall  
 dye n mor ea and quet so that t be don n  
 suche maner as I shall declare vnto you. I will that  
 as soone as I am trepassed out of this worlde that ye  
 take my harte owte of my body, and embawme it,  
 and take of my treasoure as ye shall thynke sufficient  
 for that entreprise, both for your selfe and suche  
 company as ye wyll take with you, and present my  
 hart to the holy Sepulchre where as our Lorde laye,  
 eyng my body can nat come there And take with you  
 uche company and purueyaunce as shalbe apartevnyng  
 to your estate. And where soeuer ye come let it be  
 knowen howe ye cary with you the harte of kyng  
*Robert of Scotland*, at his instaunce and desire, to be  
 presented to the holy Sepulchre. Than all the lordes  
 that herde these wordes, wept for pitie. And whan  
 this knyght, syr *William Douglas* myght speke for  
 wepyng, he sayd . A, gentle & noble kyng, a .C. tymes  
 I thanke your grace of the great honour that ye do to  
 me, sith of so noble and great treasoure ye gyve me  
 in charge. And sy I shall do with a glad harte all that  
 ye haue commaunded me, to the best of my true power,  
 howe be it I am nat worthy nor sufficient to achyue  
 suche a noble entreprise. Than the kyng sayd, A, gentle  
 knyght, I thanke you so that ye wyl promyse to do it.  
 Sir, sayd the knyght, I shall do it vndoubtedly, by the  
 faythe that I owe to God, and to the ordie of knyght-  
 hode. Than I thanke you, sayd the kyng: for nowe  
 shall I dye in more ease of my mynde, sith that I  
 knowe that the most worthy and sufficient knyght of  
 my realme shall achyue for me, the whiche I coude  
 neuer atteyne unto. And thus soone after thys noble  
*Robert de Bruce* kyng of *Scotland*, trepassed out of this

1 trepassed) gone forth

## JOHN BOURCHIER

uncertain world, and hys hait taken out of his body,  
and embaumed, and honorably he was entred in the  
abbey of Donfremlyn, in the yere of our Lord God,  
M.CCC.xxvii, the vii day of the moneth of Nouembre.

*Froissart's Chronicle*

29

### *The Battle of Crecy*

THE valyant kyng of *Behaygne* called Chules of  
*Luzembourg*, sonne to the noble emperour Henry  
of *Luzembourg*, for all that he was nyghe blynde, whan  
he vnderstode the order of the batayle, he sayde to  
them about hym, Where is the loide *Charles* my son &  
his men sayde Sir we can nat tell, we thynke he be  
fichtynge. Then he sayde Sus ye are my men, my  
companions and fiendes in this iouney. I requyte  
you bring me so faure forward, that I may styke one  
stroke with my swerde. They sayde they wolde do his  
commaundement and to the intent that they shoulde  
nat lese hym in the prease, they tyed all their raynes  
of their bridelles eche to other. Than the seconde  
batayle of th'englysshmen came to socour the princes  
batayle, the whiche was tyme, for they had as than  
moche ado, and they with the prince sent a messenger  
to the kyng, who was on a lytell wyndmyll hyll. Than  
the knyght sayd to the kyng, Sir, th'erle of *Werryke*,  
and th'erle of *Canfort*, sir *Reynolde Cobham*, and othir  
suche as be about the prince your sonne ar feerly  
fought withall and are sore handled whertore they  
desyre you that you and your batayle wold come and  
ayde them, for if the frenchemen encrease as they dout  
they wyll, your sonne and they shall haue moche ado.  
Than the kyng sayde Is my sonne dede or hurt, or on

they th f lled? v \* q o l k n g b t l s  
 ha dely n hed l e he l a h n de of you  
 ayde. Well, sayde the kyng, retourne so hym and t.  
 them that sent you hyther, and say to them that they  
 sende no more to me for any aduenture that falleth, as  
 long as my sonne is aloue: and also say to them that they  
 suffie hym this day to wynde his spures, for if God be  
 pleased I woll this iourney be his, and the honoure  
 therof, and to them that be aboute him. Than the  
 knyght retourned agayn to them and shewed the kynges  
 wordes, the which gretly encouraged them, and repoynd  
 in that they had sende to the kyng as they dyd.

Whan the nyght was come, and that th'Englysshmen  
 herd no more noyse of the frenchemen, than they  
 reputed themselfe to haue the vycorie and the french-  
 men to be dysconfited, slayne and fledde away. Than  
 they made great fyres and lyghted vp torchesse and  
 candelles, bycause it was very darke. Than the kyng  
 auayled downe fro the lytell hyll where as he stode,  
 and of all that day tyll than his helme came neuer  
 off on his heed. Than he went with all his batayle to  
 his sonne the prince, and enbrased hym in his armes  
 and kyst hym, and sayde Fayre sonne, God gyue you  
 good perseuerance, ye ar my good son, thus ye haue  
 aquyted you nobly: ye ar worthy to kepe a realme.

*Froissart's Chronicle*

### *The Burghers of Calais*

**A**FTER that the frenche kyng was thus departed  
 fro *Sangate*, they within *Calais* sawe well howe  
 their socoure fayled them, for the whiche they were in  
 great sorrow. Than they desyred so moche their  
 captayn su *John ol Ryen*, that he went to the walles

8 iourney) day

11 repoynd) repented

## JOHN BOURCHIER

of the towne, and made a sygne to speke with some person of the hoost. Whan the kyng herde therof, he sende thyder sir *Gaultier* of *Manny*, and sir *Basset*. Than sir *John* of *Vyens* sayd to them. Sirs, you be right valyant knyghtes in dedes of armes, and you knowe well howe the kyng my maister hath sende me and other to this towne, and commaunded vs to kepe it to his behofe, in suche wyse that we take no blame nor to hym no dammage; and we haue done all that lyeth in oure power. Nowe our socours hath fayled vs, and we be so sore strayned that we haue nat to lyue withall, but that we muste all dye, or els enrage for famyn, without the noble and gentyl kyng of yours woll take mercy on vs; the which to do we requyre you to desyre hym, to haue pytye on vs, and let vs go and depart as we be, and lette hym take the towne and castell and all the goodes that be therein, the whiche is great habundaunce. Than sir *Gaultier* of *Manny* sayde, Sir, we knowe somewhat of the enteneyon of the kyng our maister, for he hath shewed it vnto vs. Surely knowe for trouth it is nat his mynde that ye nor they within the towne shulde depart so, for it is his wyll that ye all shulde put your selues into his pure wyll to ransome all suche as pleaseth hym and to putte to dethe suche as he lysteth, for they of *Calays* hath done hym suche contraries and despyghtes, and haue caused hym to dyspende soo moche good, and loste many of his menne, that he is sore greued agaynst them. Then the captayne sayde, Sir, this is to harde a mater to vs, we ar here within a small sorte of knyghtes and squyers, who hath trewely serued the kyng our maister, as well as ye serve yours in like case. And we haue endured moche payne and vnease, but we shall yet

30 sorte) company



endure a moche payne as ever knyghts d'd rather  
 thanne to connt that the worst ladde in the towne  
 shulde haue any more yuell than the giettest of vs all.  
 Therefore sir we pray you that of your humylité yet  
 that you will go and speke to the kyng of *Englande*,  
 and desyre hym to haue pytie of vs, for we trust in hym  
 so moche gentylnesse, that by the grace of God his  
 puiPOSE shall chaunge. Sir *Gaultier* of *Manny* and sir  
*Basset* retourned to the kyng, and declared to hym  
 all that hadde ben sayde: the kyng sayde he wolde  
 none other wyse, but that they shulde yelde theym vp  
 symply to his pleasure. Than sir *Gaultyer* sayde, Sir, sau-  
 yng your dyspleasure in this, ye may be in the wronge,  
 for ye shall gyue by this an yuell ensample: if ye sende  
 any of vs your seruaunts into any fortresse, we will nat  
 be very gladd to go, if ye putte any of theym in the  
 towne to dethe attir they be yelded, for in lykewyse  
 they will deale with vs, if the case fell lyke: the whiche  
 wordes dyscuse other lordes that were there present  
 sustayned and maynteyned. Than the kyng sayde,  
 sirs, I will nat be alone agaynst you all, therefore sir  
*Gaultyer* of *Mannye* shall goo and say to the capytayne,  
 that all the grace that they shall fynde nowe in me is,  
 that they lette sixe of the chiefe burgesses of the towne  
 come out bare heded, bare toted, and bare legged, and  
 in their shertes, with haulters about their neckes, with  
 the keyes of the towne and castel in their handes, and  
 lette theym sixe yelde themselfe purely to my wyll,  
 and the resydewe I will take to mercy. Than sir  
*Gaultyer* retourned and founde sir *John* of *Vyen* styll  
 on the wall abydinge for an answer: than sir  
*Gaultier* shewed hym all the grace that he coulede  
 gette of the kyng. Well, quoth sir *Johan*, Sir, I requyre  
 you tary here a certayne space tyll I go into the towne

## JOHN BOURCHIER

and shewe this to the commons of the towne who sent me hyder. Than sir *John* went vnto the market place and sowned the common bell. than incontynent men and women assembled there. than the captayne made reporte of all that he had done, and sayde, Sirs, it wyll be none otherwyse, therfore nowe take aduys and make a shorte aunswere. Thanne all the people beganne to wepe and to make such sorowe that there was nat so hard a hert if they had sene them but that wolde haue had great pytie on theym: the captayne hymselfe wepte pyteously. At last the moost riche burgesse of all the towne called *Eustace* of saynt *Peters* rose vp and sayde openly. Sirs, great and small, great myschiefe it shulde be to suffre to dye suche people as be in this towne, other by famyn or otherwyse, whan there is a meane to saue theym. I thynke he or they shulde haue great mervtte of our lorde God that myght kepe theym fro suche myschiefe and for my parte I haue so good truste in our lorde God that if I dye in the quarel to saue the residewe that God wolde pardone me. Wherefore to saue them I wyll be the first to putte my lyfe in ieopardy. Whan he had thus sayde euery man worshypped hym, and dyuers kneled downe at his fete with sore wepyng and sore sighes. Than another honest burgesse rose and sayde I wyll kepe company with my gossyppe *Eustace*, he was called *John Dayre*. Than rose up *Jaques* of *Wyssant*, who was riche in goodes and herytage. he sayd also that he wolde holde company with his two cosyns in likwysse so dyd *Peter* of *Wyssant* his brother, and thanne rose two other they sayde they wolde do the same. Thanne they went and aparellled them as the kynge desyred. . Whan sir *Gaultier* presented these burgesses to the kyng they kneled downe and helde vp their handes

## LORD BERNERS

and sayd, Gentyll kyng, beholde here we sixe who were burgesses of *Calays* and great marchantes, we haue brought to you the keyes of the towne and of the castell, and we submyt ourselues clerely into your wyll and pleasure, to saue the resydue of the people of *Calays*, who haue suffred great payne. Sir, we beseche your grace to haue mercy and pytie on us throughe your hygh nobles: than all the eyles & barownes, and other that were there wept for pytie. The kyng loked felly on theym, for greatly he hated the people of *Calys*, for the gret damages and dyspleasures they had done to hym on the see before. Than he commaunded them heedes to be stryken off. Than euery man requyred the kyng for mercy, but he wolde here no man in that behalfe. Than sir *Gaultier* of *Manny* said A, noble kyng, for Goddes sake refrayn your courage, ye haue the name of souerayn nobles, therefore nowe do nat a thyng that shulde blemyshe your renome, nor to gyue cause to some to speke of you villany, euery man will say it is a great cruelty to put to deth suche honest persons, who by their owne wylls putte themselue into your grace to saue their company. Than the kyng wryed away fro hym, and commaunded to sende for the hangman, and sayd they of *Calys* hath caused many of my men to be slayne, wherfore these shall dye in like wyse. Than the quene beyng great with chylde, knedled downe & sore wepyng sayd A, gentyll sir, syth I passed the see in great perill I haue desyred nothyng of you, therefore nowe I humbly requyre you in the honour of the son of the virgyn *Mary* and for the loue of me, that ye will take mercy of these sixe burgesses. The kyng behelde the quene & stode styll in a study a space, and than sayd, A, dame, I wold ye

10 felly) fiercely

17 nobles) noblesse

22 wryed) turned

had ben as nowe in some other place ye make such request to me that I can nat deny you; wherf I gyue them to you to do your pleASURE with theym. Than the quene caused them to be brought into her chambre, and made the halters to be taken fro their neckes and caused them to be newe clothed, and gawe them their dyner at their leser. And than she gawe ech of them sixe nobles, and made them to be brought out of thoost in sauegard & set at their lyberté

Froissart's *Chronicle*.

### 31 *John Ball's Preaching*

THER was an vsage in *England*, & yet is in diuerse countreys, that the noble men hath great fraunches ouer the comons, and kepeth them in seruage: that is to say, their tenauntes ought by custome to laboure the lordes landes, to gather and bring home theyr cornes, & some to threshe and to fanne and by seruage to make theyr hey, and to heaw their wood and bring it home. all these thyngs they ought to do by seruage. And ther be mo of these people in *Englande*, than in any other realme: thus the noble men and prelates arre serued by them, and specially in the countie of *Brendpest*, *Sussetter*, and *Bedford*. These vnhappy people of these sayd countreys began to styre, bycause they sayde they were kept in great seruage. And in the begynning of the worlde, they sayd they were no bonde men. Wherfore they maynteyned that none ought to be bounde withoute he dyd treason to his lorde. as *Lucifer* dyde to God. But they sayd they coude haue no such batayle, for they were nother angelles nor spirittes, but men fourmed to the similitude of their lordes: sayng, why shuld they thin

7 *leser*) ease

9 *thoost*) the host

15 *fanne*) winnow

## LORD BERNERS

he kept so undre lyke bests, the which they sayd they wold no lengar suffre, for they wolde be all one : and if they labored or dyd any thyng for theyr lordes, they wold haue wages therfore as well as other. And of this imaginacion was a folyshe preest in the countie of *Kent*, called *Johan Ball*, for the which folysshe wordes he had ben thre tymes in the bysshop of *Canterburies* prison. For this preest vsed often tymes on the sondayes after masse, whanne the people were goynge out of the mynster, to go in to the cloyster & preche, and made the people to assemble about hym, and wolde say thus. A, ye goode people, the maters gothe nat well to passe in *Englande*, noi shall nat do tyll euery thyng be common, and that there be no vilayns nor gentylmen, but that we may be all vnyed toguyder, & that the lordes be no greater maisters than we be. What haue we deserued, or why shulde we be kept thus in seruage ? We be all comc fro one father and one mother, *Adam* and *Eue*. Whereby can they say or shewe that they be greter lordes than we be, sauynge by that they cause vs to wryn and labour, for that they dispende ? they are clothed in Ueluet and chamlet turred with grise, and we be vestured with pore clothe. they haue their wynes, spyces, and good breed, and we haue the drawynges out of chaffe, & drinke water. They dwell in fayre houses, and we haue the payne and traveyle, rayne, and wynde in the feldes. And by that, that cometh of our labours, they kepe and maynteyne their estates. We be called their bondmen, and without we do redilye them seruyce, we be beaten. And we haue no souerayne to whom we may complayne, nor that wyll here vs, nor do vs right. Lette vs go to the kyng, he is yonge : & shewe hym what seruage we be in. and shewe him howe we

wyll haue it otherwyse, or els we wyll prouyde vs of some remedy And if we go togyder, all maner of people that be nowe in any bondage wyll folowe vs, to thentent to be made fre And whan the kyng seyth vs, we shall haue some remedy, outhur by tyrnesse or otherwyse. Thus *John Ball* sayd on sundayes, whan the people issued out of the churches in the vyllages. Wherefore many of the meane people loued him, & such as entended to no goodnesse sayde, howe he sayd trouth. and so they wolde murmure one with anothere in the felds and in the wayes, as they went togyder: Affirming how *Johan Ball* sayd trouthe.

*Froissart's Chronicles*

## SIR THOMAS MORE

1478-1535

32 *How far is Honest Mirth lawful*

VINCENT. . . And first, good uncle, ere we procede farther, I wil be bold to move you one thing more of that we talked when I was here before. For when I revolved in my minde againe the thinges that were concluded here by you, methought ye would in no wyse that in any tribulacion men shoulde seke for comforte eyther in worldly thing or fleshly, which mynde uncle of yours, semeth somewhat hard, for a mery tale with a frende refresheth a man much, & without any harme lyghteth hys mynde, and amendeth his courage and hys stomake, so that it semeth but well done to take suche recreation. And Salomon sayeth I trowe that men should in heavyns geve the sory man wine to make hym forgeat his sorowe. And saynct Thomas saieth that propre pleasaunte talking which is called *εὐτραπελία* is a good vertue serving to refreshe the minde, & make it quicke and lusty to

## SIR THOMAS MORE

labor and study againe, where continuall fatigacion would make it dull and deadly.

*Anthony.* Cosen, I forget not that point, but I longed not much to touche it . . . Of trueth Cosin, as you knowe very well, myselfe am of nature even halfe a gigglot and more. I woulde I coulde as easly mende my faulte as I wel knowe it, but scant can I restraine it as olde a foole as I am: howbeit so parcial wil I not be to my fault as to praise it. . . Cassianus that very vericous man rehearseth in a certayne collacion of his, that a certaine holy father in making of a sermon, spake of heaven and heavenly thynges, so celestially, that much of his audience with the swete sounde therof, began to forget all the world and fall aslepe whiche when the father beheld, he dissembled their sleping, and sodainly sayd unto them: I shal tell you a mery tale. At which worde they lyfte up their heades and harkened unto that. And after the slepe therewith broken, heard hym tel on of heaven agayne. In what wyse that good father rebuked than their untowarde myndes so dull unto the thyng that all our lyfe we labor for, & so quicke and lusty towarde other tyfles, I neither beare in mynde, nor shal here nede to rehearse. But thus much of that matter suffiseth for our purpose, that wheras you demaunde me whither in tribulacion men may not sometyme refreshethemselve with worldlye mynth & recreacion, I can no more say, but he that cannot long endure to holde up his head and heare talking of heaven except he be now & than betwene (as though heaven were heavines) refreshed with a mery folishe tale, there is none other remedy but you must let him have it better would I wishe it, but I cannot helpe it.

*A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*

## SIR THOMAS MORE

### 33 *His Last Letter to his Daughter Margaret*

**O**URE Lorde blesse you, good doughter, and your good housbande, and youre lyttle boye, and all yours, and all my chyl dren, and all my Goddechyldren and all oure frendes. Recommende me whan ye maye, to my good doughter Cicily, whom I beseeche our Lorde to coumforte. And I sende her my blessing, and to all her children, and praye her to praye for me. I sende her an handkercher: and God coumfort my good sonne her husbande. My good doughter Daunce hathe the picture in parchemente, that you delyuered me from my ladye Coniers, her name is on the backside. Shewe her that I hartelye praye her, that you may sende it in my name to her agayne, for a token from me to praye for me. I lyke specuall wel Dorothe Coly, I pray you be good unto her. I woulde wytte whether thys be she that you wrote me of. If not yet I praye you bee good to the tother, as you maye in her affliction, and to my good doughter Joone Aleyn too. Geve her I praye you some kynde aunswere, for she sued hither to me this day to pray you be good to her. I comber you good Margaret much, but I would be sory, if it should be any lenger than tomorow. For it is saint Thomas euen, and the vtas of saint Peter: & therefore tomorow long I to go to God: it were a day verye mete and conuenient for me. I never liked your maner toward me better, than when you kissed me laste: for I love when doughterly loue and deere charitve hath no laysure to loke to worldlye curtesy. Fare well my dere chylde, and pray for me, and I shall for you and all

24 utas) octave



## SIR THOMAS MORE

youre frendes, that we may merelye mete in heauen. I thanke you for youre gret cost. I sende now to my good doughter Clement her algorisme stone, and I send her and my godsonne and all hers, Gods blessing and myne. I praye you at time conuenient recommende me to my good sonne John More. I hied wel his naturall fashion. Our Lord blesse hym & his good wyfe my louyng doughter, to whom I praye him be good as he hath the greate cause: and that yf the lande of myne come to his hande, he breake not my wyll concernynge hys sister Daunce. And oure Lord blisse Thomas and Austen and all that they shal haue.

*The Workes of Sir Thomas More*

## MILES COVERDALE

1488-1568

### 34 *The Boke of Wysdome*

**F**OR the ungodly talke and ymagin thus amonge themselves (but not right.) The tyme of oure lite is but short and tedious, and when a man is once gone, he hath nomore joye ner pleasure, nether knowe we eny man that turneth agayne from death: for we are borne of naught, and we shal be hereafter as though we had never bene. For oure breth is as a smoke in oure nostrels, and the wordes as a sparck to move oure herte. As for oure body, it shalbe very ashes that are quenched, and oure soule shal vanish as the soft ayre. Oure life shal passe awaye as the trace of a cloude, and come to naught as the myst that is dryven awaye with the beames of the Sonne, and put downe with the heate therof. Oure name also shalbe forgotten by litle and litle, and no man shal haue oure workes in remembraunce.

3 *algorisme stone*) counter

## MILES COVERDALE

For oure tyme is a very shadow that passeth awaye, and after oure ende there is no returnyngc, for it is fast sealed, so that no man commeth agayne. Come on therfore, let us enjoye the pleasures that there are, and let us soone use the creature like as in youth. We wil fyll oure selves with good wyne and oynment, there shal no floure of the tyme go by us. We wil crowne oure selves with roses afore they be wythered. There shal be no fayre medowe, but oure lust shal go thorow it. Let every one of you be partaker of oure voluptuousnes. Let us leave some token of oure pleasure in every place, for that is oure porcion, els gett we nothingc. . .

Such thinges do the ungodly ymagin, and go astrave, for their owne wickednes hath blynded them. As for the misteries of God, they understonde them not. they nether hope for the rewarde of righteousnesse, ner regarde the worshipe that holy soules shall have. For God created man to be undestroied, vee after the ymage of his awne licknesse made he him. Neverthelesse thorow envye of the devell came death in to the worlde, and they that holde of his syde, do as he doth

But the soules of the righteous are in the hande of God, and the payne of death shal not touch them. In the sight of the unwyse they appeare to dye, and their ende is taken for very destruccion. The waye of the righteous is judged to be utter destruccion, but they are in rest. And though they suffre payne before men, yet is their hope full of immortallite.

*The Boke of Wysdome, ii 1-9, 21-4, iii 1-4*

## THE ENGLISH LITURGY

1519

### 35 *Collects from the First Prayer Book of Edward VI*

#### i. *Fourth Sunday after Easter*

**A**LMIGHTIE God, whiche doest make the myndes of all faythfull men to be of one wil graunt unto thy people, that they maye loue the thyng, whiche thou commaundest, and desyre, that whiche thou doest promes, that among the sondery and manifold chaunges of the worlde, oure heartes maye surely there bee fixed, whereas true ioyes are to be founde through Christe our Loide.

#### ii. *Trinity Sunday*

**A**LMIGHTYE and cuerlastyng God, whiche haste geuen unto us thy seruauntes grace by the confession of a true fayth to acknowledge the glorye of the eternall unitie, and in the power of the diuyne muesie to worshippe the unitie: we beseeche thee, that through the stedfastnes of thys fayth, we may euermore be defended from all aduersitie, whiche hueste and reignest, one God, worlde without end.

#### iii. *All Saints' Day*

**A**LMIGHTIE God, whiche haste knitte together thy electe in one Communion and felowship, in the mysticall body of thy sonne Christe our Lord; graunt us grace so to folow thy holy Saynctes in all virtues, and godly luyng, that we maye come to those unspeakable ioyes, whiche thou hast prepared for all them that unfaignedly loue thee. through Iesus Christe.

## THE ENGLISH LITURGY

### iv. *Collect from the Communion Office*

**A**LMIGHTIE God, the fountayn of all wisdom, which knowest our necessities beefore we aske, and our ignoraunce in asking: we beseeche thee to haue compassion vpon our infirmities, and those thynges, whiche for our unwoorthines we dare not, and for our blindnes we cannot aske, vouchsaue to geue us for the woorthines of thy sonne Jesu Christ our Lorde. Amen.

### *Psalms in the Version of the Great Bible*

#### v. *Psalme xlv*

**M**Y heart is enditing of a good matter: I speake of the thynges, which I haue made vnto the king. My tonge is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men, full of grace are thy lippes, because God hath blessed thee for euer. Garde thee with thy sweard vpon thy thigh (O thou most mightie) according to thy worship and renowne. Good lucke haue thou with thy honour, ride on because of the worde of truth, of mekenes and rightcousnes, & thy right hande shall teach thee terrible thynges. Thy arrowes are very sharpe, and the people shalbe subdued vnto thee, euen in the middest among the kinges enemies. Thy seate (O God) endureth for euer: the scepter of thy kingdom is a right scepter. Thou hast loued rightcousnes, and hated iniquitie: wherfore God (euen thy God) hath anointed thee with the oyle of gladnesse aboue thy fellowes. All thy garments smel of Myrr, Aloes and Cassia, out of the yuory palaces, wherby they haue made thee glad. Kynges daughters wer among thy honorable women: vpon thy right

## THE ENGLISH LITURGY

hand did stand the Quene in a vesture of golde (wrought about with diuers coloures) Hearken (O daughter) and consider : encline thyne eare : forget also thyne own people, and thy fathers house. So shall the kyng haue pleasure in thy beauty, for he is thy Lord God, and worship thou hym. And the daughter of 'Tyre shalbe ther with a gift lyke as the rich also among the people shall make their supplication before thee. The kynes daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought golde. She shalbe brought vnto the kyng in rayment of nedle work : the virgins that be hei felowes, shal beare her companye, and shalbe brought vnto thee. With ioy and gladnesse shall they be brought, and shal enter into the kynes palace. In stede of thy fathers thou shalt haue children, whom thou mayest make Princes in al landes. I wil remember thy name from one generation to another : therefore, shall the people geue thanks vnto thee world without ende.

vi *Psalm cxxxvi*

**W**HEN the Lorde turned again the captiuitie of Sion, then were we lyke vnto them that dreame. Then was our mouth fylled with laughter : and our tong with ioy. Then sud they among the Hearthen : the Lord hath done greut thynges for them. Yea, the Lord hath done great thynges for vs already, wherof we reioyce Turne our captiuitie, O Lorde, as the riuers in the South. They that sow in teares, shall reape in ioye. He that now goeth in his way weping and beareth forth good seede, shal come again with ioy, & bring his sheaues with him.

**T**HE Lorde is my shepehearde - therfore can I lack nothing. He shall fede me in a grene pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall conuerte my soule, and bryng me forth in the pathes of righteousnesse for his name sake. Yea, though I walke through the valley of the shadow of death, I will feare no euil for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staffe comfort me. Thou shalt prepare a table before me, against them that trouble me : thou haste anointed my hed with oyle, and my cup shalbe full. But thy louing kindnesse and mercy shal folow me al the dayes of my lyfe : and I will dwell in the house of the Lorde for euer.

viii. *Psalme xc*

**L**ORDE, thou hast bene oure refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountayns were brought forth, or euer the earth & the worlde were made, thou art God from euerlasting, and world without ende. Thou turnest manne to destruction. Agayne thou sayeste, come agayne ye chyliden of men, For a thousand yeres in thy sight ar but as yesterny, seing that is paste as a watche in the night. Assoone as thou scatterest them they ar euen as a slepe, and fade away sodeinly lyke the grasse. In the morning it is greene & groweth vp, but in the euening it is cut downe, dried vp and withered. For we consume away in thy displeasure and are afrayde at thy wrathfull indignation. Thou hast set our misdedes before thee, and our secrete sinnes in the lyght of thy countenance. For when thou art angry, al our dayes are gone : we bryng our yeares to an end, as it were a tale that is tolde.

## THE ENGLISH LITURGY

### *The Navy Prayer*

[added to the Book of Common Prayer 1662, and probably composed by  
Bishop Sanderson]

**O** ETERNAL Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea, who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end, Be pleased to receive into thy Almighty and most gracious protection the persons of us thy servants, and the Fleet in which we serve. Preserve us from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy, that we may be a safe-guard unto our most gracious sovereign lord King Charles and his Kingdoms, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawfull occasions; that the inhabitants of our Island may in peace and quietness serve thee our God, and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land, with the fruits of our labours, and with a thankfull remembrance of thy mercies to praise and glorifie thy holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

### THOMAS CRANMER

1489-1556

#### 36 *Uses of Holy Scripture*

**D**OEST thou not mark, & consider how the smith, mason, or carpenter, or any other handy craftsman, what nedde soeuer he be in, what other shift so euer he make, he wil not sel, nor lay to pledge the toles of his occupation, for then how should he worke his feate or get his liuing thereby? Ot like minde & affection ought we to be towards holy Scripture, for as mallets, hammers, sawes, chesils, axes, & hatchets

2; worke his feate) do his job

## THOMAS CRANMER

be the toles of their occupation. So be the bokes of the Prophetes, & Apostles & al holy writers inspired by the holy ghost the instrumentes of our saluation. Wherefore let vs not sticke to bye & prouide vs the Bible, that is to say, the bokes of holy Scripture. And let vs thinke that to be a better Inel in our house then either gold or siluer. For like as theues bene lothe to assault an house, where they know to be good armour & artillary, so wheresoeuer these holy & ghostly bokes bene occupied, there nether the deuil, nor none of his angels dare come nere. And they that occupy them bene in much sauegarde, & haue a great consolation, and bene the readier vnto all goodnesse, the slower to al euil: and if they haue done any thing amisse anone euen by the sight of the bokes, their consciences ben admonished, & they waxen sorry and ashamed of the facte.

*Preface to the Great Bible*

## HUGH LATIMER

1591 1555

### 37 *Decay of the Yeomanry*

MY father was a Yoman, and had no landes of hys own, only he had a farme of iiii. or vii. pound by yere at the uttermooste, and here upon he tilled so much as kept halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother milked xxx. kync. He was able and did finde the kyng a harnessse, with himselfe, and his horse, whyle he came to the place that he shoulde receive the kynges wages. I can remembre, that I buckled hys harnessse, when he wente unto Blacke heathe felde. He kept me to schole, or els I hadde not bene able to have preached before

21 walke) pasture



## HUGH LATIMER

the kinges majesty now. He maryed my systers wyth v. pounde, or xx. nobles a picce, so that he brought them up in godlinesse, and fear of God. He kepte hospitality for his pore neighbours. And some almesse he gave to the pore, and al thys dyd he of the said farm. Where he that now hath it, payeth xvi. pound by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for him selfe, nor for his children, or geve a cup of drink to the pore. Thus al the enhansyng and rearing goth to your private commodity and welth. So that where ye had a single to much, you have that : and sins the same, ye have enhansed the rent, and so have encresed another to muche. So nowe ye have double to muche, which is to to muche. But let the precher preach til his tong be worn to the stomps, nothing is amended. We have good statutes made for the common wealth as touching commeners, enclosers, many metings and sessions, but in the end of the matter, there commeth nothing torth. Well, well, thys is one thing I wil say unto you, from whence it commeth I know, even from the devil I know his intent in it. For if ye bring it to passe, that the yomanry be not able to put their sonnes to schole (as in dede universities do wondrously decay al redy) and that they be not able to marrye theyr daughters to the avoidyng of whoredome I say ye plucke salvation from the people, and utterly destroye the realme. For by yomans sonnes, the faith of Christe is, and hath bene maintayned chieflie. Is this realme taughte by rich mens sonnes? No, no, read the chronicles, ye shall finde sometime noble mennes sonnes, whych have bene unpreaching bishops and prelates, but ye shal fynde none of them learned men But verily, they that shoulde looke to the redresse of these thinges, be the

greatest againste them. In thys realme are a grea many of folkes, and amongst many, I knowe but one of tender zeale, at the mocyon of his pore tenauntes hath let down his landes to the old rentes for their relief. For Gods love, let not him be a Phenix, let him not be alone, let him not be an Hermite closed in a wal, some good man folow him, and do as he geveth example.

*First Sermon preached before King Edward VI*

AND here by the way I wyll tel you a mary toy. MAISTER Moore was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out (if it might be) what was the cause of *Goodwin* sandes, and the shelle that stopped up *Sandwich* haven. Thyther commeth maister More, and calleth the country afore him, such as wer thought to be men of experience and men that could of lykelyhod best certify hym of that matter concerning the stopping of *Sandwich* haven. Among others came in before hym an olde man with a white head, and one that was thought to be lytle lesse then an hundereth yeares olde. When maister Moore saw thys aged man, he thought it expedient to heare hym say hys mynd in thys matter (for being so olde a man it was lykely that he knewe most of any man in that presence and company) So Maister Moore called this old aged man unto hym, and sayd: Father (sayd he) tel me if ye can what is the cause of thys great arising of the sandes and shelves here about thys haven, the which stop it up that no shippes can arive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espyc in al thys company,

## HUGH LATIMER

so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of lykelyhode can say most in it, or at leastwyse more then any other man here assembled. Yea forsooth good Maister (quod this old man) for I am wel nighe an hundreth yeares old, and no man here in this company any thing nere unto mine age.

Well then (quod Maister Moore) howe saye you in thys matter? what thincke ye to be the cause of these shelves and flattes that stoppe up *Sandwiche* haven? Forsoth syr (quoth he) I am an olde man, I thyncke that *Tenterton* steeple is the cause of *Goodwyn* sandes. For I am an old man syr (quod he) and I may remember the building of *Tenterton* steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at al there. And before that *Tenterton* steeple was in building, there was no maner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I thinke that *Tenterton* steple is the cause of the destroyng and decaying of *Sandwyck* haven. And even so to my purpose is preaching of Gods word the cause of rebellyon, as *Tenterton* steple was cause that *Sandwich* haven is decayed.

*Last Sermon preached before King Edward VI*

## WILLIAM TYNDALE

1496 ?-1536

39

### *A Vision of Judgement*

WHEN the Sonne of Man shall come in hys maiestie, and all hys holy angelles with him, then shall he sytt upon the seate of his maiestie, and before hym shalbe gaddred all nacions. And he shall

sever them won from another, as a shepherde putteth asunder the shepe from the gootes. And he shall sett the shepe on his right honde, and the gootes on his lyfte honde. Then shall the Kynge saye to them on his right honde: Come ye blessed children of my father, inheret ye the kyngdome prepared for you from the beginninge of the worlde. For I was an hongred, and ye gave me meate. I thurst, and ye gave me drinke. I was herbroulesse, and ye lodged me. I was naked and ye clothed me: I was sicke and ye visited me. I was in preson and ye cam unto me.

Then shall the juste answer hym sayinge: Master, when sawe we the anhungred, and feed the? or a thirst, and gave the drynke? when sawe we the herbroulesse, and lodged the? or naked and clothed the? or when sawe we the sicke, or in preson and cam unto the? And the Kynge shall answer, and saye unto them: Verely I saye unto you. in as moche as ye have done it unto won of the leest of these my brethren: ye have done it to me.

Then shall the Kynge saye unto them that shalbe on the lyfte hande: Departe from me, ye coursed, into everlastinge fire, which is prepared for the devyll and hys angels. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meate. I thurst, and ye gave me no drynke. I was herbroulesse, and ye lodged me nott. I was naked, and ye clothed me nott. I was sycke and in preson, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer hym sayinge: Master when sawe we the anhungred, or a thirst, or herbroulesse, or naked, or sicke, or in preson, and have not ministred unto the? Then shall he answer them, and saye: Verely I say unto you, in as moche as ye dyd

9 herbroulesse) homeless

## WILLIAM TYNDALE

it nott to won of the leest of these, ye dyd it nott to me. And these shall go into everlastinge payne. And the righteous into lyfe eternall.

*St Matthew xxvi. 31-46*

## WILLIAM ROPER

1496-1578

40 *Sir Thomas More parts from his  
Daughter Margaret*

WHEN Sir Thomas More came from *Westminster* to the *Tower*-ward again, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the *Tower Wharf*, where she knew he should pass by before he could enter into the *Tower*. There tarrying for his coming home, as soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, she hastening towards him, and without consideration or care of herself pressing in among the midst of the throng and company of the guard that with halberds and bills went round about him, hastily ran to him, and there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, took him about the neck, and kissed him. Who well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing, and many godly words of comfort besides. From whom after she was departed, she, not satisfied with her former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her dear father, having respect neither to herself nor to the press of the people and multitude that were about him, suddenly turned back

again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times together most lovingly kissed him; and at last, with a full heavy heart, was feign to depart from him, the beholding whereof was to many of them that were present thereat so lamentable, that it made them for very sorrow thereof to mourn and weep.

*The Life of Sir Thomas More*

## EDWARD HALL

d 1547

41

*The End of the Kerkers*

IN this busie season, the aventurers hearing what the horsemen on their parties had done, and in especial perceivynge that the English horsemen had taken good prisoners, commoned emongest themselves, what was to be done then one of their capitaynes said openly: Sirs, you se how long we have bene here, and wages we have none, our living riseth on the gaine of our enemies, and syth our beginnyng we have had good chaunce in all our enterprises, God be thanked. nowe the Winter draweth nere, let us now aventure to get som good botie, to make us mery with in the cold wether, and yf you wyl we shall enterpryse a thing that I truste to us shal bec profitable. Then all the compaignie cried *further furth*. Then wyth a banner of saint George, they marched toward a vyllage, livng towarde *Mustrel*, having onely xxv. light horsemen, to be their skourers, and they were not fully two hundred men. This compaigny folowing their skourers, went farre on, and had gotten a faire botie of oxen, kine, and other bestial, and were nere at their returne: and by chaunce the same day

20 *further furth* *forth forth*

26 *bestial* *live stock*

## EDWARD HALL

was the erle of *Dammartin*, and the captayn of *Mustrel*, with the power of the duke of *Vandosme*, goyng towarde saint *Omers* to burne and destroy that countrey, and for that purpose thei had gathered together xv C. horsemen, and viii C. footmen, how be it, the footmen were a large myle behind the horsemen.

The Frenchmen on horsebacke espyed the English horsemen, which perceiuing the great number fled, and as the said Frenchmen marched forward, they espyed the adventurers on foote, and made toward them: the Englishmen, seing the great number of the horsemen, studied to get some hedge or stronge place to fortifie theim, but there was no suche place in sight, and also they had no suche tyme so to do, wherefore the captayne sayed: Good felowes and brethien, we have of long tyme bene called adventurers, now is the tyme come of our aventure. The Frenchmen wyll not raunsome us for no thing, we be amongst them so feared: if any thing save our lyves, it must be God and our hardines, and therefore, sayd he, if you se me begin to fle, slaye me out of hande. Then every man cryed God mercie, and kneled downe and kissed the earth, and strake handes eche wyth other, in token not to depart, and then made themselves prest to the defence.

The Frenchmen came on on every syde, the Englishmen shot their arrowes, and defended them as wel as they could. The Frenchmen perceiuing that the Englishmen kept themselves so close, caused diverse of the horse men to lyght a-fote, and so they dyd, and fought wyth their speies against the pikes, and shote wyth Crossebowes on every syde. Alas the while! for

25 prest) ready

## EDWARD HALL

while the Englyshmen had arrowes to shote, the were not broken, but close wythout peryl, but when their arrowes were spent, the Englyshmen fough valiauntly, and slew many Frenchmen that lyghter on foote, but in the conclusion the horsemen entered and killed them all in maner, because there were so many of their compaignie slain, and toke fewe of them prisoners. This was the end of these compaignions, called the *Krekens* or aventurers, which were as hardie men, as ever served prince or captain.

*The Lives of the Kings*

## SIR THOMAS ELYOT

1499 ?-1546

42

### *Of Cooks and Tutors*

**A**GENTLEMAN, ere he take a cook in his service, he will first examine him diligently, how many sorts of meats, potages, and sauces he can perfectly make, and how well he can season them, that they may be both pleasant and nourishing. Yea, and if it be but a falconer, he will scrupulously inquire what skill he hath in feeding, called diet, and keeping of his hawk from all sickness, also how he can reclaim her and prepare her to flight. And to such a cook or falconer, whom he findeth expert, he spareth not to give much wages with other bounteous rewards. But of a schoolmaster, to whom he will commit his child to be fed with learning and instructed in virtue, whose life shall be the principal monument of his name and honour, he never maketh further inquiry but where he may have a schoolmaster, and with how little charge. And if one be perchance founden well learned, which will not take pains to teach without

18 *reclaim her*) train her to come to call



## SIR THOMAS ELYOT

great salary, he then speaketh nothing more, or else saith, What, shall so much wages be given to a school-master, which would keep me two servants? to whom may be said these words, that by his son being well learned he shall receive more commodity and also worship than by the service of a hundred cooks and falconers.

*The Book named the Governor*

## GEORGE CAVENDISH

1500-1561

43

### *The Death of Wolsey*

AFTER that he was in his confession the space of an hour. And then Master *Kingston* came to him and bid him good morrow, and asked him how he did. Sir, quoth he, I watch but God's pleasure to render up my poor soul to him. I pray you have me heartily commended unto his Royal Majesty, and beseech him on my behalf to call to his Princely remembrance all matters that have been between us from the beginning and the progress; and especially between good Queen *Katherine* and him, and then shall his Grace's Conscience know whether I have offended him or not.

He is a Prince of a most Royal carriage, and hath a Princely heart, and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger the one half of his Kingdom.

I do assure you I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to perswade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail. And, Master *Kingston*, had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given

## GEORGE CAVENDISH

me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my Prince. Therefore let me advise you, if you be one of the Privy Council, as by your wisdom you are fit, take heed what you put in the King's head, for you can never put it out again.

Master *Kingston*, farewell; I wish all things may have good success. My time draws on, I may not tarry with you. I pray you remember my words.

Now began the time to draw near, for he drew his speech at length, and his tongue began to fail him, his eyes perfectly set in his head, his sight failed him. Then we began to put him in mind of *Christ's* passion, and caused the Yeoman of the Guard to stand by privately to see him die, and bear witness of his words and his departure, who heard all his communications.

And then presently the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the Ghost, and thus departed he this life, one of us looking upon another, supposing he prophesied of his departure.

*The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*

## JOHN KNOX

1505-1572

44

### *Regiment of Women*

TO promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to his revealed will and approved ordinance; and finally, it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.

## JOHN KNOX

In the probation of this proposition, I will not be so curious as to gather whatsoever may amplify, set forth, or decore the same, but I am purposed, even as I have spoken my conscience in most plain and few words, so to stand content with a simple proof of every member, bringing in for my witness God's ordinance in nature, his plain will revealed in his word, and the minds of such as be most ancient amongst godly writers.

And first, where that I affirm the empire of a woman to be a thing repugnant to nature, I mean not only that God by the order of his creation hath spoiled woman of authority and dominion, but also that man hath seen, proved and pronounced just causes why that it should be. Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalf see very clearly. For the causes be so manifest, that they cannot be hid. For who can deny but it repugneth to nature that the blind shall be appointed to lead and conduct such as do see? That the weak, the sick, and impotent persons shall nourish and keep the whole and strong, and finally, that the foolish, mad and phrenetic shall govern the discreet and give counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be all women, compared unto man in bearing of authority. For their sight in civil regiment is but blindness, their strength weakness, their counsel foolishness, and judgement frenzy, if it be rightly considered.

I except such as God, by singular privilege, and for certain causes known only to himself, hath exempted from the common rank of women, and do speak of women as nature and experience do thus day declare them. Nature, I say, doth paint them forth to be weak, frail, impatient, feeble and foolish; and

## JOHN KNOX

experience hath declared them to be unconstant, variable, cruel and lacking the spirit of counsel and regiment. And these notable faults have men in all ages espied in that kind, for the which not only they have removed women from rule and authority, but also some have thought that men subject to the counsel or empire of their wives were unworthy of all public office. . .

I am not ignorant that the subtle wits of carnal men (which can never be brought under the obedience of God's simple precepts to maintain this monstrous empire) have yet two vain shifts. First, they allege that, albeit women may not absolutely reign by themselves, because they may neither sit in judgement, neither pronounce sentence, neither execute any public office, yet may they do all such things by their lieutenants, deputies and judges substitute. Secondly, say they, a woman born to rule over any realm may choose her a husband, and to him she may transfer and give her authority and right. To both I answer in few words. First, that from a corrupt and venomed fountain can spring no wholesome water. Secondly that no person hath power to give the thing which doth not justly appertain to themselves. But the authority of a woman is a corrupted fountain, and therefore from her can never spring any lawful officer. She is not born to rule over men, and therefore she can appoint none by her gift, nor by her power (which she hath not), to the place of a lawful magistrate.

*The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous  
Regiment of Women*

*Seeing the Wind*

TO see the wind, with a man his eyes, it is impossible, the nature of it is so fine, and subtle, yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow that fell four years ago: I rode in the highway betwixt *Topcliffe-upon-Swale*, and *Borowe Bridge*, the way being somewhat trodden afore, by wayfaring men. The fields on both sides were plain and lay almost yard deep with snow, the night afore had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above. That morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp according to the time of the year. The snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse feet: so as the wind blew, it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost overnight, that thereby I might see very well, the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly, by and by it would fly wonderfull fast. And thus I perceived also that the wind goeth by streams and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score on me, then the space of two score no snow would stir, but after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow at the same very time should

28 score) twenty paces

## ROGER ASCHAM

be carried likewise, but not equally. For the one would stand still when the other flew apace, and so continue sometime swifther, sometime slower, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Nor it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime the snow would be lift clean from the ground up into the air, and by and by it would be all clapped to the ground as though there had been no wind at all, straightway it would rise and fly again.

And that which was the most marvel of all, at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the West into the East, the other out of the North into the East: And I saw two winds by reason of the snow the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And again I should hear the wind blow in the air, when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind, than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind. but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all though men in a wind lose then length in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing.

*Toxophilus*

### 46 *From the Preface to 'The Schoolmaster'*

AFTER dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble Oration of *Demosthenes* against *Eschines*, for his false dealing in

## ROGER ASCHAM

his Embassage to King *Philip* of *Macedony*. Sir *Rich. Sackville* came up soon after, and finding me in her Majesty's privy Chamber, he took me by the hand, and carrying me to a Window, said :

‘ Mr. *Ascham*, I would not for a good deal of Money have been this day absent from dinner. Where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good Ear, and do consider as well the Talk that passed, as any one did there. Mr. Secretary said very wisely, and most truly, that many young Wits be driven to hate Learning before they know what Learning is. I can be good witness to this myself ; for a fond Schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen year old, drove me so with fear of Beating from all Love of Learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have Learning and to have little or none at all, I feel it my greatest Grief, and find it my greatest Hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a Schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also Wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me Life, I will make this my mishap some Occasion of good hap to little *Robert Sackville*, my son's son. For whose bringing up I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age ; we will deal thus together. Point you out a Schoolmaster, who by your Order shall teach my Son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide, yea, though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year ; and beside, you shall find me as fast a Friend to you and yours, as perchance any you have.’ Which Promise the worthy Gentleman surely kept with me until his dying day.

*The Schoolmaster*

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47

### *Lady Jane Grey*

**B**EFORE I went into Germany, I came to *Brodegate* in *Leicestershire*, to take my Leave of that noble Lady *Jane Grey*, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her Parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the Household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the Park. I found her in her Chamber reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much Delight as some Gentlemen would read a merry Tale in *Boccace*. After Salutation, and Duty done, with some other Talk, I asked her, why she would lose such Pastime in the Park? Smiling, she answered me

*‘I-wis, all their Sport in the Park is but a Shadow to that Pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good Folk, they never felt what true Pleasure meant. And how came you, Madam, quoth I, to this deep Knowledge of Pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many Women, but very few Men, have attained thereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a Truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest Benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe Parents, and so gentle a Schoolmaster. For when I am in Presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep Silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such Weight, Measure, and Number, even so perfectly, as God made the World; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with Pinches, Nips, and Bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the Honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in Hell, till Time come that I must go to Master Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly,*



## ROGER ASCHAM

*with such fair Allurements to Learning, that I think all the Time nothing, while I am with him And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but Learning is full of Grief, Trouble, Fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my Book hath been so much my Pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more Pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other Pleasures in very deed, be but Trifles and Troubles unto me.*

*The Schoolmaster*

### 48 *Of Translation*

I HAVE been a looker on in the Cockpit of Learning these many Years; and one Cock only have I known, which with one Wing even at this day doth pass all other, in mine Opinion, that ever I saw in any Pit in England, though they had two Wings. Yet nevertheless, to fly well with one Wing, to run fast with one Leg, be rather rare Masteries much to be marvelled at, than sure Examples safely to be followed. A Bishop that now liveth, a good man, whose Judgement in Religion I better like, than his Opinion in Perfectness in other Learning, said once unto me : ‘ We have no Need now of the Greek Tongue, when all things be translated into Latin.’ But the good man understood not that even the best Translation is for mere Necessity but an evil impeded Wing to fly withal, or a heavy Stump Leg of Wood to go withal. Such, the higher they fly, the sooner they falter and fail : the faster they run, the oftter they stumble, and sorer they fall. Such as will needs so fly, may flie at a Pie, and catch a Daw : and such Runners, as commonly they shove and shoulder to stand foremost, yet in

23 impeded) grafted

## ROGER ASCHAM

the end they come behind others, and deserve but the Hopshackles, if the Masters of the Game be right Judges.

*The Schoolmaster*

## JOHN FOXE

1516-1567

49 *Rowland Taylor, Vicar of Hadleigh,  
Suffolk*

*Arrested in London. Burned on Aldham Common in his own  
Parish, Feb. 8, 1555*

NOW when the Sheriff and his company came against St *Botolph's* Church, *Elizabeth* cried, saying, 'O my dear Father! Mother! mother! here is my father led away.' Then cried his wife, '*Rowland, Rowland*, where art thou?'—for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not well see the other. Dr. *Taylor* answered, 'Dear wife, I am here,' and stayed. The Sheriff's men would have led him forth, but the Sheriff said, 'Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak with his wife,' and so they stayed. Then came she to him, and he took his daughter *Mary* in his arms, and he, his wife and *Elizabeth* kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer. At which sight the Sheriff wept apace, and so did divers other of the company. After they had prayed he rose up and kissed his wife and shook her by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children.' . . . Then said his wife, 'God be with thee, dear *Rowland*. I will with God's grace meet thee at

2 Hopshackles) hobbles

## JOHN 1 OXE

*Hadleigh.* . . . All the way Dr. *Taylor* was joyful and merry as one that accounted himself going to a most pleasant banquet or bridal . . . Coming within a two mile of *Hadleigh* he desired to light off his horse, which done he leaped and set a frisk or twain, as men commonly do in dancing. ‘Why, master Doctor,’ quoth the Sheriff, ‘how do you now?’ He answered, ‘Well, God be praised, good master Sheriff, never better; for now I know I am almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my Father’s house.’

*Acts and Monuments*

## THOMAS WILSON

1525 ?-1581

50 ‘*Inkhorn Terms*’

AMONG all other lessons this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but so speak as is commonly received, neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless, using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother’s language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say; and yet these fine English clerks will say, they speak in their mother-tongue if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the King’s English. Some far-journeyed gentlemen at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with oversea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French English and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English

## THOMAS WILSON

Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking, the which is, as if an Orator that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak Poetry, and far-fetched colours of strange antiquity. The Lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of Pedlars. The Auditor in making his accompt and reckoning, cometh in with *sive sould*, and *cater denere*, for *vis. iiiiid.* The fine courtier will talk nothing but *Chaucer*. The mystical wisemen and Poetical Clerks will speak nothing but quaint Proverbs, and blind Allegories, delighting much in their own darkness, especially, when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days) will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some Revelation. I know them that think *Rhetoric* to stand wholly upon dark words, and he that can catch an inhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman, and a good *Rhetorician*.

*The Art of Rhetorique*

## RALPH ROBINSON

*ft 1500*

51

*Ralph Hythlodaye*

WHILES I was there abiding oftentimes among other, but which to me was more welcome than any other, did visit me one *Peter Giles*, a Citizen of *Antwerp*, a man there in his country of honest reputation, and also preferred to high promotions, worthy truly of the highest. For it is hard to say whether the young man be in learning or in honesty more excellent. For he is both of wonderfull virtuous.

## RALPH ROBINSON

conditions, and also singularly well learned, and towards all sorts of people exceeding gentle; but towards his friends so kind hearted, so loving, so faithful, so trusty, and of so earnest affection, that it were very hard in any place to find a man that with him in all points of friendship may be compared. No man can be more lowly or courteous. No man useth less simulation or dissimulation; in no man is more prudent simplicity. Besides this, he is in his talk and communication so merry and pleasant, yea, and that without harm, that through his gentle entertainment and his sweet and delectable communication in me was greatly abated and diminished the fervent desire that I had to see my native country, my wife, and my children, whom then I did much long and covet to see, because that at that time I had been more than iv Months from them.

Upon a certain day when I was hearing the divine service in our Ladies Church, which is the fairest, the most gorgeous and curious church of building in all the city, and also most frequented of people, and when the divine service was done, was ready to go home to my lodging, I chanced to espy this forsaid *Peter* talking with a certain Stranger, a man well stricken in age, with a black sun-burned face, a long beard, and a cloak cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favour and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner. But when this *Peter* saw me, he cometh unto me and saluteth me. And as I was about to answer him: 'see you this man?' saith he (and therewith he pointed to the man that I saw him talking with before). 'I was minded,' quoth he, 'to bring him straight home to you.' 'He should have been very welcome to me,' said I, 'for your sake.' 'Nay' (quoth he), 'for his

## RALPH ROBINSON

own sake, if you knew him, for there is no man this day living that can tell you of so many strange and unknown peoples and countries as this man can. And I know well that you be very desirous to hear of such news.' 'Then I conjectured not far a miss' (quoth I), 'for even at the first sight I judged him to be a mariner.' 'Nay' (quoth he), 'there ye were greatly deceived. He hath sailed indeed, not as the mariner *Palnure*, but as the expert and prudent Prince *Ulysses*; yea, rather as the ancient and sage Philosopher *Plato*.

'For this same *Raphael Hythlodaye* (for this is his name) is very well learned in the Latin tongue, but profound and excellent in the Greek tongue, wherein he ever bestowed more study than in the Latin, because he had given himself wholly to the study of Philosophy. Whereof he knew that there is nothing extant in the Latin tongue that is to any purpose, saving a few of *Seneca's* and *Cicero's* doings. His patrimony that he was born unto he left to his brethren (for he is a *Portugal* born), and for the desire that he had to see and know the far Countries of the world, he joined himself in company with *Amerike Vespuce*, and in the iii last voyages of those iv, that be now in print and abroad in every man's hands, he continued still in his company, saving that in the last voyage he came not home again with him. For he made such means and shift, what by entreatance and what by importune suit, that he got licence of master *Amerike* (though it were sore against his will) to be one of the xxiv which in the end of the last voyage were left in the country of *Gulike*. He was therefore left behind for his mind's sake, as one that took more thought and care for travelling

## RALPH ROBINSON

than dying; having customably in his mouth these sayings: He that hath no grave is covered with the sky, and, the way to heaven out of all places is of like length and distance. Which fantasy of his (if God had not been his better friend) he had surely bought full dear.

‘But alter the departing of Master *Vespuce*, when he had travelled through and about many Countries, with five of his companions *Gulikians*, at the last by marvellous chance he arrived in *Taprobane*, from whence he went to *Calicut*, where he chanced to find certain of his Country ships, wherein he returned again into his Country, nothing less than looked for.’

All this when *Peter* had told me, I thanked him for his gentle kindness, that he had vouchsafed to bring me to the speech of that man, whose communication he thought should be to me pleasant and acceptable. And therewith I turned me to *Raphael*; and when we had haylsede the one the other, and had spoken these common words, that be customably spoken at the first meeting and acquaintance of strangers, we went thence to my house, and there in my garden upon a bench covered with green turfs we sat down talking together.

Mora's *Utopia*

## SIR THOMAS NORTH

1535 ?-1601 ?

### 52 *Coriolanus at the Hearth of Aufidius*

IT was even twilight when he entered the city of ANTIUM, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to *Tullus*

19 haylsede) hailed

## SIR THOMAS NORTH

*Aufidius'* house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney heath, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house, spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance, and in his silence : whereupon they went to *Tullus*, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. *Tullus* rose presently from the board, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then *Martius* unmuffled himself, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he said unto him. ' If thou knowest me not yet, *Tullus*, and seeing me dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am *Caius Martius*, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the *VOLSCES* generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of *Coriolanus* that I bear. For I never had other benefit nor recompence of all the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname : a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me : for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of *ROME* have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard : but pricked forward with



## SIR THOMAS NORTH

spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I do begin to be avenged on, putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wiacked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it, as my service may be a benefit to the VOLSCES: promising thee, that I will fight with better good-will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him, who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee.' *Tullus*, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said unto him, 'Stand up, O *Martius*, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou dost us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volscers' hands.' So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him in no other matters at that present.

*Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*

### 53 *Cleopatra comes to Antony*

FOR *Caesar* and *Pompey* knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant. but now she went to *Antonius* at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgement. So she furnished herself with

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a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as EGYPT was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from *Antonius* himself, and also from his friends, she made so light of it and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of *Cydnus*; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musicke of flutes, howboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess *Venus* commonly drawn in picture and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as Painters do set forth god *Cupid*, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and Gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs *Nereids* (which are the Mermaids of the waters) and like the *Graces*, some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the river-side: others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that *Antonius* was left post alone in the

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market-place in his Imperial seat to give audience. and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess *Venus* was come to play with the god *Bacchus*, for the general good of all *ASIA*.

*Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*

## SIR THOMAS BODLEY

1545-1613

### 54 *His Letter to the Vice-Chancellor*

SIR, although you know me not, as I suppose, yet for the furthering of an offer, of evident utility, to your whole University, I will not be too scrupulous in craving your assistance. I have been always of a mind that if God, of his goodness, should make me able to do anything for the benefit of posterity, I would show some token of affection that I have evermore borne to the studies of good Learning. I know my portion is too slender to perform, for the present, any answerable act to my willing disposition: but yet, to notify some part of my desire in that behalf, I have resolved thus to deal. Where there hath been heretofore a public library in *Oxford*, which, you know, is apparent by the room itself remaining, and by your statute Records, I will take the charge and cost upon me, to reduce it again to his former use: and to make it fit, and handsome with seats, and shelves, and desks, and all that may be needful to stir up other men's benevolence to help to furnish it with books. And this I purpose to begin, as soon as timber can be gotten, to the intent that you may reap some speedy Profit of my Project. And where before, as I conceive, it was to be reputed but a store of books of diverse benefactors, because it never had any

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lasting allowance, for augmentation of the Number, or supply of Books decayed. whereby it came to pass that when those that were in being were either wasted or embezzled, the whole Foundation came to ruin: to meet with that inconvenience, I will so provide hereafter (if God do not hinder my present design) as you shall be still assured of a standing annual rent, to be disbursed every year in buying of books, in officers' stipends, and other pertinent occasions, with which provision, and some order for preservation of the place, and of the furniture of it, from accustomed abuses, it may perhaps in time to come prove a notable Treasure for the multitude of volumes, an excellent benefit for the use and ease of students, and a singular ornament in the University. . Which is now as much as I can think on, whereunto, at your good leisure, I would request your friendly answer. And if it lie in my ability to deserve your pains in that behalf, although we be not yet acquainted, you shall find me very forward. From London, Feb. 23, 1597.

Your Affectionate friend,

THOMAS BODLEY

*Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxon. about restoring  
the Public Library*

## WILLIAM CAMDEN

55

### *The Lady of the Sea*

1551-1623

FOR the air is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the midst of the temperate Zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more Southern and Northern are; but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and guarded with the Ocean most commodious for traffick to all parts of the world,

## WILLIAM CAMDEN

and watered with pleasant fishfull and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and Sailors, that it may rightly be termed the *Lady of the Sea*. That I may say nothing of healthful Baths, and of Meres stored both with fish and fowl; the earth fertile of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tin, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattle both tame and wild (for it hath more parks than all *Europe* besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of War, beautified with many populous Cities, fair Boroughs, good Towns, and well-built Villages, strong Munitions, magnificent Palaces of the Prince, stately houses of the Nobility, frequent Hospitals, beautiful Churches, fair Colleges, as well in other places, as in the two Universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendom, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings, and endowments. As for government Ecclesiastical and Civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, when as I write to home-born, and not to strangers.

*Remaines concerning Brittain*

## RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

A 1578

### 56 *The Weird Sisters*

SHORTLY after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortun'd as *Macbeth* and *Banquo* journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and

## RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

fields, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and terly apparel, resembling creatures of an elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said — ‘All hail *Makbeth*, Thane of *Glamis*’ (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father *Sinell*). The second of them said:—‘Hail *Makbeth*, Thane of *Cawder*.’ But the third said:—‘All hail *Makbeth*, that hereafter shalt be King of *Scotland*.’

Then *Banquo*: ‘What manner of women (saith he) are you that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?’ ‘Yes’ (saith the first of them), ‘we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent.’ Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by *Makbeth* and *Banquo*, insomuch that *Banquo* would call *Makbeth* in jest, king of *Scotland*, and *Makbeth* again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the Goddesses of destiny, or else some Nymphs or Fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecy by their Necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

*History of Scotland*

1 *laund*) *Lawn, open turf*

2 *ferly*) *marvellous*

57 *The First Landing in Virginia*

*The FIRST VOYAGE made to the coasts of AMERICA, with two barks, wherein were Captains MASTER PHILIP AMADAS, and MASTER ARTHUR BARLOW, who discovered part of the country now called VIRGINIA, Anno 1584.*

THE second of July we found shoal water, which smelt so sweetly, and was so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers; by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant. And keeping good watch and bearing but slack sail, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and firm land, and we sailed along the same 120 English miles before we could find any entrance, or river issuing into the Sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, though not without some difficulty, and cast anchor about three arquebus-shot within the haven's mouth, on the left hand of the same; and after thanks given to God for our safe arrival thither, we manned our boats, and went to view the land next adjoining, and to take possession of the same in the right of the Queen's most excellent Majesty, as rightful Queen and Princess of the same, and after delivered the same over to your use, according to her Majesty's grant and letters patents, under her Highness's great Seal. Which being performed, according to the ceremonies used in such enterprises, we viewed the land about us, being, whereas we first landed, very sandy and low towards the water side, but so full of grapes as the

## RICHARD HAKLUYT

very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them. Of which we found such plenty, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil on the hills, as in the plains, as well on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops of high Cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found: and myself having seen those parts of Europe that most abound, find such difference as were incredible to be written.

We passed from the sea side towards the tops of those hills next adjoining, being but of mean height, and from thence we beheld the Sea on both sides, to the North and to the South, finding no end any of both ways. This land lay stretching itself to the West, which after we found to be but an Island of twenty leagues long, and not above six miles broad. Under the bank or hill whereon we stood, we beheld the valleys replenished with goodly Cedar trees, and having discharged our arquebus-shot, such a flock of Cranes (the most part white) arose under us, with such a cry redoubled by many Echoes, as if an army of men had shouted all together.

This Island had many goodly woods, and full of Deer, Coneys, Hares, and Fowl, even in the midst of Summer, in incredible abundance. The woods are not such as you find in *Bohemia*, *Moscovia*, or *Hyrcania*, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars of the world, far bettering the Cedars of the *Azores*, of the *Indias*, or of *Libanus*; Pines, Cypress, Sassafras, the Lentisk, or the tree that beareth the Mastic, the tree that beareth the rind of black Cinnamon, of which Master *Winter* brought from the Straits of *Magellan*, and many other of excellent smell and quality. We remained by the side of this Island two whole days



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before we saw any people of the Country. The third day we espied one small boat rowing towards us, having in it three persons. This boat came to the land's side, four arquebus-shot from our ships, and there two of the people remaining, the third came along the shore side towards us, and we being then all within board, he walked up and down upon the point of the land next unto us. Then the Master and the Pilot of the Admiral, *Simon Ferdinando*, and the Captain, *Philip Amadas*, myself, and others, rowed to the land, whose coming this fellow attended, never making any show of fear or doubt. And after he had spoken of many things not understood by us, we brought him, with his own good liking, aboard the ships, and gave him a shirt, a hat, and some other things, and made him taste of our wine and our meat, which he liked very well, and, after having viewed both barks, he departed, and went to his own boat again, which he had left in a little Cove or Creek adjoining. As soon as he was two bow-shot into the water he fell to fishing, and in less than half an hour he had laden his boat as deep as it could swim, with which he came again to the point of the land, and there he divided his fish into two parts, pointing one part to the ship and the other to the pinnace. Which, after he had as much as he might requited the former benefits received, departed out of our sight.

The next day there came unto us divers boats, and in one of them the King's brother, accompanied with forty or fifty men, very handsome and goodly people, and in their behaviour as mannerly and civil as any of Europe. His name was *Granganimeo*, and the king is called *Wingina*; the country, *Wingandacoa*, (and now by her Majesty *Virginia*). The manner of his

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coming was in this sort : he left his boats altogether as the first man did, a little from the ships by the shore, and came along to the place over against the ships, followed with forty men. When he came to the place, his servants spread a long mat upon the ground, on which he sat down, and at the other end of the mat four others of his company did the like, the rest of his men stood round about him somewhat afar off. When we came to the shore to him, with our weapons, he never moved from his place, nor any of the other four, nor never mistrusted any harm to be offered from us ; but, sitting still, he beckoned us to come and sit by him, which we performed ; and being set, he makes all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and his breast and afterwards on ours, to show we were all one, smiling and making show the best he could of all love and familiarity. After he had made a long speech unto us we presented him with divers things, which he received very joyfully and thankfully. None of the company durst to speak one word all the time ; only the four which were at the other end spake one in the other's ear very softly

*Principall Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of  
the English Nation*

### 58 *The Death of Thomas Doughty at Port St. Julian*

IN this port our General began to inquire diligently of the actions of Master *Thomas Doughty*, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby (without redress) the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the

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company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found partly by Master *Doughty's* own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true. Which when our General saw, although his private affection to Master *Doughty* (as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested) was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty, and of the honour of his country did more touch him (as indeed it ought) than the private respect of one man. So that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our laws in *England*, it was concluded that Master *Doughty* should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the Communion, which he did at the hands of Master *Fletcher*, our Minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced our General and taken his leave of all the company, with prayer for the Queen's majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, perswading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the Communion as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business.

*Principall Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of  
the English Nation*

IF a man urge me to tell wherefore I loved him, I feel it cannot be expressed, but by answering; Because it was he, because it was myself. There is beyond all my discourse, and besides what I can particularly report of it, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power, a mean and Mediatrix of this indissoluble union. We sought one another before we had seen one another, and by the reports we heard one of another; which wrought a greater violence in us, than the reason of reports may well bear, I think by some secret ordinance of the heavens we embraced one another by our names. And at our first meeting, which was by chance at a great feast, and solemn meeting of a whole township, we found ourselves so surprised, so known, so acquainted, and so combinedly bound together, that from thenceforward nothing was so near unto us as one unto another. He writ an excellent Latin Satire, since published, by which he excuseth and expoundeth the precipitation of our acquaintance, so suddenly come to her perfection, Sithence it must continue so short a time, and begun so late (for we were both grown men, and he some years older than myself) there was no time to be lost. And it was not to be modelled or directed by the pattern of regular and remiss friendship, wherein so many precautions of a long and preallable conversation are required. This hath no other *Idea* than of itself, and can have no reference but to itself. It is not one especial consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: it is I wot not what kind of quint-

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essence of all this commixture, which having seized all my will, induced the same to plunge and lose itself in his, which likewise having seized all his will, brought it to lose and plunge itself in mine, with a mutual greediness, and with a semblable concurrence. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing unto us that might properly be called our own, nor that was either his or mine. .

In this noble commerce, offices and benefits (nurses of other amities) deserve not so much as to be accounted of; this confusion so full of our wills is cause of it; for, even as the friendship I bear unto myself admits no accrease by any succour I give myself in any time of need, whatsoever the Stoicks allege, and as I acknowledge no thanks unto myself for any service I do unto myself, so the union of such friends, being truly perfect, makes them lose the feeling of such duties, and hate, and expell from one another these words of division, and difference, benefit, good deed, duty, obligation, acknowledgment, prayer, thanks, and such their like.

*Montaigne's Essays*

### 60 *Of Cruelty*

AMONGST all other vices there is none I hate more than cruelty, both by nature and judgement, as the extremest of all vices. But it is with such an yearning and faintheartedness, that if I see but a chickens neck pulled off, or a pig sticked, I cannot choose but grieve, and I cannot well endure a seely dew-bedabbled hare to groan, when she is seized upon by the hounds, although hunting be a violent sport. .

## JOHN FLORIO

The Cannibals and savage people do not so much offend me with roasting and eating of dead bodies, as those which torment and persecute the living. Let any man be executed by law, how deservedly soever, I cannot endure to behold the execution with an unrelenting eye. Even in matters of justice, *Whatsoever is beyond a simple death, I deem it to be mere cruelty*; And especially amongst us, who ought to have a regardful respect, that their souls should be sent to heaven, which cannot be, having first by intolerable tortures agitated and as it were brought them to despair. . .

I live in an age wherein we abound with incredible examples of this vice, through the licentiousness of our civil and intestine wars, And read all ancient stories, be they never so tragical, you shall find none to equal those, we daily see practised. But that hath nothing made me acquainted with it. I could hardly be perswaded, before I had seen it, that the world could have afforded so marble-hearted and savage-minded men, that for the only pleasure of murder would commit it, then cut, mangle, and hack other members in pieces; to rouse and sharpen their wits, to invent unused tortures and unheard-of torments, to devise new and unknown deaths, and that in cold blood, without any former enmity or quarrel, or without any gain or profit; and only to this end, that they may enjoy the pleasing spectacle of the languishing gestures, pitiful motions, horror-moving yellings, deep-fetched groans, and lamentable voices of a dying and drooping man. For, that is the extremest point whereunto the cruelty of man may attain. *Ut homo hominem, non iratus, non timens, tantum spectaturus occidat.* That one man should kill another, neither being

## JOHN FLORIO

*angry, nor afeard, but only to look on.* As for me, I could never so much as endure, without remorse and grief, to see a poor, silly, and innocent beast pursued and killed, which is harmless and void of defence, and of whom we receive no offence at all. And as it commonly happeneth, that when the Stag begins to be embossed, and finds his strength to fail him, having no other remedy left him, doth yield and bequeath himself unto us that pursue him, with tears suing to us for mercy,

——*questuque cruentus*

*Atque imploranti similis :*

With blood from throat, and tears from eyes,

It seems that he for pity cries——

was ever a grievous spectacle unto me

*Montaigne's Essayes*

‘ B. R.’

*fl. 1581*

61

*Cleobis and Bito*

THE most famous Solon, one of the City of Athens, . . . undertoke a pilgrimage into Egypt to King Amæsis, and from thence to Saidis to the court of Cræsus, where in gentle and courteous manner beyng entertained by the Kinge at the thirde or fourth daye after his arrivall he was lead about the treasuryes to view the welth and riches of Cræsus, beholding all the inestimable and blessed jewels that were containyd in them. After he had attentively beheld and with curious eye surveyed them at his pleasure, Cræsus began to borde hym on this maner. You Gentleman

*7 embossed) exhausted*

*26 borde) accost*

## B R

of Athens, for asmuch as we hearde greate good wordes of your wysdome, beyng for knowledge and experience sake a pilgrim from your countrey, wee have deemed it convenient to aske you a question, whether at any time you have seene the happiest man alive: not mistrusting, but that the lotte would have fallen to hym selfe to have exceeded all others in blessednes. Solon not mynding to double, as one altogether unacquaynted with pleasing phrases, delivered his mynd in free speech in forme as followeth.

I have seene O King (quoth he) Tellus, one of my councitmen of Athens, a man surpassing all others in happye lyfe, wherat Cræsus wondring, earnestlye required what cause made him thinke so highlye of Tellus.

For as muche (sayde he) as in a wel ordered common wealth, hee hadde children, trayned up in unitye, and honesty, every of which hadde likewyse increase of his owne bodye, and yet all living. And having spent the course of his age, as wel as a man might, Fortune crowned his end with the perpetual renowne of a most glorious death. For the Athenians joyning in battayle with their next neighbours, Tellus comming with a fresh supplie, and putting his enemies to flight, ended his life in the field, whom the people of Athens in the selfe same place where he had shed his bloud, caused to be entombed with immortall honour. Solon going forward in a large discourse as touching Tellus was cut of by Cræsus with a second demaunde, who asked him the second tyme, whom in conscience he thoughte next unto him, in full hope, that at the least his part had bene next: to whom he answered in the next degree.

Most mighty Prince, I have always reputed Cleobis



and Biton, two younge menne of the Countrey of Argos, of body so strong and active, that in alle games they wonne the prize, of whom these thinges are left to memorye.

The feast of Juno beyng kept at Argos, the mother of those two young men was to bee drawne to the temple by a yoke of bullocks, which when the howre came beyng strayed and gone out of the way, the two young youtnes yoked themselves, and haling the chariot forty fyve furlongs they came to the temple : which after they had done in the sight and view of the whole multitude in a lucky howre they dyed, wherby the Goddesse gave us to understand how much better it was for man to die then live For where as the people flocking abut extolled them to the heavens : the men praising the good nature and intent of the sonnes the women commendinge the blessed chaunce of the mother whom nature had indued with two such childien . the good old mother almost out of hyr wyttes for joy, what for the kynd deede of her sonnes and the goodly speech of the people, advauncinge their virtue : as shee stode before the ymage of Juno, besought the Goddesse with earnest prayers to rewarde the kindnes of hir children with the chiefe and most precious blessing that might happen unto man. Her prayer made, and both the sacrifice and feast ended, they gave themselves to rest in the temple, but never after awaking, in the morning they were founde dead, whom the people of Argos by two carved monumentes placed at Delphos commended to everlastinge memory for men of rare and excellent vertue. To these men did Solon attribute the next step to perfect happiness.

*Translation of Herodotus*

# FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

1551-1628

62

## *A Honeymoon*

WHEN you married him, I know, for your part, he was your first love, and I judge the like of him. . . Madam, in those neere conjunctions of society, wherein death is the only honourable divorce, there is but one end, which is mutual joy in procreation; and to that end two assured ways: the one, by cherishing affection with affection the other, by working affection, while she is yet in her pride, to a reverence, which hath more power than itself. To which are required advantage, or at least equality: art, as well as nature. For contempt is else as neere as respect; the lovingest mind being not ever the most lovely. Now though it be true that affections are relatives, and love the surest adamant of love, yet must it not be measured by the untemperate ell of itself, since prodigality yields fullness, satiety a desire of change, and change repentance: but so tempered even in trust, enjoying, and all other familiarities, that the appetites of them we would please may still be covetous, and their strengths rich. Because the decay of either is a point of ill huswifery, and they that are first bankrupt shut up their doors.

In this estate of minds, only governed by the unwritten laws of Nature, you did at the beginning live happily together.

*Letter sent to an honourable Lady*

*Love in Arcady*

SO it is, Mistress, said he, that yesterday driving my sheep up to the stately hill, which lifts his head over the fair City of *Mantinea*, I happened upon the side of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier against the Sun's rage, to perceive a young maid, truly of the finest stamp of beauty, and that which made her beauty the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it. For her apparel was but such as Shepherds' daughters are wont to wear, and as for her hair, it hung down at the free liberty of his goodly length, but that sometimes falling before the clear stars of her sight, she was forced to put it behind her ears, and so open again the treasure of her perfections, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepherd, so wrapped up in that well-liked place, that I could discern no piece of his face, but as mine eyes were attent in that, her Angel-like voice strake mine ears with this song:

*My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange, one for the other giv'n.  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:  
There never was a better bargain driv'n.*

*His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,  
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own.  
I cherish his, because in me it bides.*

*Arcadia*

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

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*With a Tale he cometh*

NOW therein of all Sciences (I speak still of humane, and according to the humane conceits) is our Poet the Monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of Musick; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you: with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. And, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue: even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of *Aloes* or *Rhubarb* they should receive, would sooner take their Physick at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves): glad they will be to hear the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, and *Aeneas*, and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say, *Philosophically* set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

*An Apologie for Poetrie*

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

65

### *Chevy Chase*

IS it the Lyrick that most displeaseth, who with his tuned Lyre and well-accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts; who gives moral precepts and natural Problems; who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the laudes of the immortal God? Certainly, I must confess my own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of *Percy* and *Duglas* that I found not my heart moved more than with a Trumpet, and yet is it sung but by some blind Crouder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which, being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous cloquence of *Pindar*?

*An Apologie for Poetrie*

## JOHN LYLY

<sup>d</sup> 1554-1606

66

### *Two Sisters*

THERE are also in this Island two famous Universities, the one *Oxford*, the other *Cambridge*, both for the profession of all sciences, for Divinity, Physick, Law, and all kind of learning, excelling all the Universities in Christendom.

I was myself in either of them, and like them both so well that I mean not in the way of controversy to prefer any for the better in *England*, but both for the best in the world, saving this, that Colleges in *Oxford* are much more stately for the building, and *Cambridge* much more sumptuous for the houses in

to Crouder's fiddle

## JOHN LYL

the town; but the learning neither both in the free stones of the one, nor the fine streets of the other, for out of them both do daily proceed men of great wisdom to rule in the commonwealth, of learning to instruct the common people, of all singular kind of professions to do good to all. And let this suffice, not to inquire which of them is the superior, but that neither of them have their equal; neither to ask which of them is the most ancient, but whether any other be so famous.

*Euphues and his England*

## RICHARD HOOKER

1554-1600

67

### *Laws of Nature*

NOW if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether though it were but for a while the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself, if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen, if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated

## RICHARD HOOKER

of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

*The Laws of Ecclesiasticall Policie*

### 68 *Man's Ascending Search*

MAN doth seek a triple perfection : first a sensual, consisting in those things which very life itself requireth either as necessary supplements, or as beauties and ornaments thereof ; then an intellectual, consisting in those things which none underneath man is either capable of or acquainted with ; lastly a spiritual and divine, consisting in those things whereunto we tend by supernatural means here, but cannot here attain unto them. They that make the first of these three the scope of their whole life, are said by the Apostle to have no god but only their belly, to be earthly minded men. Unto the second they bend themselves, who seek especially to excel in all such knowledge and virtue as doth most commend men. To this branch belongeth the law of moral and civil perfection. That there is somewhat higher than either of these two, no other proof doth need than the very process of man's desire, which being natural should be frustrate, if there were not some farther thing wherein it might rest at the length contented, which in the former it cannot do. For man doth not seem to rest satisfied, either with fruition of that wherewith his life is preserved, or with performance

## RICHARD HOOKER

of such actions as advance him most deservedly in estimation; but doth further covet, yea oftentimes manifestly pursue with great sedulity and earnestness, that which cannot stand him in any stead for vital use; that which exceedeth the reach of sense; yea somewhat above capacity of reason, somewhat divine and heavenly, which with hidden exultation it rather surmiseth than conceiveth; somewhat it seeketh, and what that is directly it knoweth not, yet very intensive desire thereof doth so incite it, that all other known delights and pleasures are laid aside, they give place to the search of this but only suspected desire.

*The Laws of Ecclesiasticall Policie*

### 69 *The Permanence of Government*

OF this point therefore we are to note, that sith men naturally have no full and perfect power to command whole politic multitudes of men, therefore utterly without our consent we could in such sort be at no man's commandment living. And to be commanded we do consent, when that society whereof we are part hath at any time before consented, without revoking the same after by the like universal agreement. Wherefore as any man's deed past is good as long as himself continueth; so the act of a public society of men done five hundred years sithence standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies, because corporations are immortal, we were then alive in our Predecessors, and they in their Successors do live still.

*The Laws of Ecclesiasticall Policie*



70 *Alinda's Comfort to Perplexed Rosalind*

WHY, how now, *Rosalind*, dismayed with a frown of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say that high minds were discovered in fortune's contempt, and heroical seen in the depth of extremities? . . . And more, mad lass, to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee *Alinda*, a friend, who will be a faithful co-partner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brook all extremities than to forsake thy presence? What, *Rosalind*,

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris?*

Cheerly, woman; as we have been bed-fellows in royalty, we will be fellow-mates in poverty. I will ever be thy *Alinda*, and thou shalt ever rest to me *Rosalind*: so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speak of *Rosalind* and *Alinda*, as they did of *Pylades* and *Orestes*. And if ever fortune smile and we return to our former honour, then folding ourselves in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to mind our forepast miseries)—

*Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.*

At this *Rosalind* began to comfort her, and after she had wept a few kind tears in the bosom of her *Alinda*, she gave her hearty thanks, and then they sat them down to consult how they should travel. *Alinda* grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company: saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Tush, quoth *Rosalind*,

## THOMAS LODGE

art thou a woman, and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page; thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man so properly that, trust me, in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon. At this *Alinda* smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and *Rosalind* in all haste provided her of robes . . . *Alinda* being called *Alicia* and *Rosalind* *Ganymede*.

*Rosalinde*

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### *Jacob at the Ford*

AND hee rose vp that night, and tooke his two wiues, and his two women seruants, and his eleuen sonnes, and passed ouer the foord Iabbok. And he tooke them, and sent them ouer the brooke, and sent ouer that hee had

And Iacob was left alone. and there wrestled a man with him, vntill the breaking of the day. And when he saw, that he preuailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh and the hollow of Iacobs thigh was out of ioynt, as hee wrestled with him. And he said, Let me goe, for the day breaketh: and he said, I will not let thee goe, except thou blesse me. And he said vnto him, What is thy name? and he

## AUTHORIZED VERSION, 1611

said, Iacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Iacob, but Israel for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast preuailed. And Iacob asked *him*, and saide, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name: and he said, Wherefore is it, that thou doest aske after my name? and he blessed him there.

*Genesis xxxii. 22-9*

72

### *The Death of Absalom*

AND Dauid sate betweene the two gates: and the watchman went vp to the roofe ouer the gate vnto the wall, and lift vp his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the King. And the king said, If he *bee* alone, *there is* tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew neere. And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called vnto the porter, and said, Behold, *another* man running alone. And the King said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Mee thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the sonne of Zadok. And the King said, Hee *is* a good man, and commeth with good tidings. And Ahimaaz called, and said vnto the King, All is well. And hee fell downe to the earth vpon his face before the King, and saide, Blessed *bee* the Lord thy God which hath deliuered vp the men that lift vp their hande against my lord the King. And the king said, Is the yong man Absalom sate? And Ahimaaz answered, When Ioab sent the kings seruant, and *me* thy seruant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what *it was*. And the king said *vnto him*, Turne aside *and* stand here. And hee turned aside, and stood still. And behold, Cushi

## THE BIBLE

came, and Cushî said, Tidings my lord the king : for the Lord hath auenged thee this day of all them that rose vp against thee. And the king said vnto Cushî, Is the yong man Absalom safe? And Cushî answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to doe *thee* hurt, be as that yong man is.

And the king was much moued, and went vp to the chamber ouer the gate, and wept : and as he went, thus hee said, O my sonne Absalom, my sonne, my sonne Absalom : would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my sonne, my sonne.

2 Samuel xvm 24-33

### 73 ‘Remember now Thy Creator’

**R**EMEMBER now thy Creatour in the dayes of thy youth, while the euil daies come not, nor the yeeres drawe nigh, when thou shalt say, I *haue* no pleasure in them : While the Sunne, or the light, or the moone, or the starres be not darkened, nor the cloudes returne after the raine : In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bowe themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are fewe, and those that looke out of the windowes be darkened : And the doores shal be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise vp at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musicke shall be brought low Also *when* they shalbe atraitd of that which is high, and feares *shall bee* in the way, and the Almond tree shall flourish, and the grashopper shall be a burden, and desire shall faile : because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners goe about the streets : Or euer the

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silver corde be loosed, or the golden bowle be broken,  
or the pitcher be broken at the fountaine, or the wheele  
broken at the cisterne. Then shall the dust returne  
to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall returne  
vnto God who gaue it.

*Ecclesiastes xii. 1-7*

## 74 *The Song of Solomon*

*i*

**T**HE voice of my beloued ! behold ! hee commeth  
leaping vpon the mountaines, skipping vpon the  
hils.

My beloued is like a Roe, or a yong Hart . behold,  
he standeth behind our wall, he looketh foorth at the  
windowe, shewing himselfe through the lattesse.

My beloued spake, and said vnto me, Rise vp, my  
Loue, my faire one, and come away.

For loe, the winter is past, the raine is ouer, *and* gone.

The flowers appeare on the earth, the time of the  
singing *of birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle  
is heard in our land

The fig tree putteth foorth her greene figs, and the  
vines *with* the tender grape giue a *good* smell. Arise,  
my loue, my faire one, and come away.

O my doue ! *that art* in the clefts of the rocke, in  
the secret *places* of the staires : let me see thy coun-  
tenance, let me heare thy voice, for sweet *is* thy voice,  
and thy countenance *is* comely.

Take vs the foxes, the litle foxes, that spoile the  
vines : for our vines *haue* tender grapes.

My beloued *is* mine, and I *am* his : he feedeth  
among the lillies.

## THE BIBLE

Vntill the day breake, and the shadowes flee away :  
turne my beloued and be thou like a Roc, or a yong  
Hart, vpon the mountaines of Bether.

*Song of Solomon ii 8-17*

### ii

**B**Y night on my bed I sought *him* whome my soule  
loueth. I sought him, but I found him not.

I will rise now, and goe about the citie in the streets,  
and in the broad wayes I will seeke him whom my soule  
loueth : I sought him, but I found him not.

The watchmen that goe about the citie, found me :  
*to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soule loueth ?*

It was but a litle that I passed from them, but I  
found him whome my soule loueth : I helde him,  
and would not let him goe, vntill I had brought him  
into my mothers house, and into the chamber of her  
that conceived me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Ierusalem, by the  
Roes and by the Hindes of the field, that ye stur not  
vp, nor awake my loue, till he please.

*Song of Solomon iii. 4 5*

### iii

**S**ET mee as a scale vpon thine heart, as a scale vpon  
thine arme : for loue is strong as death, ialousie  
is cruel as the graue : the coales thereof *are* coales  
of fire, *which bath* a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench loue, neither can the  
floods drowne it : if a man would giue all the substance  
of his house for loue, it would vtterly be contemned.

*Song of Solomon viii. 6, 7*

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75 *Dirge for the King of Babylon*

**H**ELL from beneath is moued for thee to meet *thee* at thy comming: it stirreth vp the dead for thee, *cuen* all the chiefe ones of the earth; it hath raised vp from their thrones, all the kings of the nations. All they shall speake and say vnto thee; Art thou also become weake as we? art thou become like vnto us? Thy pompe is brought downe to the graue, *and* the noyse of thy viols: the worme is spread vnder thee, and the wormes couer thee. How art thou fallen from heauen, O Lucifer, sonne of the morning? *how* art thou cut downe to the ground, which didst weaken the nations?

*Isaiah xlv 9-12*

76 *'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty'*

**T**HINE eyes shall see the king in his beauty. they shall behold the land that is very farre off. Thine heart shall meditate terrour; Where *is* the scribe? where *is* the receiuer? where *is* he that counted the towres? Thou shalt not see a fierce people, a people of a deeper speech then thou canst perceiue; of a stammering tongue, that thou canst not vnderstand. Looke vpon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Ierusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken downe, not one of the stakes thereof shall euer be remoued, neither shall any of the cordes thereof be broken. But there the glorious LORD *will be* vnto us a place of broad riuers *and* streames; wherein shall goe no galley with oares, neither shall gallant ship passe thereby. For the LORD

## THE BIBL

is our Iudge, the LORD is our Lawgiuer, the LORD is our King, he wil saue vs. Thy tacklings are loosed, they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the saile: then is the praye of a great spoile diuided, the lame take the praye. And the inhabitant shall not say; I am sicke: the people that dwel therein shalbe forgien *their* iniquitie.

*Isaiah XXXIII 17-24*

77

### *The Wilderness*

THE wilderness and the solitarie place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall reioyce and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and reioyce euen with ioy and singing. the glory of Lebanon shal be giuen vnto it, the excellencie of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the LORD, and the excellencie of our God.

Strengthen yee the weake hands, and confirme the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearefull heart; Be strong, feare not: behold, your God will come *with* vengeance, *euen* God *with* a recompence, he will come and saue you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the eares of the deafe shalbe vnstopped. Then shall the lame man leape as an Hart, and the tongue of the dumbe sing. for in the wilderness shall waters breake out, and streames in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a poole, and the thirstie land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, *shalbe* grasse with reeds and rushes. And an high way *shalbe* there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holinesse, the vncleane shall not passe ouer it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaringmen, though fooles, shall not



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erre *therein*. No lyon shalbe there; nor any rau-  
ous beast shall goe vp thereon, it shall not be found  
there: but the redeemed shall walke *there*. And the  
ransomed of the LORD shall returne and come to Zion  
with songs, and euerlasting ioy vpon their heads they  
shall obtaine ioy and gladnesse, and sorrow and sighing  
shall flee away.

*Isaiah xxxv. 1-10*

### 78 *Surge, illuminare!*

**A**RISE, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory  
of the LORD is risen vpon thee. For behold,  
the darknesse shall couer the earth, and grosse darknesse  
the people but the LORD shall arise vpon thee, and  
his glory shall be scene vpon thee. And the Gentiles  
shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightnesse  
of thy rising. The Sunne shall be no more thy light  
by day, neither for brightnesse shall the moone giue  
light vnto thee: but the LORD shall be unto thee an  
euerlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy Sunne  
shall no more goe downe, neither shall thy moone  
withdraw it self: for the LORD shall bee thine euer-  
lasting light, and the dayes of thy mourning shall be  
ended.

*Isaiah lx. 1-3, 19-20*

### 79 *The Vision of Dry Bones*

**T**HE hand of the LORD was vpon mee, and caried  
mee out in the Spirit of the LORD, and set mee  
downe in the midst of the valley which *was* full of  
bones, And caused mee to passe by them round about,  
and beholde, *there were* very many in the open valley,  
and loe, *they were* very drie. And hee said vnto mee,

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Sonne of man, can these bones liue? and I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Againe he said vnto me, Prophecie vpon these bones, and say vnto them; O yee drie bones, heare the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God vnto these bones, Behold, I wil cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall liue. And I wil lay sinewes vpon you, and wil bring vp flesh vpon you, and couer you with skinne, and put breath in you, and ye shall liue, and ye shall know that I *am* the Lord. So I prophecied as I was commanded and as I prophecied, there was a noise, and beholde a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, loe, the sinews and the flesh came vp vpon them, and the skin couered them aboue; but *there was* no breath in them. Then said he vnto mee, Prophecie vnto the winde, prophecie sonne of man, and say to the winde, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the fourc windes, O breath, and breathe vpon these slaine, that they may liue. So I prophecied as he commanded mee, and the breath came into them, and they liued, and stood vp vpon their feet, an exceeding great armie.

Then he said vnto me, Sonne of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel. behold, they say; Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost, wee are cut off for our parts. Therefore prophecie and say vnto them, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I wil open your graues, and cause you to come vp out of your graues, and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I *am* the Lord, when I haue opened your graues, O my people, and brought you vp out of your graues.

*Ezekiel xxxvii 1-13*

80      *'God's purpose is eternall'*

**A**ND he said vnto me, in the beginning when the earth was made, before the borders of the world stood, or euer the windes blew, Before it thundred and lightned, or euer the foundations of Paradise were laide, Before the faire flowers were seene, or euer the moueable powers were established, before the innumerable multitude of Angels were gathered together, Or euer the heights of the aire were lifted vp, before the measures of the firmament were named, or euer the chimnies in Sion were hot, And ere the present yeeres were sought out, and or euer the inuentions of them that now sinne were turned, before they were sealed that haue gathered faith for a treasure: Then did I consider these things, and they all were made through mee alone, and through none other: by mee also they shall be ended, & by none other.

2 Psdras vi 1-6

81      *'Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us'*

**L**ET vs now praise famous men, and our Fathers that begat vs. The Lorde hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning. Such as did beare rule in their kingdomes, men renowned for their power, giuing counsell by their vnderstanding, and declaring prophecies: Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing. Rich men furnished with abilitie, liuing peaceably in their habitations.

## THE BIBLE

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that haue left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be, which haue no memorial, who are perished as though they had neuer bene, and are become as though they had neuer bene borne, and their children after them. But these were mercifull men, whose righteousness hath not bene forgotten. With their seed shall continually remaine a good inheritance, and their children are within the couenant. Their seed stands fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remaine for euer, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liueth for euermore.

*Ecclesiasticus xlv 1-14*

AND behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Hierusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to passe, that while they communed together, and reasoned, Iesus himselfe drew neere, and went with them. But their eyes were holden, that they should not know him. And he said vnto them, What manner of communications are these that yee haue one to another as yee walke, and are sad? And the one of them, whose name was Cleophas, answering, saide vnto him, Art thou onely a stranger in Hierusalem, and hast not knowen the things which are come to passe there in these dayes? And hee saide vnto them, What things? And they said vnto him, Concerning Iesus of Nazareth, which was a Prophet,

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mighty in deepe and word before God, and all the people. And how the chiefe Priests and our rulers deliuered him to be condemned to death, and haue crucified him. But wee trusted that it had bene hee, which should haue redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certaine women also of our company made vs astonished, which were early at the Sepulchre: And when they found not his bodie, they came, saying, that they had also scene a vision of Angels, which saide that he was aliue. And certaine of them which were with vs, went to the Sepulchre, and found it euen so as the women had said, but him they saw not. Then hee saide vnto them, O fooles, and slow of heart to beleue all that the Prophets haue spoken. Ought not Christ to haue suffered these things, and to enter into his glorie? And beginning at Moses, and all the Prophets, hee expounded vnto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning himselfe. And they drew nigh vnto the village, whither they went, and hee made as though hee would haue gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with vs, for it is towards euening, and the day is farre spent: And he went in, to tarry with them. And it came to passe, as hee sate at meate with them, hee tooke bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gaue to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one vnto another, Did not our heart burne within vs, while hee talked with vs by the way, and while hee opened to vs the Scriptures? And they rose vp the same houre, and returned to Hierusalem, and found the elcuen gathered together, and them that were with them, Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

## THE BIBLE

And they told what things were done in the way,  
& how he was knowen of them in breaking of bread.

*St. Luke xxiv. 13-35*

83

### ' *Charity* '

**T**HOUGH I speake with the tongues of men & of Angels, and haue not charity, I am become as sounding brasse or a tinkling cymbal. And though I haue the gift of prophesie, and vnderstand all mysteries and all knowledge: and though I haue all faith, so that I could remooue mountaines, and haue no charitie, I am nothing. And though I bestowe all my goods to feede the poore, and though I giue my body to bee burned, and haue not charitie, it profiteth me nothing. Charitie suffereth long, and is kinde: charitie enuieth not: charitie vaunteth not it selfe, is not puffed vp, Doeth not behaue it selfe vnseemly, seeketh not her owne, is not easily prouoked, thinketh no euill, Reioyceth not in iniquitie, but reioyceth in the trueth. Beareth all things, beleeueth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charitie neuer faileth. but whether there be prophesies, *they* shall faile; whether there bee tongues, *they* shall cease; whether there bee knowledge, *it* shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesie in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part, shalbe done away. When I was a childe, I spake as a childe, I vnderstood as a childe, I thought as a childe. but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glasse, darkely: but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know euen as also I am knowen. And now abideth faith, hope, charitie, these three, but the greatest of these is charitie.

AUTHORIZED VERSION, 1611

84 'Behold, I show you a mystery'

BEHOLD, I shew you a mysterie. we shall not all sleepe, but wee shall all be changed, In a moment, in the twinckling of an eye, at the last trumpe, (for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.) For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and thus mortall must put on immortallitie. So when this corruptible shall haue put on incorruption, & this mortall shall haue put on immortality, then shall be brought to passe the saying that is written, Death is swallowed vp in victorie. O death, where is thy sting? O graue, where is thy victorie? The sting of death is sinne, and the strength of sinne is the law. But thanks bee to God, which gueth us the victorie, through our Lord Iesus Christ. Therefore my beloued brethren, be yee stedfast, vnmoueable, alwayes abounding in the worke of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your labour is not in vaine in the Lord.

1 Corinthians xv 51-8

RICHARD CAREW

1555-1620

85 *The Praise of English*

THE *Italian* is pleasant but without sinews, as too stilly flecting water, the *French* delicate but over nice, as a woman scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the *Spanish* majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the devil in a play; the *Dutch* manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a

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quarrel Now we in borrowing from them give the strength of consonants to the *Italian*, the full sound of words to the *French*, the variety of terminations to the *Spanish*, and the mollitying of more vowels to the *Dutch*; and so, like bees, gather the honey of their good properties and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fullness with fineness, seemliness with portliness, and courrantness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other than most full of sweetness?

Again, the long words that we borrow, being intermingled with the short of our own store, make up a perfect harmony, by culling from out which mixture (with judgement) you may frame your speech according to the matter you must work on, majesticall, pleasant, delicate, or manly, more or less, in what sort you please. Add hercunto, that whatsoever grace any other language carrieth, in veise or prose, in tropes or metaphors, in echoes or agnominations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours. Will you have *Plato's* vein? read Sir THOMAS SMITH the *Ionian*? Sir THOMAS MORE: *Cicero's*? ASCHAM *Varro*? CHAUCER: *Demosthenes*? Sir JOHN CHEKE (who in his Treatise to the Rebels hath comprised all the figures of rhetoric). Will you read *Virgil*? take the Earl of SURREY: *Catullus*? SHAKESPIARE, and MARLOWE's fragment: *Ovid*? DANIEL: *Lucan*? SPENSER *Martial*? Sir JOHN DAVIS and others. Will you have all in all for prose and verse? take the miracle of our age, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

*An Epistle on the Excellency of the  
English Tongue*



86 *The Armada Castaways in Fife*

TERRIBLE was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous, and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs, and abounding were the tears at that Fast and General Assembly leipet at *Edinburgh*, when the news was credibly tauld, sometimes of their landing at *Dunbar*, sometimes at *St. Andrews*, and in *Tay*, and now and then at *Aberdeen* and *Cromarty Firth*. And in very deed, as we knew certainly soon after, the keeper of his awin Israel, was in the meantime convoying that monstrous navy about our coasts, and directing their hulks and galiates to the islands, rocks, and sands, whereupon he had destined their wreck and destruction. For within twa or three month thereafter, early in the morning, by break of day, ane of our bailies cam to my bedside, saying (but not with fear), 'I have to tell you news, Sir. There is arrived within our harbour this morning a ship full of *Spaniards*, but not to give mercy but to ask!' And shows me that the Commanders had landit, and he had commandit them to their ship again till the Magistrates of the town had advised, and the *Spaniards* had humbly obeyit: therefore desired me to rise and hear their petition with them. Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of the town, cam to the *Tolbuthe*; and after consultation taken to hear them and what answer to make, there presents us a very reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, grey-haired, and very humble like, wha, after mickle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground,

## JAMES MELVILLE

and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance; and being about to answer in Latin, he, having only a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld over again to us in good English. The sum was, that King *Philip*, his master, had rigged out a navy and army to land in *England*, for just causes to be avengit of many intolerable wrongs quhilk he had receivt of that nation; but God for their sins had been against them, and by storm of weather had driven the navy by the coast of *England*, and him with a certain of Captains, being the General of twenty hulks, upon an isle of *Scotland*, called the *Fair Isle*, where they made shipwreck, and where sae many as had escapit the merciless seas and rocks, had mair nor sax or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cauld, till conducing that bark out of *Orkney*, they were come hither as to their special friends and confederates to kiss the King's Majestic's hands of *Scotland* (and therewith bekkit even to the earth), and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, these gentlemen Captains, and the poor soldiers, whose condition was for the present most miserable and pitiful.

I answered this muckle, in sum: That howbeit neither our friendship, quhilk could not be great, seeing their King and they were friends to the greatest enemy of *Christ*, the Pope of *Rome*, and our King and we defied him, nor yet their cause against our neighbours and special friends of *England* could procure any benefit at our hands, for their relief and comfort; nevertheless, they should know by experience that we were men, and sa moved by human compassion, and Christians of better religion nor they, quhilk

20 bekkit) bowed

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should kythe, in the fruits and effect, plain contrary to ours. For whereas our people resorting among them in peaceable and lawful affairs of merchandise, were violently taken and cast in prison, their guids and gear confiscate, and their bodies committed to the cruel flaming fire for the cause of Religion, they should find na things among us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms. . But verily all the while my heart melted within me for desire of thankfulness to God, when I rememberit the prideful and cruel natural of they people, and how they would have used us in case they had landit with their forces among us ; and saw the wonderful work of God's mercy and justice in making us see them, the chief commanders of them to make sic dewgard and courtesy to poor seamen, and their soldiers so abjectly to beg alms at our doors and in our streets.

*Diary*

## SIR WALTER RALEGH

1552 ?—1618

### 87      *The Last Fight of the Revenge*

ALL the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish

1 *kythe*) appear

15 *dewgard*) *dieu-garde* (salutation)

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were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether rased, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence. Sir *Richard* finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several Armadoes, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the master Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a Navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal: and perswaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours, or a few days. The master Gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir *Richard* to have care

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of them : alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same : and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty's seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir *Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain was unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the General, *Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir *Richard* would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition : yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir *Richard Grenville* ; whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

*A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isle of Azores betwixt the Revenge and an Armada of the King of Spain*

FOR the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, That the Kings and Princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great Ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of *God* while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which *God* with all the words of his Law promises, or threats, doth not infuse. *Death*, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; *God*, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. *I have considered* (saith *Solomon*) *all the works that are under the Sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit* but who believes it till Death tells it us? It was Death which, opening the conscience of *Charles* the fifth, made him enjoin his son *Philip* to restore *Navarre*; and King *Francis* the first of *France* to command that justice should be done upon the Murderers of the Protestants in *Merindal* and *Cabrieres*, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but *Abjects*, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel

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that fills his mouth. He holds a Glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

*A History of the World*

### 89      *Letter to his Wife on the Death                  of his Son*

I WAS loth to write, because I know not how to comfort you; And God knows I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is, that you must obey the will and providence of God, and remember that the Queen's Majesty bare the loss of the Prince Henry with a magnanimous heart, and the Lady Harrington of her only son. Comfort your heart (Deare Bess); I shall sorrow for us both and I shall sorrow the less because I have not long to sorrow, because I have not long to live. I refer you to Mr. Secretary Winwood's Letter, who will give you a copy of it if you send for it. Therein you shall know what hath passed, what I have written by that Letter, for my brains are broken, and 'tis a torment to me to write, especially of misery. I have desired Mr. Secretary to give my Lord Carew a copy of his letter. I have cleansed my ship of sick men, and sent them

## SIR WALTER RALEGH

home; and hope that God will send us somewhat ere we return. Commend me to all at Lothbury. You shall hear from me if I live, from new Found Land, where I mean to Clean my ship and revictual, for I have Tobacco enough to pay for it. The Lord bless you and Comfort you, that you may bear patiently the death of your most valiant son.

YOUR WAL. RALEGH.

March the 22th from the Isle of St. Christophers.

## FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT VERULAM

1561-1626

### 90      *The Service of the Muses*

LET thy master, Squire, offer his service to the Muses. It is long since they received any into their court. They give alms continually at their gate, that many come to live upon; but few have they ever admitted into their palace. There shall he find secrets not dangerous to know, sides and parties not factious to hold, precepts and commandments not penal to disobey. The gardens of love wherein he now playeth himself are fresh to-day and fading to-morrow, as the sun comforts them or is turned from them. But the gardens of the Muses keep the privilege of the golden age; they ever flourish and are in league with time. The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power: the verses of a poet endure without a syllable lost, while states and empires pass many periods. Let him not think he shall descend, for he is now upon a hill as a ship is mounted upon the ridge of a wave; but that hill of the Muses is above tempests, always



## FRANCIS BACON

clear and calm ; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times. Yea, in some cliff it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divinations of times to come. So that if he will indeed lead *vitam vitalem*, a life that unites safety and dignity, pleasure and merit ; if he will win admiration without envy, if he will be in the feast and not in the throng, in the light and not in the heat ; let him embrace the life of study and contemplation.

*Essex's Device*

### 91 *Of First and Second Causes*

IF any man shall think by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things to attain that light, whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy : for the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (having regard to the works and creatures themselves) knowledge, but having regard to God, no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge. And therefore it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, *That the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the Sun, which (as we see) openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial Globe ; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial Globe : So doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.* And hence it is true that it hath proceeded, that divers great learned men have been heretical, whilst they have sought to fly up to the secrets of the Deity by the waxen wings of the senses. And as for the conceit that too much knowledge should incline a man to atheism, and that

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the ignorance of second causes should make a more devout dependence upon God, which is the first cause; First, it is good to ask the question which *Job* asked of his friends: *Will you lie for God, as one man will do for another, to gratify him?* For certain it is that God worketh nothing in nature but by second causes: and if they would have it otherwise believed, it is mere imposture, as it were in favour towards God; and nothing else but to offer to the Author of truth the unclean sacrifice of a lie. But further, it is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of Philosophy may incline the mind of Man to Atheism, but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to Religion. For in the entrance of Philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of Man, if it dwell and stay there it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause, but when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the Poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of *Jupiter's* chain. To conclude therefore, let no man upon a weak conceit of sobriety or an ill-applied moderation think or maintain, that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, Divinity or Philosophy; but rather let men endeavour an endless progress or proficiencie in both; only let men beware that they apply both to Charity, and not to swelling; to use, and not to ostentation; and again, that they do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together.

*The Advancement of Learning*

## VISCOUNT VERULAM

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### *Of Death. I*

**M**EN fear *Death* as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of *Death*, as the wages of sin and passage to another world, is holy and religious ; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto Nature, is weak. . . It is as natural to die as to be born ; and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt ; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of *Death* ; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. *Death* hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy : *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

*Essay.*

93

### *Of Death. II*

**W**HY should man be in love with his fetters, though of gold ? Art thou drowned in security ? Then I say thou art perfectly dead. For though thou movest, yet thy soul is buried within thee, and thy good angel either forsakes his guard or sleeps. There is nothing under heaven, saving a true friend (who cannot be counted within the number of movables), unto which my heart doth lean. And this dear freedom hath begotten me this peace, that I mourn not for that end which must be, nor spend one wish to have one minute added to the incertain date of

## FRANCIS BACON

my years. It was no mean apprehension of *Lucian*, who says of *Menippus*, that in his travels through hell, he knew not the Kings of the earth from other men, but only by their louder cryings and tears : which were fostered in them through the remorseful memory of the good days they had seen, and the fruitful havings which they so unwillingly left behind them : he that was well seated, looked back at his portion, and was loth to forsake his farm, and others either minding marriages, pleasures, profit, or preferment, desired to be excused from Death's banquet : they had made an appointment with earth, looking at the blessings, not the hand that enlarged them, forgetting how unclothedly they came hither, or with what naked ornaments they were arrayed.

*Essay on Death*

94

### *Of Delays*

**F**ORTUNE is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall ; and again, it is sometimes like *Sibylla's* offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price, for *Occasion* (as it is in the common verse) *turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no bold taken*, or, at least, turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. . . And generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to *Argus* with his hundred eyes, and the ends to *Briareus*, with his hundred hands ; first to watch and then to speed ; for the helmet of *Pluto*, which maketh

## VISCOUNT VERULAM

the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel, and celerity in the execution ; for when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity ; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

*Essays*

95

### *Of Studies*

READ not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some *Books* are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; That is, some *Books* are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some *Books* also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of *Books* ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; Conference a ready man, and Writing an exact man, and therefore, if a man write little he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. *Histories* make men wise ; *Poets*, witty ; the *Mathematicks*, subtile ; *Natural Philosophy*, deep ; *Moral*, grave ; *Logick and Rhetorick*, able to contend : *Abeunt studia in mores.*

*Essays*

AND because the breath of Flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of Musick) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow, Rosemary little, nor Sweet Marjoram, that which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the Violet, especially the White double Violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of *April* and about *Bartholomew-tide*. Next to that is the Muskrose; then the Strawberry-leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell, then the Flower of the Vines, it is a little dust like the dust of a Bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then Sweet-Briar, then Wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window; then Pinks and Gilliflowers, especially the matted pink, and Clove Gilliflower; then the flowers of the Lime-tree; then the Honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of Bean-Flowers I speak not, because they are field-Flowers; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three; that is, Burnet, Wild Thyme, and Water Mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

*Essays*

SIR HENRY MONTAGU, EARL OF  
MANCHESTER

1563 ?-1642

97

*The Soul's Excellency*

LET me ever worship the great God of this little god, my soule, *Et ne plus ultra*. For this is an inquisition, fitter for Angelical intelligence than man's shallow capacity

Only this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soul : of creatures, the lowest rank have no life, the next no essence, the third no reason ; none but man hath grace ; nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the sustentation of his soul. *Anima enim non est instar Chamaeleontis, ut pascatur vento*, it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generosa*, as nothing but that *summum bonum* will satisfy her. Saint *Augustine*, in a comparative betwixt things temporal and eternal, saith thus, We love things temporal before we have them, more than when we have them, because the soul when she hath them cannot be satisfied with them ; but things eternal, when they are actually possessed, are more loved than when but desired ; for neither faith could believe, nor hope expect so much as charity shall find when eternity comes in possession. There is no soul in the world, how happy soever it thinks itself here, but points its prehensions beyond what he possesses here.

*Manchester Al Mondo*

**CHIEF JUSTICE.** How comes this, Sir *John*?  
 Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Falstaff* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Hostess.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of Windsor, Thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butcher's wife come in then and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a mess of Vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of Prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more familiar with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath: deny it if thou canst.

*Falstaff.* My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish Officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.



## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Chief Justice.* Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such (more than impudent) sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know you ha' practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

*Hostess.* Yes, in troth, my Lord.

*Chief Justice.* Prithee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Falstaff.* My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable Boldness impudent Sauciness: If a man will curtsy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I desire deliverance from these Officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's Affairs.

*Chief Justice.* You speak as having power to do wrong. But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Falstaff.* Come hither, Hostess. (*takes her aside*).

*Enter M. GOWER*

*Chief Justice.* Now, Master *Gower*! what news?

*Gower.* The King, my Lord, and *Henry* Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: The rest the Paper tells.

*Falstaff.* As I am a Gentleman.

*Hostess.* Nay, you said so before.

*Falstaff.* As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

*Hostess.* By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my Plate and the Tapestry of my dining chambers.

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Falstaff* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking · and for thy walls, a pretty slight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in Water-work, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings and these Fly-bitten Tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Hostess.* Prithee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty Nobles : I loathe to pawn my Plate, in good earnest la !

*Falstaff.* Let it alone, I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

*Hostess.* Well, you shall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper. You'll pay me all together ?

*Falstaff.* Will I live ?

2 *Henry IV.*, II. 1

### 99 *Justice Shallow on Death*

*SHALLOW.* Come on, come on, come on ; give me your Hand, Sir, give me your hand, Sir : an early stirrer, by the Rood ! And how doth my good Cousin *Silence* ?

*Silence.* Good morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

*Shallow.* And how doth my Cousin, your Bedfellow ? and your fairest Daughter and mine, my God-daughter *Ellen* ?

*Silence.* Alas ! a black Ousel, Cousin *Shallow* !

*Shallow.* By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholar ? He is at Oxford still, is he not ?

*8 drawn withdraw*

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*Silence.* Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

*Shallow.* He must, then, to the Inns of Court shortly. I was once of *Clement's* Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

*Silence.* You were called 'lusty *Shallow*' then, Cousin.

*Shallow.* I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: And, I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff* (now Sir *John*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk.

*Silence.* This Sir *John*, Cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

*Shallow.* The same Sir *John*, the very same. I saw him break *Stoggan's* Head at the Court Gate, when he was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a Frunterer, behind Gray's Inn. Oh, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old Acquaintance are dead!

*Silence.* We shall all follow, Cousin.

*Shallow.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure. Death is certain to all; all shall die. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fair?

*Silence.* Truly, Cousin, I was not there.

*Shallow.* Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

*Silence.* Dead, Sir.

*Shallow.* Dead? See, see, he drew a good Bow; and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of Gaunt loved him

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well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ? he would have clapped in the Clout at Twelve-score, and carried you a forehand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now ?

*Silence.* Thereafter as they be. a score of good Ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shallow.* And is old *Double* dead ?

2 *Henry IV.*, III. ii

100

### *Before Agincourt*

**KING HENRY.** For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am : the Violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the Element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his Senses have but human Conditions · his Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his Army. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company, his Cause being just and his Quarrel honourable. . .

*Williams.* But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make ; when all those Legs and Arms and Heads, chopped off in a Battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, ' We died at such a place ; ' some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon, some upon their Wives left poor behind them, some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Children rawly left. I am afraid there

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are few die well that die in a Battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when Blood is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection

*King Henry.* So, if a Son that is by his Father sent about Merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him : or if a Servant under his Master's command transporting a sum of Money, be assailed by Robbers and die in many irreconciled Iniquities, you may call the business of the Master the author of the Servant's damnation. But this is not so : The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Soldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Master of his Servant, for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unspotted Soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murder, some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury ; some, making the Wars their Bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Bosom of Peace with Pillage and Robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the Law and outrun Native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance ; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the King's Laws in now the King's Quarrel : where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the King

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guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those Impieties for the which they are now visited Every Subject's Duty is the King's; but every Subject's Soul is his own. Therefore should every Soldier in the Wars do as every sick man in his Bed, wash every Mote out of his Conscience, and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his Greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Henry V, IV. 1*

101

### *Hamlet*

I HAVE of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavenly with my disposition that this goodly frame, the Earth, seems to me a sterile Promontory; this most excellent Canopy, the Air, look you, this brave o'erhanging Firmament, this Majestical Roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How Noble in Reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in Action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the Paragon of Animals! And yet, to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*Hamlet, II. 2*

# THOMAS NASH

1567-1601

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## *A Dedication*

To The Most Honored, And Vertuous Beautified  
Ladie, The Ladie ELIZABETH CAREY: Wife to the  
thrice magnanimous, and noble discended Knight,  
Sir *George Carey*, Knight Marshall, &c

**E**XCELLENT accomlisht Court-*glorifying Lady*,  
*give mee leaue*, with the sportiue Sea Porposes,  
preludiatelic a little to play before the storme of my  
Teares: to make my prayer ere I proceede to my  
sacrifice.

Diuine Ladie, you I must and will memorize more  
especially, for you recompence learning extraordin-  
arilie. Pardon my presumption, lend patience to  
my prolixitie, and if any thing in all please, thinke it  
was compiled to please you. This I auouch, no line  
of it was layde downe without awfull looking backe  
to your frowne. To write in Diuinitie I would not  
haue aduentured, if ought els might haue consorted  
with the regenerate gaurtee of your iudgement.  
Your thoughts are all holy, holy is your life, in your  
hart liues no delight but of Heauen. Farre be it  
I should proffer to vnhalloow them with any prophane  
papers of mine. The care I haue to worke your  
holy content, I hope God hath ordained, to call me  
home sooner vnto him.

Varro saith, the Philosophers held two hundred  
and eyght opinions of felicitie: two hundred and eyght  
felicities to me shall it bee, if I haue framed any one  
line to your lyking. Most resplendent Ladie, encourage  
mee, fauour mee, countenaunce mee in this, and

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something ere long I will aspire to, beyond the common mediocritie.

Your admired Ladships most deuoted,

THO. NASH.

*Christs Teares over Jerusalem*

### 103 *A Roman Banqueting House*

TO tell you of the rare pleasures of theyr gardens, theyr bathes, theyr vineyardes, theyr galleries, were to write a seconde part of the gorgeous Gallerie of gallant deuices. Why, you should not come into anie mannes house of account, but hee hadde fish-pondes and little orchardes on the toppe of his leads. If by raine or any other meanes those ponds were so full they need to be slust or let out, each of their superfluties they made melodious vse, for they had great winde instruments in stead of leaden spoutes, that went duly in consort, onely with this waters rumbling discent. I sawe a summer banketting house belonging to a merchaunt, that was the meruaile of the world, & could not be matcht except God should make another paradise. It was builde round of greene marble like a Theater with-out: within there was a heauen and earth comprehended both vnder one rooffe; the heauen was a cleere ouerhanging vault of christall, wherein the Sunne and Moone and each visible Starre had his true similitude, shine, scituation, and motion, and, by what enwrapped arte I cannot conceiue, these spheares in their proper orbes obserued their circular wheelinges and turnings, making a certaine kind of soft angelical murmuring musicke in their often windings and going about; which musick the

*12 slust) slused*



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philosophers say in the true heauen, by reason of the grosenes of our senses, we are not capable of. For the earth, it was conterfeited in that liknes that Adam lorded out it before his fall. A wide vast spacious roome it was, such as we would conceit prince Arthurs hall to be, where he feasted all his knights of the round table together euerie pentecost. The flore was painted with the beautifullest flouers that euer mans eie admired, which so linealy were delineated that he that viewd them a farre off, and had not directly stood poaringly ouer them, would haue sworne they had liued in deede. The wals round about were hedgde with olues and palme trees, and all other odoriferous fruit-bearing plants; which at anie solemne intertainment dropt murre and frankensence.

O *Rome*, if thou hast in thee such soul-exalting obiects, what a thing is heauen in comparison of thee, of which *Mercators* globe is a perfecter modell than thou art?

*The Life of Iacke Wilton*

## WILLIAM ADLINGTON

publ 1566

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### *Cupid and Psyche*

WHEN *Psyche* was left alone (saying that she seemed not to be alone, being stirred by so many furies) she was in a tossing mind like the waves of the sea, and although her will was obstinate, and resisted to put in execution the counsel of her Sisters, yet she was in doubtful and diuers opinions touching her calamity. Sometimes she would, sometimes she would not, sometime she is bold, sometime she feares, sometime she mistrusteth, sometime she is moved,

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sometime she hateth the beast, sometime she loveth her husband - but at length night came, when as she prepared for her wicked intent.

Soon after her husband came, and when he had kissed and embraced her he fell asleep. Then *Psyche* (somewhat feeble in body and mind, yet moved by cruelty of fate) received boldness and brought forth the lamp, and took the razor, and so by her audacity she changed her kind - but when she took the lamp and came to the bedside, she saw the most meek and sweetest beast of all beasts, even fair *Cupid* couched fairly, at whose sight the very lamp increased his light for joy, and the razor turned his edge.

But when *Psyche* saw so glorious a body she greatly feared, and amazed in mind, with a pale countenance all trembling fell on her knees and thought to hide the razor, yea, verily in her own heart, which doubtless she had undoubtedly done, had it not (through fear of so great an enterprise) fallen out of her hand. And when she saw and beheld the beauty of this divine visage she was well recreated in her mind, she saw his hairs of gold, that yielded out a sweet savour, his neck more white than milk, his purple cheeks, his hair hanging comely behind and before, the brightness whereof darkened the light of the lamp, his tender plume feathers, dispersed upon his shoulders like shining flowers, and trembling hither and thither, and his other parts of his body so smooth and so soft, that it repented not *Venus* to bear such a child. At the beds feet lay his bow, quiver, and arrows, that be the weapons of so great a god - which when *Psyche* did curiously behold, she marvelled at the weapons of her

<sup>1</sup> *hatein the beast*) her sisters have told *Psyche* that her invisible husband is a serpent.

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husband, took one of the arrows out of the quiver, and pricked herself withall, wherewith she was so grievously wounded that the blood followed, and thereby of her own accord she added love upon love; then more and more broiling in the love of *Cupid* she embraced and kissed him a thousand times, fearing the measure of his sleep. But, alas, while she was in this great joy, where it were for envy, or for desire to touch this amiable body likewise, there fell out a drop of burning oil from the lamp upon the right shoulder of the god. O rash and bold lamp, the vile ministry of love, how darest thou be so bold as to burn the god of all fire? When as he invented thee, to the intent that all lovers might with more joy pass the nights in pleasure.

The god being burned in this sort, and perceiving that promise was broken, fled away without utterance of any word, from the eyes and hands of his most unhappy wife.

*The Golden Ass*

## GERVASE MARKHAM

c 1568-1637

105 *'Matched in mouth like bells'*

IF you would have your Kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs, that have deep solemn mouths, and are swift in spending, which must as it were bear the base in the consort; then a double number of roaring, and loud ringing mouths, which must bear the counter tenor; then some hollow plain sweet mouths, which must bear the mean or middle part: and so with these three parts of musick, you shall make your cry perfect. . .

8 where) whether

22 spending) giving cry

## GERVASE MARKHAM

If you would have your Kennel for loudness of mouth, you shall not then choose the hollow deep mouth, but the loud clanging mouth, which spendeth freely and sharply, and as it were redoubleth in the utterance · and if you mix with them the mouth that roareth, and the mouth that whineth, the cry will be both the louder and smarter ; . . . and the more equally you compound these mouths, having as many *roarers* as *spenders*, and as many *whiners* as of either of the other, the louder and pleasanter your cry will be, especially if it be in sounding tall woods, or under the echo of Rocks

*Country Contentments*

## SIR HENRY WOTTON

1568-1630

106      *To Mr. John Milton*

IT was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly ; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterward by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time : among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated

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the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain *Dorique* delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s *Poems* printed at *Oxford*; whereunto is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce*.

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch *Paris* in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Master M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into *Italy*, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from *Venice*.

I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of *France* to *Marseilles*, and thence by sea to *Genoa*, whence the passage into *Tuscany* is as diurnal as a *Gravesend* barge. I hasten, as you do to *Florence*, or *Siena* the rather, to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At *Siena* I was tabled in the house of one *Alberto*  
 i. a dainty piece) i. e. 'Comus'

## SIR HENRY WOTTON

*Scipioni*, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the *Duca di Pagliano*, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour, and at my departure toward *Rome* (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others or of mine own conscience. '*Signor Arrigo mio*' (says he), '*i pensieri stretti e il viso sciolto* : (That is, *Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose,*) will go safely over the whole world.' Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary ; and therefore, (Sir,) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining,  
*Your friend as much at command as any of longer date.*

H WOTTON.

*Letter concerning 'Comus' and advice to Milton,*  
 13 April 1638

## BEN JONSON

1573?–1637

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### *The Dignity of Speech*

**S***P**E**E**C**H* is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of *Society*. Therefore *Mercury*, who is the President of Language, is called *Deorum hominumque interpres*. In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is as the life and soul of Language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal Arts, which the

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Greeks called Ἐγκυκλοπαίδειαν. Words are the Peoples, yet there is a choice of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus, origo est eloquentiae* They are to be chose according to the persons we make speak, or the things we speak of. Some are of the Camp, some of the Council-board, some of the Shop, some of the Sheep-cote, some of the Pulpit, some of the Bar, &c. And herein is seen their Elegance and Propriety, when we use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of Translation or *Metaphor*. But in this Translation we must only serve necessity (*Nam temere nihil transfertur a prudenti*) or commodity, which is a kind of necessity, that is, when we either absolutely want a word to express by, and that is necessity; or when we have not so fit a word, and that is commodity. As when we avoid loss by it, and escape obsceneness, and gain in the grace and property, which helps significance. *Metaphors* far fet hinder to be understood, and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a Privy Counsellor should at the Table take his *Metaphor* from a Dicing-house, or Ordinary, or a Vintners Vault, or a Justice of Peace draw his similitudes from the *Mathematicks*; or a *Divine* from a Bawdy-house or Taverns, or a Gentleman of *Northamptonshire, Warwickshire*, or the *Midland*, should fetch all his Illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the main *sheet*, and the *Boulin*. *Metaphors* are thus many times deformed, as in him that said, *Castratam morie Aphricani Rempublicam*. And another, *stercus curiae Glauciam*. And *Cana nive conspuat Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind are dangerous, and

19 fet) fetched

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somewhat hard before they be softened with use. A man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured. Yet we must adventure, for things at first, hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great *Chiefs*.

*Custom* is the most certain Mistress of Language, as the publicke stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining. Nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it, as to need an Interpreter. Words borrowed of Antiquity do lend a kind of Majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the Authority of years, and out of their intermission do win to themselves a kind of grace-like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newness of the past Language, is the best. For what was the ancient Language, which some men so dote upon, but the ancient Custom? Yet when I name Custom, I understand not the vulgar Custom: For that were a precept no less dangerous to Language, than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar. But that I call Custom of speech, which is the consent of the Learned, as Custom of life, which is the consent of the good. *Virgil* was most loving of Antiquity, yet how rarely doth he insert *aquai* and *pictai*! *Lucretius* is scabrous and rough in these; he seeks 'hem: As some do *Chaucerisms* with us, which were better expung'd and banished. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to straw houses, or make Garlands, but they are better when



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they grow to our style ; as in a Meadow, where though the mere grass and greenness delights ; yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. Marry, we must not play, or riot too much with them, as in *Paronomasies* : Nor use too swelling or ill-sounding words ; *Quae per saeculas, atque saxa cadunt*. It is true, there is no sound but shall find some Lovers, as the bitterest confections are grateful to some palats. Our composition must be more accurate in the beginning and end than in the midst ; and in the end more than in the beginning, for through the midst the stream bears us. And this is attained by Custom more than care or diligence. We must express readily, and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and a prodigal hand. As it is a great point of Art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge, and veer out all sail ; so to take it in and contract it is of no less praise when the Argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good man always profits by his endeavour, by his help ; yea, when he is absent ; nay, when he is dead by his example and memory. So good Authors in their style : A strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without loss, and that loss to be manifest.

*Discoveries*

108

### *His Poverty*

AT last they upbraided my poverty ; I confess she is my Domestick ; sober of diet, simple of habit ; frugal, painful ; a good Counsellor to me ; that keeps me from Cruelty, Pride, or other more delicate impertinences ; which are the Nurse-children

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of Riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy *Giants*, and the mighty Hunters: Whereas no great work, or worthy of praise, or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded Commonweals, built Cities, invented Arts, made wholesome Laws, armed men against vices; rewarded them with their own virtues; and preserved the honour, and state of Nations, till they betrayed themselves to Riches.

*Discoveries*

109

### *Eloquence*

*ELOQUENCE* is a great and diverse thing. Nor did she yet ever favour any man so much as to become wholly his. He is happy that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are, who prove themselves Masters of her, and absolute Lords: but I believe they may mistake their evidence: For it is one thing to be *eloquent* in the *Schools*, or in the *Hall*, another at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*. There is a difference between *Mooting* and *Pleading*; between *Fencing* and *Fighting*. To make Arguments in my Study and confute them is easy, where I answer myself, not an Adversary. So I can see whole *volumes* dispatched by the *umbratical* Doctors on all sides. But draw these forth into the just lists, let them appear *sub dio*, and they are changed with the place, like bodies bred i' the *shade*, they cannot suffer the *Sun*, or a *Shower*, nor bear the open Air - they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineer so among their Auditors. but indeed I would no

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more choose a *Rhetorician* for reigning in a *School* than I would a *Pilot* for rowing in a *Pond*.

*Discoveries*

### 110      *Of our Fellow Countryman Shakespeare*

I REMEMBER, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; And to justify mine own candour (for I loved the man, and do honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any). He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature: had an excellent *Phantasy*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter; As when he said in the person of *Caesar*, one speaking to him, *Caesar thou dost me wrong*. He replied: *Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and suchlike, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

*Discoveries*

## BEN JONSON

III

### *Of Francis Bacon*

ONE, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone. For never no Imitator ever grew up to his *Author*; likeness is always on this side Truth: Yet there happened, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare, or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of the owne graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his Judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him, was, lest he should make an end.

*Cicero* is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their *Empire*. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their several Ages, (to take in but the former *Seculum*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder *Wiat*; Henry, Earl of Surrey; Chalonier, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable: and the more, because they began Eloquence with us. Sir *Nico: Bacon* was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen *Elizabeths* times. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great Masters of wit and language; and in whom all vigour of Invention and strength of judgement met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Rawleigh, not to be contemned either for judgement or style. Sir Henry Savile grave and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandes excellent in both; Lord Egerton,

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the Chancellor, a grave and great Orator; and best, when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) *Successor* is he who hath filled up all numbers; and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared, or preferred, either to insolent *Greece* or haughty *Rome*. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downward and *Eloquence* grows backward: So that he may be named, and stand as the *mark*, and ἀκμή of our language.

*I have* ever observed it to have been the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affairs of the *State*, to take care of the *Common-wealth* of Learning. For Schools, they are the *Seminaries* of State: and nothing is worthier the study of a Statesman than that part of the *Republicke* which we call the *advancement* of Letters. Witness the care of *Julius Caesar*; who, in the heat of the civil war, wrote his books of *Analogie*, and dedicated them to *Tully*. This made the late Lord S. *Albane* entitle his work, *novum Organum*. Which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor understood; it really openeth all defects of Learning whatsoever; and is a Book

*Qui longum noto scriptori porrigit ævum.*

My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him by his place or honours. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that *God* would give him strength:

for *Greatness* he could not want. Neither could condole in a word or syllable for him; as knowing no Accident could do harm to virtue; but rather help to make it manifest.

*Discoverie*

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## *Of Public Schools*

**A** YOUTH should not be made to hate study before he know the causes to love it. or taste the bitterness before the sweet; but called on, and allured, entreated, and praised: Yea, when he deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best school, and a publike, which I think the best. Your Lordship I fear hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home; and doubting their manners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own Family, among ill servants (allowing, they be safe in their School-Master), than amongst a thousand boys, however immodest: would we did not spoil our own children and overthrow their manners ourselves by too much Indulgence. To breed them at home is to breed them in a shade, where in a school they have the light and heat of the Sun. They are used and accustomed to things and men. When they come forth into the Commonwealth they find nothing new or to seek. They have made their friendships and aids, some to last till their Age. They hear what is commanded to others as well as themselves. Much approved, much corrected; all which they bring to their own store and use, and learn as much as they hear. *Eloquence* would be but a poor thing if we should only converse with singulars; speak but man and man together. Therefore I like no private

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breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increased by praise; and that kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind And though Ambition itself be a vice, it is often the cause of great virtue. Give me that wit, whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves. he is to be nourished with Ambition, pricked forward with honour, checked with Reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a sign of spirit and liveliness; so there be a mean had of their sports and relaxations. And from the rod, or ferrule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them. for it is both deformed and servile.

*Discoveries*

## JOHN DONNE

1573-1631

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### *Death the Leveller*

IT comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney are no Epitaph of that Oak to tell me how high or how large that was, it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons graves is speechless too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing: as soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble

## JOHN DONNE

flower, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran. So is the death of *Jesabel* (*Jesabel* was a Queen) expressed; *They shall not say, this is Jesabel*; not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that it should be, but they shall not say, they shall not know, *This is Jesabel*.

LXXX Sermons: Sermon LV

### 114 *All Times are God's Seasons*

GOD made Sun and Moon to distinguish seasons, and day, and night, and we cannot have the fruits of the earth but in their seasons: But God hath made no decree to distinguish the seasons of his mercies; In paradise, the fruits were ripe, the first minute, and in heaven it is alwaies Autumne, his mercies are ever in their maturity. We ask *panem quotidianum*, our daily bread, and God never sayes you should have come yesterday, he never sayes you must againe to morrow, but *to day if you will heare his voice*, to day he will heare you. If some King of the earth have so large an extent of Dominion, in North, and South, as that he hath Winter and Summer together in his Dominions, so large an extent East and West, as that he hath day and night together in his Dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgement together: He brought light out of darknesse, not out of a lesser light, he can bring thy Summer out of Winter, though thou have no Spring; though in the wayes of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintred and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped and benumbed, smothered and stupefied till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in



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the bud of the spring, but as the Sun at noon to illustrate all shadows, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all occasions invite his mercies, and all times are his seasons.

LXXX Sermons : Sermon II

115

### *Hearts*

**M**Y God, my God, all that thou askest of mee, is my *Heart*, My Sonne, give mee thy heart; Am I thy sonne, as long as I have but my heart? Wilt thou give mee an *Inheritance*, a *Filiation*, any thing for my heart? O thou, who saydst to Satan, *Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him upon the earth*, shall my feare, shall my zeale, shall my jealousie, have leave to say to thee, *Hast thou considered my Heart*, that there is not so perverse a *Heart* upon earth; and wouldst thou have *that*, and shall I be thy Sonne, thy eternal Sonne's *Cohere*, for giving that? *The Heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?* Hee that askes that question, makes the answer, *I the Lord search the Heart*. When didst thou search mine? Dost thou thinke to finde it, as thou madest it in *Adam*? Thou hast searched since, and found all these gradations in the ill of our *Hearts*, *That every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts, is only evil continually*. Dost thou remember this, and wouldest thou have my *Heart*? O God of all light, I know thou knowest all, and it is *Thou*, that declarest unto man, what<sup>s</sup> is his *Heart*. Without thee, O *soveraigne goodnesse*, I could not know, how ill my heart were. Thou hast declared unto mee, in thy Word, that for all this *deluge* of evil, that hath surrounded all *Hearts*,

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yet thou soughtest and foundest a man after thine owne heart; That thou couldest and wouldest give thy people Pastours according to thine owne heart; And I can gather out of thy Word so good testimony of the hearts of men, as to find single hearts, docile and apprehensive hearts; Hearts that can, Hearts that have learnt; wise hearts, in one place, and in another, in a great degree, wise, perfit hearts, straight hearts, no perversnesse without, and cleane hearts, no foulness within; such hearts I can find in thy Word; and if my heart were such a heart, I would give thee my Heart. But I find stonie hearts too, and I have made mine such. I have found Hearts, that are snares; and I have conversed with such, hearts that burne like Ovens; and the fuell of Lust, and Envie, and Ambition, hath inflamed mine. . . The first kind of heart, alas, my God, I have not; the last are not Hearts to be given to thee; What shall I do? Without that present I cannot bee thy Sonne, and I have it not. To those of the first kinde thou givest joyfulness of heart, and I have not that, To those of the other kinde, thou givest faintnesse of heart And blessed bee thou, O God, for that forbearance, I have not that yet There is then a middle kinde of Hearts, not so perfit as to bee given, but that the very giving mends them; Not so desperate, as not to bee accepted, but that the very accepting dignifies them. This is a melting heart, and a troubled heart; and a wounded heart, and a broken heart, and a contrite heart; and by the powerfull working of thy piercing Spirit, such a Heart I have; Thy Samuel spake unto all the house of thy Israel, and sayd, If you returne to the Lord with all your hearts, prepare your hearts unto the Lord. If my heart bee prepared, it is a returning heart; And

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if thou see it upon the way, thou wilt carrie it *home* . . and the *Peace of God*, which *passeth all understanding*, shall keepe my *Heart and Minde* through *Christ Jesus*.

*Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*

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### *The Bell*

**P**ERCHANCE hee for whom this *Bell* tolls, may be so ill, as that he knowes not it tolls for him, And perchance I may thinke my selfe so much better than I am, as that they who are about mee, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for mee, and I know not that The *Church* is *Catholike*, *universall*, so are all her *Actions*; All that she does, belongs to all When she *baptizes a child*, that action concernes mee; for that child is thereby connected to that *Head* which is my *Head* too, and engrafted into that *body*, whereof I am a *member*. And when she *buries a Man*, that action concernes me . . . As therefore the *Bell* that rings to a *Sermon*, calls not upon the *Preacher* onely, but upon the *Congregation* to come, so this *Bell* calls us all. but how much more mee, who am brought so neere the *doore* by this *sickness* . . The *Bell* doth toll for him that *thinkes* it doth, and though it *intermit* againe, yet from that *minute*, that that occasion wrought upon him, hee is united to *God*. Who casts not up his *Eie* to the *Sunne* when it rises? but who takes off his *Eie* from a *Comet* when that breakes out? Who bends not his *eare* to any *bell*, which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that *bell*, which is passing a *peece of himselve* out of this *world*? No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a *peece of the Continent*, a part

of the *maine*, if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea*  
*Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were  
 as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne*  
 were; any mans *death* diminishes *me*, because I am  
 involved in *Mankinde*, And therefore never send to  
 know for whom the *bell* tolls, It tolls for *thee*

*Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*

## ROBERT BURTON

1577-1640

117 *Black Spirits and White*

**W**ATER-devils are those *Naiades* or *Water-nymphs* which have been heretofore conversant about waters and rivers. . . *Paracelsus* hath several stories of them that have lived and been married to mortal men, and so continued for certain years with them, and after, upon some dislike, have forsaken them. Such a one was *Egeria*, with whom *Numa* was so familiar, *Diana*, *Ceres*, &c. *Olaus Magnus* hath a long narration of one *Hotherus*, a King of *Sweden*, that, having lost his company, as he was hunting one day, met with these Water-nymphs or Fairies, and was feasted by them, and *Hector Boethius*, of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, two Scottish Lords, that, as they were wandering in the woods, had their fortunes told them by three strange women. . . Terrestrial devils are those *Lares*, *Genii*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Wood-nymphs*, *Foliots*, *Fairies*, *Robin Goodfellows*, *Trolli*, &c., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm. . . Some put our *Fairies* into this rank, which have been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and

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setting of a pail of clean water, good victuals, and the like, and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on heaths and greens.

. *Paracelsus* reckons up many places in *Germany* where they do usually walk in little coats some two foot long. A bigger kind there is of them, called with us *Hobgoblins* and *Robin Goodfellows*, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work. . So likewise those . . . that walk about midnight on great heaths and desert places, which . . . draw men out of the way, and lead them all night a by-way . . . we commonly call them *Pucks*. In the deserts of *Lop* in *Asia* such illusions of walking spirits are often perceived, as you may read in *Marco Polo* the *Venetian* his travels . Sometimes they sit by the highway side, to give men falls, and make their horses stumble and start as they ride, if you will believe the relation of that holy man *Ketellus*, in *Nubrigensis*, that had an especial grace to see devils, . . . and talk with them without offence ; and if a man curse or spur his horse for stumbling, they do heartily rejoice at it, with many such pretty feats.

*Anatomy of Melancholy*

118

### *Of Change of Air*

ALTHOUGH our ordinary air be good by nature or art, yet it is not amiss, as I have said, still to alter it ; no better Physick for a melancholy man, than change of air, and variety of places, to travel abroad and see fashions *Leo Afer* speaks of many of his countrymen so cured, without all other Physick :

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amongst the *Negroes*, there is such an excellent air, that if any of them be sick elsewhere, and brought thither, he is instantly recovered, of which he was often an eye-witness. *Lipsius*, *Zwinger*, and some other, add as much of ordinary travel. No man, saith *Lipsius* in an epistle to *Phil. Lannius*, a noble friend of his, now ready to make a voyage, can be such a stock or stone, whom that pleasant speculation of countries, cities, towns, rivers, will not affect. *Seneca* the Philosopher was infinitely taken with the sight of *Scipio Africanus* house, near *Linternum*, to view those old buildings, Cisterns, Baths, Tombs, &c. And how was *Tully* pleased with the sight of *Athens*, to behold those ancient and fair buildings, with a remembrance of their worthy inhabitants. *Paulus Aemilius*, that renowned Roman Captain, after he had conquered *Perseus*, the last King of *Macedonia*, and now made an end of his tedious wars, though he had been long absent from *Rome*, and much there desired, about the beginning of Autumn (as *Livy* describes it) made a pleasant peregrination all over *Greece*, accompanied with his son *Scipio*, and *Atheneus* the brother of King *Eumenes*, leaving the charge of his army with *Sulpitius Gallus*. By *Thessaly* he went to *Delphos*, thence to *Megaritis*, *Aulis*, *Athens*, *Argos*, *Lacedaemon*, *Megalopolis*, &c. He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage, as who doth not that shall attempt the like, though his travel be *ad jactationem magis quam ad usum reipublicae* (as one well observes) to crack, gaze, see fine sights and fashions, spend time, rather than for his own or publick good? (as it is to many Gallants that travel out their best days, together with their means, manners, honesty, religion) yet it availeth howsoever. For peregrination charms our senses

## ROBERT BURTON

with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case, that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still; still, still the same, the same. Insomuch that *Rhasis* *cont lib. 1, Tract 2*, doth not only commend, but enjoin travel, and such variety of objects to a melancholy man, *and to lie in divers Inns, to be drawn into several companies Montaltus cap. 36*, and many Neotericks are of the same mind. *Celsus* adviseth him therefore that will continue his health, to have *varium vitae genus*, diversity of callings, occupations, to be busied about, *sometimes to live in the City, sometimes in the Country, now to study or work, to be intent, then again to hawk or hunt, swim, run, ride, or exercise himself*. A good prospect alone will ease melancholy, as *Comesius* contends, *lib. 2, c. 7, de Sale*. The Citizens of *Barcino*, saith he, otherwise penned in, melancholy, and stirring little abroad, are much delighted with that pleasant prospect their city hath into the sea, which like that of old *Athens* beside *Egina Salamina*, and many pleasant islands, had all the variety of delicious objects: so are those *Neapolitanes*, and inhabitants of *Genua*, to see the ships, boats, and passengers go by, out of their windows, their whole cities being sited on the side of an hill, like *Pera* by *Constantinople*, so that each house almost, hath a free prospect to the sea, as some part of *London* to the *Thames*: or to have a free prospect all over the city at once, as at *Granado* in *Spain*, and *Fez* in *Africk*, the river running betwixt two declining hills, the steepness causeth each house almost, as well to oversec, as to be overseen of the rest. Every country is full of such delightsome prospects, as well within land, as by sea, as *Hermon* and *Rama* in

*Palestina, Colalto in Italy, the top of Tagetus or Acrochorinthus, that old decayed castle in Corinth, from which Peloponesus, Greece, the Ionian and Aegean seas were semel et simul at one view to be taken. In Egypt the square top of the great Pyramis 300 yards in height, and so the Sultan's Palace in Grand Cairo, the Country being plain, hath a marvellous fair prospect as well over Nilus, as that great City, five Italian miles long, and two broad, by the river side. from mount Sion in Jerusalem the holy land is of all sides to be seen: such high places are infinite: with us those of the best note are Glassenbury Tower, Bever castle, Rodway Grange, Walsby in Lincolnshire, where I lately received a real kindness, by the munificence of the right honorable my noble Lady and patroness, the Lady Frances Countess Dowager of Exeter: And two amongst the rest, which I may not omit for vicinities sake, Oldbury, in the confines of Warwickshire, where I have often looked about me with great delight, at the foot of which hill I was born. And Hanbury in Staffordshire, contiguous to which is Falde a pleasant Village, and an ancient patrimony belonging to our family, now in the possession of mine elder brother William Burton Esquire. Barclay the Scot commends that of Greenwich tower for one of the best prospects in Europe, to see London on the one side, the Thames, ships, and pleasant meadows on the other. There be those that say as much and more of St. Mark's steeple in Venice. Yet these are at too great a distance; some are especially affected with such objects as be near, to see passengers go by in some great Roadway, or boats in a river, in subjectum forum despicere, to oversee a Fair, a Market-place, or out of a pleasant window into some thoroughfare street*



## ROBERT BURTON

to behold a continual concourse, a promiscuous rout, coming and going, or a multitude of spectators at a Theatre, a Mask or some such like show. But I rove: the sum is this, that variety of actions, objects, air, places, are excellent good in this infirmity and all others, good for man, good for beast. *Constantine* the Emperor, *lib. 18, cap. 13, ex Leontio*, holds it an only cure for rotten sheep, and any manner of sick cattle. *Laelius a fonte Aegubinus* that great Doctor, at the latter end of many of his consultations (as commonly he doth set down what success his Physick had) in melancholy most especially approves of this above all other remedies whatsoever, as appears *consult. 69, consult. 229, &c.* *Many other things helped, but change of air was that which wrought the cure, and did most good.*

*Anatomy of Melancholy*

## THOMAS CORYATE

C. 1577 ?-1617

### 119 *A Theological Argument*

BUT now I will make relation of that which I promised in my treatise of *Padua*, I mean my discourse with the *Jews* about their religion. For when as walking in the Court of the *Ghetto*, I casually met with a certaine learned Jewish Rabbin that spake good Latin, I insinuated myself after some few terms of compliment into conference with him, and asked him his opinion of *Christ*, and why he did not receive him for his *Messias*; he made me the same answer that the *Turk* did at *Lyons*, of whom I have before spoken, that *Christ* forsooth was a great Prophet, and in that respect as highly to be esteemed as any

Prophet amongst the *Jews* that ever lived before him; but derogated altogether from his divinity, and would not acknowledge him for the *Messias* and Saviour of the world, because he came so contemptibly, and not with that pomp and majesty that be seemed the redeemer of mankind. I replied that we *Christians* do, and will even to the effusion of our vital blood confess him to be the true and only *Messias* of the world, seeing he confirmed his Doctrine while he was here on earth, with such an innumerable multitude of divine miracles, which did most infallibly testify his divinity. . . Withal I added that the predictions and sacred oracles both of *Moses*, and all the holy Prophets of God, aimed altogether at *Christ* as their only mark, in regard he was the full consummation of the law and the Prophets, and I urged a place of *Esay* unto him concerning the name *Emanuel*, and a virgin's conceiving and bearing of a son; and at last descended to the persuasion of him to abandon and renounce his Jewish religion and to undertake the Christian faith, without the which he should be eternally damned. He again replied that we Christians do misinterpret the Prophets, and very perversely wrest them to our own sense, and for his own part he had confidently resolved to live and die in his Jewish faith, hoping to be saved by the observations of *Moses'* Law. - In the end he seemed to be somewhat exasperated against me, because I sharply taxed their superstitious ceremonies. For many of them are such refractory people that they cannot endure to hear any terms of reconciliation to the Church of Christ. . . But to shut up this narration of my conflict with the Jewish Rabbī, after there had passed many vehement speeches to and fro betwixt us, it happened that some forty or fifty Jews more flocked

## THOMAS CORYATE

about me, and some of them began very insolently to swagger with me, because I durst reprehend their religion. Whereupon fearing least they would have offered me some violence, I withdrew myself by little and little towards the bridge at the entrance into the Ghetto, with an intent to fly from them, but by good fortune our noble Ambassador Sir *Henry Wotton* passing under the bridge in his Gondola at that very time, espied me somewhat earnestly bickering with them, and so incontinently sent unto me out of his boat one of his principal Gentlemen Master *Belford* his secretary, who conveyed me safely from these unchristian miscreants, which perhaps would have given me just occasion to forswear any more coming to the Ghetto.

*Coryat's Crudities*

## SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

1581-1613

### 120 *A Fair and Happy Milkmaid*

**I**S a Country Wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physick out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore mends it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her

too immoderate sleep s rust to the soul he rises therefore with *Chanticleer*, her daines cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a Cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of *June*, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheel of Fortune*. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in chusing her garments counts no bravery i' th' world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physick and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the springtime; to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

*Sir Thomas Overburys His Wife, &c.*

## SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

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*A Franklin*

**H**IS outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and ne'er see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, 'Go to field,' but, 'Let us go,' and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment: he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, *Noah's Ark* for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is ne'er known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it. and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with Lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect. they are indeed his Almshouses, though there be painted on them no such superscription: he never sits up late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambs: nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare, nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the Snite or pitfalls for the Blackbird, nor oppression, but when in the month of *July* he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. *Rock Monday*, and the Wake in Summer, Shrotings, the wakeful catches on Christmas Eve, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of

Popery He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an acerie of Hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant, more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a Tenure ; and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not hable to a covetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him : he cares not when his end comes, he needs not fear his Audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

*Sir Thomas Overburys His Wife, &c.*

## LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

1583-1648

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*The Knot of Ribband*

PASSING two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the Dutchess of about 10 or 11 years of age, going one evening from the Castle to walk in the Meadows, my self with divers French Gentlemen attended her and some Gentlewomen that were with her ; this young Lady wearing a knot of Ribband on her head, a French Chevalier took it suddenly and fastned it to his hatband ; the young lady offended herewith demands her Ribband, but he refusing to restore it, the young Lady addressing herself to me, said, Monsieur, I pray get my Ribband from that gentleman, hereupon going towards him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honor that I may deliver the Lady her Ribband or Bouquet again ; but he roughly answering me, Do you think I will give it you, when I have

## LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

refused it to her? I replied, nay then Sir I will make you restore it by force, whereupon also putting on my hat and reaching at his, he to save himself ran away, and after a long course in the Meadow finding that I had almost overtook him, he turned short, and running to the young Lady was about to put the Ribband on her hand, when I seizing upon his arm, said to the young Lady, it was I that gave it. Pardon me, quoth she, it is he that gives it me : I said then, Madam, I will not contradict you, but if he dare say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him. The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young Lady again to the Castle. The next day I desired Mr. *Aurelian Townsend* to tell the French Cavalier that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the Ribband, or fight with me ; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this Challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the Constable taking notice hereof acquainted him therewith, who sending for the French Cavalier, checked him well for his Sauciness, in taking the Ribband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house ; and this was all that I ever heard of the gentleman with whom I proceeded in that manner because I thought my self obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion.

*Life . . . Written by Himself*

**P**LEASURE is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves. 'Tis like a Child's using a little Bird, 'O poor Bird, thou shalt sleep with me'; so lays it in his bosom, and stifles it with his hot breath; the Bird had rather be in the cold air: and yet too 'tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like.

'Tis most undoubtedly true that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another. Pleasures are all alike, simply considered in themselves. He that hunts, or he that governs the Commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that, whereby we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear sermons enjoys himself as much as he that hears plays; and could he that loves plays endeavour to love sermons possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first it might seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

While you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it, orchards, gardens, &c., and bid you use



## JOHN SELDEN

them, withal promise you after twenty years to remove you to the Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor ; if you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish that I was a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you ?

Pleasures of meat, drink, clothes, &c., are forbidden those that know not how to use them ; just as nurses cry, pah ! when they see a knife in a child's hand ; they will never say anything to a man.

*Table Talk*

124

### *Of a King*

A KING is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake. Just as in a Family one man is appointed to buy the meat. If every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree ; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he according to his discretion pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

The word King directs our eyes. Suppose it had been consul or dictator. To think all Kings alike is the same folly as if a consul of *Aleppo* or *Smyrna* should claim to himself the same power that a Consul at *Rome* had. What, am not I consul ? Or a Duke of *England* should think himself like the duke of *Florence*. Nor can it be imagined that the word βασιλεὺς did signify a king the same in Greece, as the Hebrew word מלך did with the Jews. Besides, let Divines in their pulpits say what they will, they in their practice

deny that all is the King's. They sue him, and so does all the nation, whereof they are a part. What matter is it then what they preach or talk in the schools?

Kings are all individuals, this or that King; there is no species of kings.

A King that claims privileges in his own kingdom, because they have them in another, is just as a cook that claims fees in one lord's house because they are allowed in another. If the master of the house will yield them, well and good.

*Table Talk*

## WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

1584-1649

125 *Animula vagula blandula, hospes  
comesque corporis*

THEY had their being together, Parts they are of one reasonable Creature, the harming of the one is the weakening of the working of the other. What sweet Contentments doth the Soul enjoy by the Senses? They are the Gates and Windows of its Knowledge, the Organs of its Delight. If it be tedious to an excellent Player on the Lute, to abide but a few Months the want of One, how much more must the being without such noble Tools and Engines be painful to the Soul? And if Two Pilgrims, which have wandered some few Miles together, have a hearts-grief when they are near to part, what must the Sorrow be at parting of Two so loving Friends and never-loathing Lovers, as are the Body and Soul?

*The Cypresse Grove*

# DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

126

## *Of Dying Young*

**B**UT that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious Pageant of the World removed from thee, in the Spring and most delicious Season of thy Life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present Fruition of these Things be unprofitable and vain, What can a long Continuance of them be? If God had made Life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new Halcyon, why would thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy Waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this World, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy Years, which are now \* \* \* and thou shalt find, that whereas Ten have outlived thee, Thousands have not attained this Age. One Year is sufficient to behold all the Magnificence of Nature, nay, even One Day and Night, for more is but the same brought again. This Sun, that Moon, these Stars, the varying Dance of the Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. They which have the longest Time lent them to live in, have almost no Part of it at all, measuring it either by the Space of Time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care, whether thy Days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with Eternity, as a Tear is to the Ocean? To die young, is to do that soon, and in some fewer Days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a Game, that after never so many Hazards, must be lost.

*The Cypresse Grove*

127 *The Assault on Ostend, 7 January*  
1602

THIS being done, Sir FRANCIS VERE went through the Sally Port, down into the False Bray. And it being twilight, called for an old soldier, a Gentleman of his company, to go out *sentinel-perdu*, and to creep out to the strand between two gabions; giving him express command that if he saw an enemy, he should come in unto him silently, without giving any alarm at all.

He crept upon his belly as far as he could; and, at last, discovered Count FARNESE, wading and put over the Old Haven, above their Pile Battery, with his 2,000 Italians, which were to fall on first and, as they waded over, he drew them up into battalions and divisions: which this Gentleman having discovered, came silently to Sir FRANCIS VERE, as he had commanded him. Who asked him, 'What news?'

'My Lord,' says he, 'I smell good store of gold chains, buff jerkins, Spanish cassocks, and Spanish blades.'

'Ha!' says Sir FRANCIS VERE, 'sayest thou me so! I hope thou shalt have some of them anon!' and giving him a piece of gold, he went up again through the Sally Port to the top of Sand Hill. Where he gave express order to Sergeant-Major CARPENTER to go to Helmont, and every man to his charge; and not to take any alarm, or shoot off either cannon- or

*a sentinel-perdu) as sentry forlorn  
cloaks*

*18 cassocks) military*

## HENRY HEXHAM

musket-shot till he himself gave the signal : and then to give fire, both with the ordnance and small shot, as fast as ever they could charge and discharge.

When the enemy had put over his 2,000 Italians ; he had also a signal, to give notice thereof to the Count of *Bucquoy*, that they were ready to fall on : whose signal was the shot of a cannon from their Pile Battery into the sea towards his quarters, with a hollow-holed bullet, which made a humming noise.

When General VERE had got them under the swoop of his cannon and small shot, he poured a volley of cannon- and musket-shot upon them, raking through their battalions, and makes lanes through them upon the bare strand ; which did so amaze and startle them, that they were at a *non-plus* whether they should fall on or retreat back again. Yet at last taking courage, and tumbling over the dead bodies, they rallied themselves and came under the foot of Sand Hill and along the foot of the Curtain of the Old Wall, to the very piles that were struck under the wall, where they began to make ready to send us a volley.

Which Sir FRANCIS VERE seeing they were a presenting, and ready to give fire upon us, because indeed all the breast-work and parapet was beaten down flat to the rampire that day, with their ordnance, and we standing open to the enemy's shot, commanded all the soldiers to fall flat down upon the ground, while the enemy's shot flew like a shower of hail over their heads : which, for the reasons above said, saved a great many men's lives.

This being done ; our men rising, saw the enemy hasting to come up to the breach, and mounting up the wall of the Old Town. Sir FRANCIS VERE flourish-

ing his sword, called to them in Spanish and Italian, *Vienezza!* causing the soldiers, as they climbed up, to cast and tumble down among them, the firkins of ashes, the barrels of *frize-ruyters*, the ropes, stones, and brickbats which were provided for them.

The alarm being given, it was admirable to see with what courage and resolution our men fought. Yea, the LORD did, as it were, infuse fresh courage and strength into a company of poor snakes and sick soldiers, which came running out of their huts up to the wall to fight their shares; and the women with their laps full of powder, to supply them, when they had shot away all their ammunition

The fight upon the breach and the Old Town continued, hotter and hotter, for the space of above an hour. The enemy fell on, at the same instant, upon the *Porcépic*, Helmont, the West Ravelin, and Quarriers; but were so bravely repulsed, that they could not enter a man.

The enemy fainting, and having had his belly full, those on the west side beat a doleful retreat. While the Lord of Hosts ended our dispute for the town, and crowned us with victory. and the roaring noise of our cannon rending the air and rolling along the superficies of the water, the wind being South and with us, carried that night the news thereof, to our friends in England and Holland.

General VERE perceiving the enemy to fall off, commanded me to run, as fast as ever I could, to Sergeant-Major CARPENTER and the Auditor FLEMING, who were upon Helmont, that they should presently

+ *frize-ruyters*) Frisian horsemen. The barrel was a defensive appliance, armed with spikes, to receive cavalry

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open the West Sluice. out of which there ran such a stream and torrent, through the channel of the West Haven, that, upon their retreat, it carried away many of their sound and hurt men into the sea. And besides, our men fell down our walls after them, and slew a great many of their men as they retreated. They took some prisoners, pillaged and stript a great many [of the killed], and brought in gold chains, Spanish pistols, buff jerkins, Spanish cassocks, blades, swords, and targets (among the rest, one wherein was enamelled in gold, the Seven Worthies worth 700 or 800 guilders).

Among the rest, was that soldier which Sir FRANCIS VERE had sent out to discover; who came with as much booty as ever he could lug, saying, 'Sir FRANCIS VERE was now as good as his word.'

*Stuart Tracts, 1693-1693 (An English Garner)*

## THOMAS HOBBS

1588-1679

### 128 *Disastrous Effects of an Afternoon Performance*

THE opinions of the world, both in ancient and later ages, concerning the cause of madness, have been two. Some, deriving them from the Passions; some, from Demons or Spirits, either good or bad, which they thought might enter into a man, possess him, and move his organs in such strange and uncouth manner as madmen use to do. The former sort therefore called such men, Mad-men: but the Later called them sometimes *Dæmoniacks* (that is, possessed

10 targets) shields

## THOMAS HOBBES

with spirits) ; sometimes *Energumeni* (that is, agitated, or moved with spirits) ; and now in *Italy* they are called not only *Pazzi*, Mad-men ; but also *Spiritati*, men possessed.

There was once a great conflux of people in *Abdera*, a City of the Greeks, at the acting of the Tragedy of *Andromeda*, upon an extreme hot day : whereupon a great many of the spectators falling into Fevers had this accident from the heat and from the Tragedy together, that they did nothing but pronounce Iambics, with the names of *Perseus* and *Andromeda* ; which, together with the Fever, was cured by the coming on of Winter.

*Leviathan*

129 *Out of Civil States, there is always  
Warre*

HEREBY it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common Power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called War ; and such a war as is of every man, against every man. For WAR consisteth not in Battle only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time, wherein the Will to contend by Battle is sufficiently known : and therefore the notion of *Time* is to be considered in the nature of War, as it is in the nature of Weather. For as the nature of Foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is PEACE.



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Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of War, where every man is Enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time whercin men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for Industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain - and consequently no Culture of the Earth. no Navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by Sea; no commodious Building; no Instruments of moving, and removing such things as require much force, no Knowledge of the face of the Earth, no account of Time; no Arts; no Letters; no Society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

*Leviathan*

130

### *The Papacy*

**B**UT after this Doctrine, *that the Church now Militant, is the Kingdom of God spoken of in the Old and New Testament*, was received in the World, the ambition, and canvassing for the Offices that belong thereunto, and especially for that great Office of being Christs Lieutenant, and the Pomp of them that obtained therein the principal Public Charges, became by degrees so evident that they lost the inward Reverence due to the Pastoral Function: insomuch as the Wisest men of them that had any power in the Civil State needed nothing but the authority of their Princes to deny them any further Obedience. For, from the time that the Bishop of Rome had gotten to be acknowledged for Bishop Universal by pretence of Succession to St. Peter, their whole Hierarchy, or

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Kingdom of Darkness may be compared not unfitly to the *Kingdom of Fairies*; that is, to the old wives *Fables* in England, concerning *Ghosts* and *Spirits*, and the feats they play in the night. And if a man consider the original of this great Ecclesiastical Dominion he will easily perceive that the *Papacy* is no other than the *Ghost* of the deceased *Romane Empire*, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof: For so did the *Papacy* start up on a Sudden out of the Ruins of that Heathen Power.

*Leviathan*

## IZAAK WALTON

1593-1682

131

### *A Milkmaid's Song*

**V**ENATOR. On my word, Master, this is a gallant *Trout*, what shall we do with him?

*Piscator*. Marry e'en eat him to supper: We'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother *Peter*, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and, I know, you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother *Peter* and his friend, tell tales, or sing Ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

*Venator*. A match, good Master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of Lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so: let's be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

*Piscator*. Nay, stay a little, good Scholar. I caught

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my last *Trout* with a worm, now I will put on a minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you Scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all : Have with you (Sir !) o' my word I have hold of him. Oh, it is a great logger-headed *Chub* ; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high *honeysuckle* hedge : there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad *Beech-tree*, I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an Echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that Primrose-hill, there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea ; yet, sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam : and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless Lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful Sun : and saw others were craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating Dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought as the Poet has happily expressed it :

I was for that time lifted above earth ;  
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsome Milkmaid that had not yet attained so much age and

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wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be (as too many men too often do), but she cast away all care, and sung like a *Nightingale* her voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it, 'twas that smooth song, which was made by *Kit. Marlowe*, now at least fifty years ago: and the Milkmaid's Mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir *Walter Rascleigh* in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned Poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again, I will give her the *Chub*, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you good woman, I have been a-fishing, and am going to *Bleak-Hall* to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none

*Milkwoman.* Marry God requite you Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully, and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a silly-bub of new verjuice, in a new made haycock, for it, and my *Maudlin* shall sing you one of her best *Ballads*, for she and I both love all *Anglers*, they be such honest, civil, quiet men.

*The Complaisant Angler*

### 132 *George Herbert's Walks to Salisbury*

HIS chiefest recreation was Musick, in which heavenly Art he was a most excellent Master, and composed many *divine Hymns and Anthems*, which he set and sung to his *Lute* or *Viol*: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love of Musick was such, that he went usually twice every week, on

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certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in *Salisbury*; and at his return would say, That his time spent in prayer, and Cathedral Music, elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon Earth. But before his return thence to *Bemerton*, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private Musick meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.

And, as his desire to enjoy his Heaven upon Earth drew him twice every week to *Salisbury*, so, his walks thither were the occasion of many accidents to others, of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to *Salisbury* he overtook a Gentleman, that is still living in that City, and in their walk together, Mr. *Herbert* took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your Tenant; and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some Sermon-hearers that be like those fishes, that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh

Atter which expression, Mr. *Herbert* asked him some needful Questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the Gentleman did so fall in love with him, and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to *Salisbury*, or to attend him back to *Bemerton*, and still mentions the name of Mr. *George Herbert* with veneration, and still praiseth God that he knew him.

In another walk to *Salisbury*, he saw a poor man with

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a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load : they were both in distress and needed present help ; which Mr. *Herbert* perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the *good Samaritan*, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse ; and told him, That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man : and at his coming to his musical friends at *Salisbury*, they began to wonder that Mr. *George Herbert*, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him, He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, That the thought of what he had done, would prove Musick to him at midnight ; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place : for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our Instruments.

*Life of George Herbert*

### 133      *Portrait of John Donne*

HE was of stature moderately tall ; of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

## IZAAK WALTON

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of Mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgement.

His aspect was chearful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a Conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a *Christian* not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his Sacred Calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the Soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstacy, 'Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like Himself.'

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of Mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body, which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost and is now become a small quantity of *Christian* dust:—But I shall see it reanimated.

*Life of John Donne*

134 *The Judicious Hooker makes an  
Injudicious Marriage*

AND by this [marriage] the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college ; from that Garden of Piety, of Pleasure, of Peace, and a sweet Conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world ; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a Country Parsonage, which was *Drayton-Beauchamp* in *Buckinghamshire*, not far from *Aylesbury*, and in the diocese of *Lincoln* ; to which he was presented by *John Cheney*, Esq.—then patron of it—the 9th of December 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as *St. Paul* adviseth a Minister of God—in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long-suffering ; yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year, in which time his two Pupils, *Edwin Sandys* and *George Cranmer*, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand (it was the *Odes* of *Horace*) he being then like humble and innocent *Abel*, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his Pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant had gone home to dine, and assist his Wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two Pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them ; for *Richard* was called to rock the cradle ; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their Tutor's condition, and having in



## IZAAK WALTON

that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife *Joan*, and seek themselves a quieter Lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. *Cranmer* said, Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your Parsonage, and more sorry that your Wife proves not a more comfortable Companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies. To whom the good man replied, My dear *George*, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.

*Life of Richard Hooker*

135

*Sir Henry Wotton*

HE yearly went also to *Oxford*. But the Summer before his death he changed that for a journey to *Winchester* College, to which school he was first removed from *Bocton*. And as he returned from *Winchester* towards *Eaton* College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey. 'How useful was that advice of a holy Monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that School, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to

remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares and those to be enjoyed, when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my *youth* into *manhood*. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes. And though my dayes have been many, and those mixt with more pleasures, than the sons of men do usually enjoy yet I have always found it true, as my *Saviour* did foretell, *Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their *lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and deaths*.'

*Life of Sir Henry Wotton*

## JAMES HOWELL

1594-1666

136

### *The Pied Piper*

SIR,—I saw such prodigious things daily done these few years that I had resolved with myself to give over *wondering* at anything; yet a passage happened this week that forced me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was that some odd fellows went skulking up and down *London* streets, and with Figs and Raisins allured little Children, and so purloined them away from their Parents and carried them a Shipboard for beyond Sea, where by cutting their Hair and other devices they so disguised them that their Parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in *Hamelen*, a town in *Germany*, which I hoped to have passed

## JAMES HOWELL

through when I was in *Hamburg*, had we returned by *Holland*; which was thus (nor would I relate it unto you were there not some ground of truth for it) The said town of *Hamelen* was annoyed with Rats and Mice; and it chanced that a Pied-coated Piper came thither who covenanted with the chief Burghers for such a reward if he could free them quite from the said Vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelve-month and a day after. The agreement being made, he began to play on his Pipes and all the Rats and the Mice followed him to a great lough hard by, where they all perished; so the Town was infected no more. At the end of the year the Pied-Piper returned for his reward, the Burghers put him off with slightings and neglect, offering him some small matter, which he refusing and staying some days in the Town, on Sunday morning at High Mass, when most people were at church, he fell to play on his Pipes, and all the children up and down followed him out of the Town to a great Hill not far off, which rent in two and opened, and let him and the children in and so closed up again. This happened a matter of 250 years since, and in that town they date their Bills and Bonds and other Instruments in law to this day from the year of the going out of their children. Besides there is a great pillar of stone at the foot of the said Hill whereon this story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time. So I am your most affectionate Servitor.

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Octo. 1643.

*Epistolæ Ho-Eliaenæ: Familiar Letters*

**I**S a Man in a small Letter, yet the best copy of *Adam* before he tasted of *Eve* or the apple, and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this Character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His Soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and 'tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young Prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an Organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the Emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse, the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his

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simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchanged but one Heaven for another

*Microcosmographie*

### 138 *A She Precise Hypocrite*

**I**S one in whom good Women suffer, and have their truth misinterpreted by her folly. She is one, she knows not what herself if you ask her, but she is indeed one that has taken a toy at the fashion of Religion, and is enamoured of the new fangle. She is a Nonconformist in a close stomacher and Ruff of Geneva Print, and her purity consists much in her Linen . . . Her devotion at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye, and turning down the leaf in her Book, when she hears named Chapter and Verse. When she comes home, she commends the Sermon for the scripture, and two hours. She loves Preaching better than Praying, and of Preachers, Lecturers; and thinks the Weekday's Exercise far more edifying than the Sunday's. Her ofttest Gossipings are Sabbath-day's journeys, where (though an enemy to Superstition) she will go in Pilgrimage five miles to a silenced Minister, when there is a better Sermon in her own Parish. She doubts of the Virgin Mary's Salvation, and dare not Saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly as the Pew she has a key to. She is so taken up with faith she has no room for charity, and understands no good Works but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts nothing Vices but Superstition and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a less sin than to swear 'by my Truly'. She rails at other Women by the names of *Jezebel* and *Delilah*; and calls her own daughters *Rebecca* and *Abigail*, and not *Ann* but *Hannah*. . She overflows so with the Bible, that she

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spills it upon every occasion, and will not cudgel her Maids without Scripture. It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her: she is always challenging and daring him, and her weapons are Spells no less potent than different, as being the sage Sentences of some of her own Sectaries. Nothing angers her so much as that Women cannot preach, and in this point only thinks the Brownist erroneous; but what she cannot at the Church she does at the Table, where she prattles more than any against sense and Antichrist, till a Capon's wing silence her. She expounds the priests of *Baal*, reading ministers, and thinks the salvation of that parish as desperate as the *Turks*. She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her Preachers, and censures all sermons but bad ones. . . . Her conscience is like others' lust, never satisfied, and you might better answer *Scotus* than her Scruples. She is one that thinks she performs all her duty to God in hearing, and shows the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the Maypole than her husband, and thinks he might do a *Phineas's* Act to break the pate of the fiddler. She is an everlasting Argument; but I am weary of her.

*Microcosmographie*

## JOHN HOLLOND

*fl.* 1638

### 139 *A Discourse of the Navy*

IF either the honour of a nation, commerce or trade with all nations, peace at home, grounded upon our enemies' fear or love of us abroad, and attended with plenty of all things necessary either for the preservation of the public weal or thy private welfare, be things worthy thy esteem (though it may be beyond

*13 reading ministers) ministers who use the Prayer-book*

## JOHN HOLLOND

thy shoal conceit), then next to God and the King give thy thanks for the same to the navy, as the principal instrument whereby God works these good things to thee. As for honour, who knows not (that knows anything) that in all records of late times of actions chronicled to the everlasting fame and renown of this kingdom, still the naval part is the thread that runs through the whole woof, the burden of the song, the scope of the text? that whereby Queen Elizabeth of famous memory immortalized her name by her many great victories obtained over all her enemies, neighbours or remote dwellers; King James of ever blessed memory by almost silent commands commanded the silence, if not the love, of all neighbouring nations; and that whereby our ever blessed Charles, when his abused patience began to be slighted (as that his power on the seas and right to the seas began thereby to be questioned), hath not only by his late expeditions of 1635, 1636, 1637, and 1638, quelled foreign insolencies, regained our almost lost power and honour, silenced homebred malcontents, but also settled his kingdoms in peace, commerce, and plenty, the common attendants of so wise and honourable a government?

As for commerce and trade, go to the Custom House, inquire and satisfy thyself in the exportations and importations of this kingdom for that part, and compare them with former precedents, and see if they do not exceed by much all former collections; then ask the ground of that so great trade by the English with all nations, and by all nations with the English. It is even money that his Majesty being master of the seas is put for all other reasons, or if not, yet made a main reason among others. Know the body by the foot, and conceive thus with thyself. If it be thus much augmented in so few years at such a petty port where

thou livest, what and how much is it increased in Dover, London, or the whole kingdom? Whence is it that sundry nations that are enemies amongst themselves are all friends to the English? that we can, and do, convoy all French and Dutch bottoms to their several ports, and protect them from the fear and annoyance of the Spanish party; and on the contrary, all Spanish and Dunkirk bottoms to their several ports, and protect them from the encounter of the French and Dutch parties? How comes it to pass that when both parties are under the tuition of any of his Majesty's castles or ships, neither party dare disturb the quiet of each other till they be both out of protection? What occasioned the transmission of so much Spanish coin and plate to be either new minted here, or at least transmitted hence, by and under the convoy of his Majesty's ships? I could instance in many more particulars, were it not to prove it day at noon; suffice it thus far, nothing under God, who doth all, hath brought so much, so great commerce to this kingdom as the rightly noble employments of our navy; a wheel, if truly turned, that sets to work all Christendom by its motion; a mill, if well extended, that in a sweet yet sovereign composure contracts the grist of all nations to its own dominions, and requires only the tribute of its own people, not for, but towards, its maintenance.

*Mr. Holland · His First Discourse of the Navy*

## OWEN FELLTHAM

1602?–1668

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### *Of Preaching*

THE excess which is in the defect of Preaching has made the pulpit slighted; I mean the much bad oratory we find it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me how



## OWEN FELLTHAM

men can preach so little, and so long — so long a time, and so little matter; as if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vain Tautologies. I see no reason that so high a Princess as *Divinity* is should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue, nor that he which speaks from the *Father of Languages* should deliver his embassy in an ill one. A man can never speak too well while he speaks not too obscure. Long and distended clauses are both tedious to the ear and difficult for their retaining. A Sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those Cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom. I see not but that *Divinity*, put into apt significants, might ravish as well as poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the Stage, I am perswaded, have been the lures to draw away the Pulpit's followers. We complain of drowsiness at a Sermon; when a Play of a doubled length leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in ourselves. If we saw *Divinity* acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by Humanity. . .

A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: fit words are better than fine ones. I like not those that are injudiciously made; but such as be expressively significant, that lead the mind to something beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus must not look to speak thus every day. A *kembed* Oration will cost both sweat and the rubbing of the brain. And *kembed* I wish it, not *frizzled* nor *curled*. *Divinity* should not lascivate.

*Resolves*

*Of Religious Civility*

I AM, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition; my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a Church, nor willingly deface the memory of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at but rather pity the fruitless journeys of Pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of Friars; for though misplaced in circumstance, there is something in it of devotion: I could never hear the *Ave Marie* Bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is in silence and dumb contempt.

*Religio Medici**Of Harmony*

IT is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and sure there is musick even in the beauty, and the silent note which *Cupid* strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the musick of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically com-

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posed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all Church musick. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and Tavern Musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first Composer: there is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers. It is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and Creatures of God, such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that Harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.

*Religio Medici*

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### *Sleep*

WE term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death, for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or someway makes good the faculties of himself: *Themistocles* therefore that slew his Soldier in his sleep was a merciful executioner, 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented, I wonder the fancy of *Lucan* and *Seneca* did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily, a death which *Adam* died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

*The night is come like to the day,  
Depart not thou great God away.*

*Let not my in black as the night  
 Eclipse the lustre of thy light.  
 Keep still in my Horizon, for to me,  
 The Sun makes not the day, but thee.  
 Thou whose nature cannot sleep,  
 On my temples sentry keep ;  
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful fœcs,  
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.  
 Let no dreams my head infest,  
 But such as Jacobs temples blest.  
 While I do rest, my soul advance,  
 Make my sleep a holy trance  
 That I may, my rest being wrought,  
 Awake into some holy thought.  
 And with as active vigour run  
 My course, as doth the nimble Sun  
 Sleep is a death, O make me try,  
 By sleeping what it is to die.  
 And as gently lay my head  
 On my Grave, as now my bed.  
 How ere I rest, great God let me  
 Awake again at last with thee  
 And thus assur'd, behold I lie  
 Securely, or to wake or die  
 These are my drowsy days, in vain  
 I do now wake to sleep again  
 O come that hour, when I shall never  
 Sleep again, but wake for ever*

This is the dormitive I take to bedward, I need no  
 other *Laudanum* than this to make me sleep ; after  
 which I close mine eyes in security, content to take  
 my leave of the Sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.

*Religio Medici*

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*Pulvis et umbra sumus*

### I

NOW since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of *Methuselah*, and in a Yard under Ground, and thin Walls of Clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three Conquests; What Prince can promise such diuturnity unto his Relics, or might not gladly say,

*Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?*

Time which antiquates Antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these *minor* Monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible Conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection

### II

What Song the *Syrens* sang, or what name *Achilles* assumed when he hid himself among Women, though puzzling Questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the Persons of these Ossuaries entered the *famous Nations of the dead*, and slept with Princes and Counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above Antiquarism. Not to be resolved by Man nor easily perhaps by Spirits, except we consult the Provincial Guardians or Tutelary Observators. Had they made as good provision for their Names, as they have done for their Relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but Pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain

ashes which in the oblivion of Names Persons Times Sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as Emblems of mortal vanities, Antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices.

## III

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her Poppy, and deals with the memory of Men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the Founder of the Pyramids? *Herostratus* lives that burnt the Temple of *Diana*, he is almost lost that built it; Time hath spared the Epitaph of *Adrian's* Horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good Names since bad have equal durations; and *Thersites* is like to live as long as *Agamemnon*. Who knows whether the best of Men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable Persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of Time? Without the favour of the everlasting Register the first Man had been as unknown as the last, and *Methuselah's* long life had been his only Chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the Record of Man. Twenty-seven Names make up the first Story, and the recorded Names ever since contain not one living Century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of Time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the Equinox? Every hour adds unto that current Arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even *Pagans*

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could doubt whether thus to live were to die ; Since our longest Sun sets at right descensions, and makes but Winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes ; Since the Brother of death daily haunts us with dying *Memento's*, and Time that grows old itself bids us hope no long duration : Diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

### IV

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality ; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. . . But Man is a Noble Animal, splendid in Ashes, and pompous in the Grave, solemnizing Nativities and Deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting Ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his Nature.

To subsist in lasting Monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of *Chimera's*, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their *Elysiums*. But all this is nothing in the Metaphysicks of true belief To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidencce in noble Believers, 'tis all one to lie in S. *Innocent's* Churchyard, as in the Sands of *Egypt* ; Ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six Foot as the Moles of *Adrianus*.

*Urn Burial*

### 145      *The Mystic as Gardener*

BUT the Quincunx of Heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge ; We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continueth

precogitations, making Cables of Cobwebs, and Wildernesses of handsome Groves. Beside, *Hippocrates* hath spoken so little, and the Oneirocritical Masters have left such frigid Interpretations from Plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of Paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of Gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dullness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the Bed of *Cleopatra* can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a Rose.

Night, which *Pagan* Theology could make the Daughter of *Chaos*, affords no advantage to the description of order; Although no lower than that Mass can we derive its Genealogy. All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order and mystical Mathematicks of the City of Heaven.

Though *Somnus* in *Homer* be sent to rouse up *Agamemnon*, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our *Antipodes*. The Huntsmen are up in *America*, and they are already past their first sleep in *Persia*. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again?

*The Garden of Cyrus*

THE Heroical vein of Mankind runs much in the soldiery and courageous part of the World; and in that form we oftenest find men above men. History is full of the gallantry of that Tribe; and when we



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read their notable acts, we easily find what a difference there is between a life in *Plutarch* and in *Laertius*. Where true Fortitude dwells, Loyalty, Bounty, Friendship, and Fidelity may be found. A man may confide in persons constituted for noble ends, who dare do and suffer, and who have a hand to burn for their Country and their Friend. Small and creeping things are the product of petty Souls. He is like to be mistaken, who makes choice of a covetous Man for a Friend, or relieth upon the reed of narrow and poltron Friendship. Pitiful things are only to be found in the cottages of such Breasts, but bright Thoughts, clear Deeds, Constancy, Fidelity, Bounty, and generous Honesty are the Gems of noble Minds; wherein, to derogate from none, the true Heroick English Gentleman hath no Peer.

*Christian Morals*

## THOMAS FULLER

1608-1661

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### *The True Gentleman*

*HE is extracted from ancient and worshipful parentage.* When a Pippin is planted on a Pippin stock, the fruit growing thence is called a Rennet, a most delicious Apple, as both by Sire and Dam well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is gently born on both sides.

*If his birth be not, at least his qualities are generous.* What if he cannot with the Hevenninghams of Suffolk count five-and-twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or with the Nauntons show where their Ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before or at the Conquest:

yet he hath endeavoured by his own deserts to ennoble himself. Thus Valour makes him son to Caesar, Learning entitles him kinsman to Tully; and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine.

*He is not in his youth possessed with the great hopes of his possession* No flatterer reads constantly in his ears a survey of the lands he is to inherit. This hath made many boy's thoughts swell so great, they could never be kept in compass afterwards. Only his Parents acquaint him that he is the next undoubted Heir to correction, if misbehaving himself; and he finds no more favour from his Schoolmaster than his Schoolmaster finds diligence in him, whose rod respects persons no more than bullets are partial in a battle.

*At the University he is so studious as if he intended learning for his profession.* He knows well that cunning is no burthen to carry, as paying neither portorage by land nor poundage by sea. Yea, though to have land be a good First, yet to have learning is the surest Second, which may stand to it when the other may chance to be taken away.

*At the Inns of Court he applies himself to learn the Laws of the kingdom.* Object not, Why should a Gentleman learn law, who if he needeth it may have it for his money, and if he have never so much of his own he must but give it away? For what a shame is it for a man of quality to be ignorant of Solon in our Athens, of Lycurgus in our Sparta? Besides, law will help him to keep his own, and bestead his neighbours.

*He is courteous and affable to his neighbours.* As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.

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*He delights to see himself and his servants well mounted: therefore he loveth good Horsemanship.*

*He furnisheth and prepareth himself in peace against time of war; lest it be too late to learn when his skill is to be used. He approves himself courageous when brought to the trial, as well remembering the custom which is used at the Creation of Knights of the Bath, wherein the King's Master-Cook cometh forth, and presenteth his great knife to the new-made Knights, admonishing them to be faithful and valiant, otherwise he threatens them that that very knife is prepared to cut off their spurs.*

*If the Commission of the Peace finds him out, he faithfully discharges it. I say, Finds him out, for a publick Office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it. And though he declined the Place, the country knew to prize his worth, who would be ignorant of his own. He compounds many petty differences betwixt his neighbours, which are easier ended in his own Porch than in Westminster Hall; for many people think if once they have fetched a warrant from a Justice, they have given earnest to follow the suit, though otherwise the matter be so mean that the next night's sleep would have bound both parties to the peace, and made them as good friends as ever before.*

*Yet He connives not at the smothering of punishable faults. If chosen a member of Parliament, he is willing to do his Country service. If he be no rhetorician to raise affections (yea, Mercury was a greater speaker than Jupiter himself), he counts it great wisdom to be the good manager of Yea and Nay. The slow pace of his judgement is recompensed by the swift following of his affections, when his judgement is once soundly*

nformed And here we leave him in consulta on wishing him, with the rest of his honourable Society all happy success

*The Holy State*

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*The Good Sea Captain*

CONCEIVE him now in a Man-of-war, with his letters of mart, well armed, victualled, and appointed, and see how he acquits himself.

*The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it.* Indeed, a Sea Captain is a King in the Island of a ship, supreme Judge, above appeal, in causes civil and criminal, and is seldom brought to an account in Courts of Justice on land for injuries done to his own men at sea.

*He is careful in observing of the Lord's day.* He hath a watch in his heart, though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers.

*He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past, as devout when it is present:* not clamorous to receive mercies, and tongue-tied to return thanks.

*Escaping many dangers makes him not presumptuous to run into them.*

*In taking a prize he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes;* though some of them may chance to be Negroes or Savages. It is the custom of some to cast them overboard, and there is an end of them. for the dumb fishes will tell no tales. But the murder is not so soon drowned as the men. What! is a brother by half-blood no kin? A Savage hath God to his father by creation, though not the Church to his mother, and God will revenge his innocent blood.

## THOMAS FULLER

But our Captain counts the image of God nevertheless his image cut in ebony as if done in ivory, and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of heaven.

*In dividing the gains he wrongs none who took pains to get them.* Not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing, or giving them only the garbage of the prize, and keeping all the flesh to himself. In time of peace he quietly returns home, and turns not to the trade of Pirates, who are the worst sea-vermin, and the devil's water-rats.

*His voyages are not only for profit, but some for honour and knowledge ;* to make discoveries of new countries, imitating the worthy *Peter Columbus*. . .

Our Sea captain is likewise ambitious to perfect what the other began. He counts it a disgrace, seeing all mankind is one family, sundry countries but several rooms, that we who dwell in the parlour (so he counts Europe) should not know the outlodgings of the same house, and the world be scarce acquainted with itself before it be dissolved from itself at the day of judgement.

*He daily sees and duly considers God's wonders in the deep.*

*The Holy State*

### 149 *The Good Master of a College*

**H**IS learning, if beneath eminency, is far above contempt. Sometimes ordinary scholars make extraordinary good Masters. Every one who can play well on Apollo's harp cannot skilfully drive his chariot, there being a peculiar mystery of Government. Yea,

as a little alloy makes gold to work the better so perchance, some dulness in a man makes him fitter to manage secular affairs; and those who have climbed up Parnassus but half way, better behold worldly business, as lying low and nearer to their sight, than such as have climbed to the top of the mount.

*He not only keeps the Statutes in his study, but observes them* For the maintaining of them will maintain him, if he be questioned.

*He is principal Porter, and chief Chapel-monitor.* For where the Master keeps his chamber always, the scholars will keep theirs seldom, yea, perchance, may make all the walls of the college to be gates. As for out-lodgings (like galleries, necessary evils in populous Churches) he rather tolerates than approves them.

*He winds up the Tenants to make good music, but not to break them.* Sure College-lands were never given to fat the Tenants and starve the scholars, but that both might comfortably subsist. Yea, generally I hear the Muses commended for the best Landladies, and a College-lease is accounted but as the worst kind of freehold.

*He disdains to nourish dissension among the members of his house.* Let Machuavel's Maxim, *Divide et regnabis*, if offering to enter into a College-gate, sink through the grate and fall down with the dirt. For besides that the fomenting of such discords agrees not with a good conscience, each party will watch advantages, and Pupils will often be made to suffer for their Tutors' quarrels.

*He scorneth the plot to make only dunces Fellows, to the end he may himself command in chief:* as thinking that they who know nothing will do anything, and so

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he shall be a figure amongst cyphers, a bee amongst drones. Yet oftentimes such Masters are justly met with, and they find by experience that the dullest horses are not easiest to be reined. But our Master endeavours so to order his elections, that every scholar may be fit to make a Fellow and every Fellow a Master.

*The Holy State*

150

### *Wycliffe's Ashes*

**H**ITHERTO the *Corpse* of *John Wickliffe* had quietly slept in his grave about *one and forty years* after his death, till his *body* was reduced to *bones* and his *bones* almost to *dust*. . . But now such the *Spleen* of the *Council of Constance* . . . as they ordered his bones (with this charitable caution, if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) to be taken out of the ground and thrown farre off from any *Christian buriall*. In obedience hereunto *Richard Fleming Bishop of Lincolne Diocesan of Lutterworth* sent his *Officers* . . to ungrave him accordingly. To *Lutterworth* they come, *Sumner, Commissarie Official, Chancellour, Proctors, Doctors,* and the *Servants* (so that the *Remnant* of the body would not hold out a *bone* amongst so many *hands*) take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into *Swift* a Neighbouring Brook running hard by. Thus this *Brook* hath convey'd his Ashes into *Avon*; *Avon* into *Severn*; *Severn* into the narrow Seas; they, into the *main Ocean*. And thus the *Ashes* of *Wickliffe* are the *Emblem* of his *Doctrine*, which now is dispersed all the World over.

*Church History of Britain*

## JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

151 *Against Fugitive and Cloistered  
Virtue*

GOOD and evil we know in the field of this World grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on *Psyche* as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leapt forth into the World. And perhaps this is that doom which *Adam* fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.

*Areopagitica*



## JOHN MILTON

### 152 *The Tyranny of Licensing*

IF we think to regulate Printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and *Dorick*. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such *Plato* was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensors to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house, they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The Windows also, and the *Balconies* must be thought on, there are shrewd books with dangerous Frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them? shall twenty licensors? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the balladry and the gamut of every *municipal* fidler, for these are the Countryman's *Arcadia's* and his *Monte Mayors*. To sequester out of the world into *Atlantick* and *Eutopian* politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition, but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably.

*Areopagitica*

### 153 *Milton in Italy*

AND lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order, are mere flourishes

and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other Countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes ; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honour I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of *Philosophic* freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought ; that thus was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous *Galileo* grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licencers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the Prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness, that other Nations were so persuaded of her liberty.

*Areopagitica*

154 *The Profit of Free Speech to a  
Commonwealth*

FOR as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rational faculties and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and

## JOHN MILTON

wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

*Areopagitica*

155

### 'Long Choosing'

#### I

TIME serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home in the spacious circuits of her musing hath liberty to propose to her self, though of highest hope, and hardest attempting, whether that Epick form whereof the two poems of *Homer*, and those other two of *Virgil* and *Tasso* are a diffuse, and the book of *Job* a brief model or whether the rules of *Aristotle* herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be follow'd, which in them that know art, and use judgement is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And lastly what King or Knight before the conquest might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian *Heroe*. And as *Tasso* gave to a Prince of *Italy* his choice whether he would command him

## JOHN MILTON

to write of *Godfreys* expedition against the infidels, or *Belisarius* against the Gothes, or *Charlemain* against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the imboldning of art ought may be trusted, and that there be nothing advers in our climat, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashnesse from an equal diligence and inclination to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those Dramatick constitutions, wherein *Sophocles* and *Euripides* raigne, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a Nation, the Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral Drama in the Song of *Solomon* consisting of two persons and a double *Chorus*, as *Origen* rightly judges. And the Apocalyps of Saint *Iohn* is the majestick image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn Scenes and Acts with a sevenfold *Chorus* of halcluja's and harping symphonies: and this my opinion the grave authority of *Pareus* commenting that book is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead to imitate those magnifick Odes and Hymns wherein *Pindarus* and *Callimachus* are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition may be easily made appear over all the kinds of Lyrick poesy to be incomparable.

## II

Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few yeers yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be rays'd from

## JOHN MILTON

the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at wast from the pen of some vulgar Amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtain'd by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternall Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallow'd fire of his Altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases : to this must be added industrious and select reading, steddý observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affaires, till which in some measure be compast, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them

*Reason of Church Government*

## EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

1609-1674

156 *A Small Cloud in the North*

OF all the Princes of *Europe*, the King of *England* alone seemed to be seated upon that pleasant Promontory, that might safely view the tragick Sufferings of all his Neighbours about him, without any other Concernment, than what arose from his own princely Heart, and christian Compassion, to see such Desolation wrought by the Pride, and Passion, and Ambition of private Persons, supported by Princes, who knew not what themselves would have His three Kingdoms flourishing in entire Peace, and universal Plenty ; in Danger of nothing but their own

## EDWARD HYDE

Surfeits ; and his Dominions every Day enlarged, by sending out Colonies upon large, and fruitful Plantations ; his strong Fleets commanding all Seas , and the numerous Shipping of the Nation bringing the Trade of the World into his Ports ; nor could it with unquestionable Security be carried any whither else ; and all these Blessings enjoyed, under a Prince of the greatest Clemency, and Justice, and of the greatest Piety, and Devotion, and the most indulgent to his Subjects, and most solicitous for their Happiness and Prosperity

*O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint !*

In this blessed Conjunction, when no other Prince thought He wanted any Thing, to compass what He most desired to be possessed of, but the Affection and Friendship of the King of *England* ; a small, scarce discernable Cloud arose in the North ; which was shortly after attended with such a Storm, that never gave over raging, till it had shaken, and even rooted up the greatest, and tallest Cedars of the three Nations, blasted all its Beauty and Fruitfulness , brought its Strength to Decay, and its Glory to Reproach, and almost to Desolation ; by such a Career, and Deluge of Wickedness, and Rebellion, as by not being enough foreseen, or, in Truth, suspected, could not be prevented.

*Life, Written by Himself*

### 157      *His Tribute to Cromwell*

HE was one of those Men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent* ; whom his very Enemies could not condemn without commending

## EARL OF CLARENDON

him at the same time : for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of Courage, Industry, and Judgement. And he must have had a wonderful understanding in the Natures and Humours of Men, and as great a dexterity in applying them ; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good Family) without Interest of Estate, Alliance or Friendships, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to His designs, and to their own destruction ; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What Velleius Paterculus said of *Cinna* may very justly be said of Him, *ausum eum, quae nemo auderet bonus ; perfecisse, quae a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent*, He attempted those things which no good Man durst have ventured on ; and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great Man could have succeeded. Without doubt, no Man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of Religion, and moral Honesty, yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplish'd those trophies, without the assistance of a great Spirit, an admirable circumspection, and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution

When he appeared first in the Parliament he seemed to have a Person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those Talents which use to reconcile the Affections of the Standers by yet as he grew into Place and Authority, his parts seemed to be renewed, as if he had concealed Faculties, till he had

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occasion to use them, and when he was to act the part of a great Man, he did it without any indecency through the want of Custom.

*.1 History of the Rebellion*

### 158 *The Battle of Stamford Hill*

ON Tuesday the sixteenth of May, about five of the Clock in the Morning, they disposed themselves to their Work; having stood in their Armes all the Night. The Number of the Foot was about two thousand four hundred, which they divided into four Parts, and agreed on their several Provinces. The first was Commanded by the Lord *Mobun*, and Sir *Ralph Hopton*; who undertook to Assault the Camp on the South side. Next them, on the left hand, Sir *John Berkley*, and Sir *Bevil Greenvil* were to force their way. Sir *Nicholas Slanning*, and Colonel *Trevannion* were to Assault the North side; and, on the left hand, Colonel *Thomas Basset*, who was Major General of their Foot, and Colonel *William Godolphin* were to advance with Their Party; each Party having two pieces of Cannon to dispose as they found necessary: Colonel *John Digby* Commanding the Horse and Dragoons, being about five hundred, and stood upon a Sandy Common which had a way to the Camp, to take any advantage he could on the Enemy, if they Charged, otherwise, to be firm as a Reserve.

In this manner the Fight begun; the King's Forces pressing, with their utmost vigour, those four ways up the Hill, and the Enemies as obstinately defending their ground. The Fight continued with very doubtful success, till towards three of the Clock in the Afternoon, when word was brought to the Chief



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Officers of the *Cornish*, that their Ammunition was spent to less than four Barrels of Powder; which (concealing the defect from the Soldiers) they resolved could only be supplied with Courage and therefore, by Messengers to one another, they agreed to advance with their full Bodies, without making any more shot, till they reached the top of the Hill, and so might be upon even ground with the Enemy; wherein the Officers' Courage, and Resolution, was so well seconded by the Soldier, that they began to get ground in all places; and the Enemy, in wonder of the Men, who out faced their shot with their Swords, to quit their Post. Major General *Chudleigh*, who ordered the Battle, failed in no part of a Soldier, and when he saw his Men recoil from less Numbers, and the Enemy in all places gaining the Hill upon him, himself advanced, with a good stand of Pikes, upon that Party which was led by Sir *John Berkley*, and Sir *Bevil Greenvil*; and Charged them so smartly, that he put them into disorder: Sir *Bevil Greenvil*, in the shock, being borne to the Ground, but quickly relieved by his Companion, they so reinforced the Charge, that having killed most of the Assailants, and dispersed the rest, they took the Major General Prisoner, after he had behaved himself with as much Courage, as a Man could do. Then the Enemy gave ground apace, insomuch as the four Parties, growing nearer and nearer as they ascended the Hill, between three and four of the Clock, they all met together upon one ground near the top of the Hill; where they embraced with unspeakable joy, each congratulating the others success, and all acknowledging the wonderful blessing of God; and being there possessed of some of the Enemies Cannon, they turned them upon

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the Camp, and advanced together to perfect their Victory. But the Enemy no sooner understood the loss of their Major General, but their hearts failed them; and being so resolutely pressed, and their ground lost, upon the security and advantage whereof they wholly depended, some of them threw down their Armes, and Others fled; dispersing themselves, and every Man shifting for himself: Their General, the Earl of *Stamford*, giving the example, who (having stood at a safe distance all the time of the Battle, environed with all the Horse, which in small Parties, though it is true their whole Number was not above six or seven score, might have done great mischief to the several Parties of Foot, who with so much difficulty scaled the steep Hill) as soon as he saw the day lost, and some said sooner, made all imaginable hast to *Exeter*, to prepare them for the condition they were shortly to expect.

*A History of the Rebellion*

### 159      *Character of Lord Falkland*

AS he was of a most incomparable gentleness, application, and even a demissness and submission to good, and worthy, and entire Men, so he was naturally (which could not but be more evident in his Place, which objected him to another conversation and intermixture, than his own election had done) *adversus malos injucundus*; and was so ill a dissembler of his dislike and disinclination to ill Men, that it was not possible for Such not to discern it. There was once, in the House of Commons, such a declared acceptation of the good Service an eminent Member had done to Them, and, as they said, to the whole

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Kingdom, that it was moved, he being present, 'that the Speaker might, in the name of the whole House, give him thanks; and then, that every Member might, as a testimony of his particular acknowledgement, stir or move his hat towards him'; the which (though not ordered) when very many did, the Lord *Falkland* (who believed the Service itself not to be of that moment, and that an honorable and generous Person could not have stooped to it for any recompence) instead of moving his hat, stretched both his Arms out, and clasped his hands together upon the Crown of his hat, and held it close down to his head, that all Men might see how odious that flattery was to him, and the very approbation of the Person, though at that time most popular.

When there was any Overture, or hope of Peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting amongst his Friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the War, and the view of the calamities and desolation the Kingdom did, and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart'. This made some think, or pretend to think, 'that he was so much enamoured on Peace, that he would have been glad, the King should have bought it at any price', which was a most unreasonable Calumny. As if a Man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon Conscience or Honour, could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either

*A History of the Rebellion*

**T**O speak of the People in each of these Countries, this of *Oceana*, for so soft a one, is the most martial in the whole World. *Let States that aim at Greatness* (says VERULAMIUS) *take heed how their Nobility and Gentlemen multiply too fast, for that makes the common Subject grow to be a Peasant and base Swain driven out of heart, and in effect but a Gentleman's Labourer; just as you may see in Coppice Woods, if you leave the Staddels too thick, you shall never have clean Underwood, but Shrubs and Bushes: So in Countries if the Gentlemen be too many, the Commons will be base; and you will bring it to that at last, that not the hundredth Poll will be fit for a Helmet, specially as to the Infantry, which is the nerve of an Army, and so there will be great Population and little Strength. This of which I speak has been nowhere better seen than by comparing of Oceana and France, whereof Oceana, though far less in Territory and Population, has been nevertheless an overmatch, in regard the middle People of Oceana make good Soldiers, which the Peasants in France do not* In which words VERULAMIUS (as MACHIAVEL has done before him) harps much upon a string which he has not perfectly tuned, and that is the *balance of Dominion or Property* as it follows more plainly in his praise of the profound and admirable device of PANURGUS, King of Oceana, in making Farms and Houses of Husbandry of a Standard; that is, maintained with such a proportion of Land to them, as may breed a Subject to live in convenient plenty, and no servile condition, and to keep the Plow in the hand of the owners, and not mere hirelings. And thus indeed

9 Staddels) trees left standing

## JAMES HARRINGTON

(says he) *you shall attain to VIRGIL's Character which he gives of ancient Italy :*

*Terra potens armis atque ubere glebae.*

But the Tillage bringing up a good Soldiery, brings up a good Commonwealth ; which the Author in the praise of PANURGUS did not mind, nor PANURGUS in deserving that praise : for where the owner of the Plow comes to have the Sword too, he will use it in defence of his own ; whence it has happened that the People of *Oceana* in proportion to their property have been always free. And the Genius of this Nation has ever had some resemblance with that of ancient *Italy*, which was wholly addicted to Commonwealths, and where *Rome* came to make the greatest account of her rustic Tribes, and to call her Consuls from the Plow ; for in the way of Parliaments, which was the Government of this Realm, men of Country-lives have been still entrusted with the greatest Affairs, and the People have constantly had an aversion to the ways of the Court. Ambition loving to be gay, and to fawn, has been a Gallantry looked upon as having something in it of the Livery ; and Husbandry, or the country way of Life, though of a grosser spinning, as the best stuff of a Commonwealth, according to ARISTOTLE, such a one being the most obstinate Assertress of her Liberty, and the least subject to Innovation or Turbulency. Wherefore till the Foundations (as will be hereafter showed) were removed, this People was observed to be the least subject to Shakings and Turbulency of any. Whereas Commonwealths, upon which the City Life has had the stronger influence, as *Athens*, have seldom or never been quiet ; but at the best are found to have injured

their own business by over doing it. Whence the Urban Tribes of *Rome*, consisting of the *Turba forensis*, and *Libertins* that had received their Freedom by manumission, were of no reputation in comparison of the Rustics. It is true, that with *Venice* it may seem to be otherwise, in regard the Gentlemen (for so are all such called as have a right to that Government) are wholly addicted to the City Life: but then the *Turba forensis*, the Secretaries, *Cittadini*, with the rest of the Populace, are wholly excluded. Otherwise a Commonwealth, consisting but of one City, would doubtless be stormy, in regard that Ambition would be every man's trade: but where it consists of a Country, the Plow in the hands of the owner finds him a better calling, and produces the most innocent and steady Genius of a Commonwealth, such as is that of *Oceana*.

*Oceana*

## SIR THOMAS URQUHART

1611-1660

161

*Fay ce que Voudras*

ALL their life was spent not in lawes, statutes or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds, when they thought good. they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a minde to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed,

DO WHAT THOU WILT.

Because men that are free, well-borne, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally

## SIR THOMAS URQUHART

an instinct and spurre that prompteth them unto vertuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour.

Translation of Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*

### 162 *Gargantua to his Son, at Paris* *University*

**B**UT although my deceased father of happy memory Grangousier, had bent his best endeavours to make me profit in all perfection and Political knowledge, and that my labour and study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his desire: nevertheless, as thou mayest well understand, the time then was not so proper and fit for learning as it is at present, neither had I plenty of good masters such as thou hast had, for that time was darksome, obscured with clouds of ignorance, and savouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the Gothes, who, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodnesse been restored unto its former light and dignity, and that with such amendment and increase of the knowledge, that now hardly should I be admitted unto the first forme of the little Grammar-school-boyes: I say, I, who in my youthful dayes was (and that justly) reputed the most learned of that age, which I do not speak in vain boasting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee, in verification whereof thou hast the authority of Marcus Tullius in his book of old age, and the sentence of Plutarch, in the book intituled, how a man may praise himself without envie: but to give thee an emulous encouragement to strive yet further

Now is it that the munes of men are qualified with all manner of discipline, and the old sciences revived, which for many ages were extinct . now it is, that the learned languages are to their pristine purity restored, viz. Greek (without which a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar) Hebrew, Arabick, Chaldaean and Latine Printing likewise is now in usc, so elegant, and so correct, that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side was the invention of Ordnance. All the world is full of knowing men, of most learned Schoolmasters, and vast Libranes : and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in Plato's time, nor Cicero's, nor Papinian's, there was ever such conveniency for studying, as we see at this day there is . nor must any adventure henceforward to come in publick, or present himself in company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the shop of Minerva . I see robbers, hangmen, free-booters, tapsters, ostlers, and such like, of the very rubbish of the people, more learned now, then the Doctors and Preachers were in my time.

What shall I say? the very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial Manna of good learning.

Translation of Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*

## JEREMY TAYLOR, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR

1613-1667

### 163 *Against Bitterness of Zeal*

ANY Zeal is proper for Religion, but the zeal of the Sword and the Zeal of Anger ; this is *the Bitterness of Zeal*, and it is a certain Temptation to evcry



## JEREMY TAYLOR

Man against his Duty : for if the Sword turns Preacher, and dictates Propositions by Empire instead of Arguments, and engraves them in Men's Hearts with a Poignard, that it shall be Death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to *try the Spirits*, to *try all Things*, to make inquiry ; and yet, without this Liberty, no Man can justify himself before *God* or Man, nor confidently say that his Religion is best ; since he cannot without a final Danger make himself to give a right Sentence, and to follow that which he finds to be best. This may ruin Souls by making Hypocrites, or careless and compliant against Conscience or without it ; but it does not save Souls, though peradventure it should force them to a good Opinion. This is *Inordination of Zeal* ; for Christ, by reproofing St. Peter drawing his Sword even in the Cause of *Christ*, for his sacred and yet injured Person, saith *Theophylact*, ' teaches us not to use the Sword, though in the cause of *God* or for *God* himself ' . . .

When *Abraham* sat at his Tent Door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain Strangers, he espied an old Man, stooping and leaning on his Staff, weary with Age and Travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of Age. He received him kindly, washed his Feet, provided Supper, caused him to sit down ; but observing that the Old man Eat and prayed not nor begged a Blessing on his Meat, he asked him why he did not worship the *God* of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the Fire only, and acknowledged no other *God*. At which answer *Abraham* grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old Man out of his Tent, and exposed him to all the Evils of the Night and an unguarded Condition. When the

old Man was gone, *God* called to *Abraham* and asked him where the Stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. *God* answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred Years, although he dishonoured me: and couldst not thou endure him one Night?'

*Sermons*

164 *Vicisti, Galilæe!*

THAT such a Religion, in such a Time, by the Sermons and Conduct of Fishermen, Men of mean breeding and illiberal Arts, should so speedily triumph over the Philosophy of the World, and the Arguments of the Subtle, and the Sermons of the Eloquent; the Power of Princes and the Interests of States, the Inclinations of Nature and the Blindness of Zeal, the Force of Custom and the Solicitation of Passions, the Pleasures of Sin and the busy Arts of the Devil, that is against Wit and Power, Superstition and Wilfulness, Fame and Money, Nature and Empire, which are all the causes in this World that can make a Thing impossible; this, this is to be ascribed to the Power of *God*, and is the great Demonstration of the Resurrection of *Jesus*. Every thing was an Argument for it, and improved it: no objection could hinder it, no Enemies destroy it, whatsoever was for them, it made the Religion to increase; whatsoever was against them, made it to increase; Sun-shine and Storms, fair Weather or foul, it was all one as to the event of Things for they were Instruments in the Hands of *God*, who could make what himself should choose to be the product of any cause; so that if the *Christians* had Peace, they went abroad and brought in Converts;

## BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR

if they had no Peace, but Persecution, the Converts came in to them. In prosperity they allured and enticed the World by the Beauty of Holiness; in Affliction and Trouble they amazed all Men with the splendour of their Innocence and the Glories of their Patience; and quickly it was that the world became Disciple to the glorious Nazarene, and men could no longer doubt of the Resurrection of Jesus, when it became so demonstrated by the certainty of them that saw it, and the Courage of them that died for it, and the Multitude of them that believed it.

*Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Lord Primate*

### 165 *How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles*

WE have not only felt the Evils of an intestine War, but *God* hath smitten us in our Spirit. But I delight not to observe the Correspondencies of such sad Accidents. . . I will therefore deny leave to my own Affections to ease themselves by complaining of Others; I shall only crave leave that I may remember *Jerusalem*, and call to Mind the Pleasures of the Temple, the Order of her Services, the Beauty of her Buildings, the Sweetness of her Songs, the Decency of her Ministrations, the Assiduity and Economy of her Priests and Levites, the Daily Sacrifice, and that Eternal Fire of Devotion that went not out by Day nor by Night; these were the Pleasures of our Peace; and there is a remanent Felicity in the very Memory of those spiritual Delights which we then enjoyed as Antepasts of Heaven, and consignations to an Immortality of Joys. And it may be so again when it shall please *God*, who hath the Hearts of all Princes

in his Hand, and turneth them as the Rivers of Waters; and when Men will consider the invaluable Loss that is consequent, and the Danger of Sin that is appendant, to the destroying such Forms of Discipline and Devotion in which *God* was purely worshipped, and the Church was edified, and the People instructed to great Degrees of Piety, Knowledge and Devotion.

*Polemical Discourses*

166

## *Marriage*

**M**ARRIAGE is a School and Exercise of Virtue, and though Marriage hath Cares, yet the Single Life hath Desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in Sin; while the Cares are but Instances of Duty, and Exercises of Piety; and therefore if Single Life hath more Privacy of Devotion, yet Marriage hath more Necessities and more Variety of it, and is an Exercise of more Graces.

Marriage is the proper Scene of Piety and Patience, of the Duty of Parents and the Charity of Relations, here Kindness is spread Abroad, and Love is united and made firm as a Centre; Marriage is the Nursery of Heaven. The Virgin sends Prayers to *God*; but she carries but one soul to him: but the State of Marriage fills up the Number of the Elect, and hath in it the Labour of Love, and the Delicacies of Friendship, the Blessing of Society, and the Union of Hands and Hearts. It hath in it less of Beauty, but more of Safety than the Single Life; it hath more Care, but less Danger; it is more Merry, and more Sad, is fuller of Sorrows, and fuller of Joys: it lies under more Burdens, but is supported by all the Strengths of Love and Charity, and those Burdens are delightful.

*Sermons: The Marriage Ring*

## BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR

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### *The Husband*

THERE is nothing can please a Man without Love; and if a Man be weary of the Wise discourses of the Apostles, and of the Innocency of an even and private Fortune, or hates Peace or a Fruitful Year, he hath reaped Thorns and Thistles from the choicest Flowers of *Paradise* for nothing can sweeten Felicity itself but Love. No Man can tell but he that loves his Children how many delicious Accents makes a Man's Heart dance in the pretty Conversation of those dear Pledges: their Childishness, their Stammering, their little Angers, their Innocence, their Imperfections, their Necessities, are so many Emanations of Joy and Comfort to him that delights in them Persons and Society; but he that loves not his Wife and Children feeds a Lioness at Home, and broods a Nest of Sorrows; and Blessing itself cannot make him happy: so that all the Commandments of God enjoining a Man to love his Wife are nothing but so many Necessities and Capacities of Joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful.

*Sermons . The Marriage Ring*

## ROBERT LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW

1611-1684

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### *Quia omnis caro ut foenum*

THERE is indeed a great deal of seeming difference betwixt the outward conditions of life amongst men. Shall the rich and honourable and beautiful and healthful go in together, under the same name, with the baser and unhappier part, the poor, wretched sort of the world, who seem to be born for nothing but

offerings and miseries? At least hath the wise no advantage beyond the fools? Is all grass? Make you no distinction? No; *all is grass*, or, if you will have some other name, be it so, once this is true, that all flesh is grass; and if that glory which shines so much in your eyes must have a difference, then this is all it can have—it is but *the flower* of that same grass; somewhat above the common grass in gayness, a little comelier, and better apparelled than it, but partaker of its frail and fading nature, it hath no privilege nor immunity that way; yea, of the two, it is the less durable, and usually shorter lived; at the best it decays with it *The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.*

*Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter*

## GEORGE THORNLEY

b 2614

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### *The Grasshopper*

WHILE he was muttering this passion, a grasshopper that fled from a swallow took sanctuary in *Chloe's* bosom. And the pursuer could not take her, but her wing by reason of her close pursuit slapped the girl upon the cheek. And she not knowing what was done cried out, and started from her sleep. But when she saw the swallow flying near by and *Daphnis* laughing at her fear, she began to give it over and rub her eyes that yet would be sleeping. The grasshopper sang out of her bosom, as if her suppliant were now giving thanks for the protection. Therefore *Chloe* again squeaked out; but *Daphnis* could not hold laughing, nor pass the opportunity to put his

## GEORGE THORNLEY

hand into her bosom and draw forth friend Grasshopper, which still did sing even in his hand. When *Chloe* saw it she was pleased and kissed it, and took and put it in her bosom again, and it prattled all the way.

Translation of Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe*

170

### *The Nightingales*

IT was now the beginning of spring, the snow melting, the earth uncovering herself, and the grass growing green, when the other shepherds drove out their flocks to pasture, and *Chloe* and *Daphnis* before the rest, as being servants to a greater shepherd. And forthwith they took their course up to the *Nymphs* and that cave, and thence to *Pan* and his pine; afterwards to their own oak, where they sat down to look to their flocks and kiss each other. They sought about for flowers too to crown the statues of the Gods. The soft breath of Zephyrus, and the warm Sun, had but now brought them forth; but there were then to be found the violet, the daffodil, the anagall, with the other primes and dawnings of the spring. And when they had crowned the statues of the Gods with them, they made a libation with new milk, *Chloe* from the sheep and *Daphnis* from the goats. They paid too the first-fruits of the pipe, as it were to provoke and challenge the nightingales with their music and song. The nightingales answered softly from the groves, and as if they remembered their long intermitted song, began by little and little to jug and warble their *Tereus* and *Itys* again.

Translation of Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe*

18 anagall) pimpernel

THE Affairs of this World are like a curious, but intricately contrived Comedy; and we cannot judge of the Tendency of what is Past, or acting at Present, before the Entrance of the last Act, which shall bring in *Righteousness* in triumph; who, though she hath abided many a Brunt, and has been very cruelly and despitefully used hitherto in the World, yet at last, according to our Desires, we shall see the Knight overcome the Giant. For what is the Reason we are so much pleased with the reading Romances and the Fictions of the Poets, but that here, as *Aristotle* says, Things are set down as they should be; but in the true History hitherto of the World, Things are recorded indeed as they are, but it is but a Testimony, that they have not been as they should be? Wherefore, in the Upshot of all, when we shall see that come to pass that so mightily pleases us in the reading the most ingenious Plays and heroick Poems, that long afflicted Virtue at last comes to the Crown, the Mouth of all Unbelievers must be for ever stopped And for my own Part, I doubt not but that it shall so come to pass in the Close of the World. But impatiently to call for Vengeance upon every Enormity before that Time, is rudely to overturn the Stage before the entrance into the fifth Act, out of Ignorance of the Plot of the Comedy; and to prevent the Solemnity of the general Judgement by more paltry and particular Executions.

*Divine Dialogues*



172 *The Lying-in-State of Oliver Cromwell*

ONE of the first acts of the new Government was to order the funeral of the late usurper; and the Council having resolved that it should be very magnificent, the care of it was referred to a Committee of them, who, sending for Mr. *Kinnersly*, master of the Wardrobe, desired him to find out some precedent by which they might govern themselves in this important affair. After examination of his books and papers Mr *Kinnersly*, who was suspected to be inclined to Popery, recommended to them the solemnities used upon the like occasion for *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*, who had been represented to be in Purgatory for about two months. In the like manner was the body of this great Reformer laid in *Somerset-house*: the apartment was hung with black, the daylight was excluded, and no other but that of wax tapers to be seen. This scene of Purgatory continued till the first of *November*, which being the day preceding that commonly called *All Souls*, he was removed into the great Hall of the said House, and represented in *effigy*, standing on a bed of crimson velvet covered with a gown of the like coloured velvet, a sceptre in his hand, and a crown on his head. That part of the Hall wherein the Bed stood was railed in, and the rails and ground within them covered with crimson velvet. Four or five hundred candles set in flat shining candlesticks were so placed round near the roof of the hall that the light they gave seemed like the rays of the Sun: by all which he was represented to be now in a state of glory. This folly and profusion so far provoked the

People that they threw dirt in the night on his Escutcheon, that was placed over the great gate of *Somerset-house*. I purposely omit the rest of the Pageantry, the great number of persons that attended on the body, the procession to *Westminster*, the vast expense in Mourning, the state and magnificence of the Monument erected for him, with many other things that I care not to remember.

*Memoirs*

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

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### *Of Solitude*

THE truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World to see the vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possessed with any Lust or Passions a man had better be in a Fair than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but like Robbers they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be sowed into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of Solitude is the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

his Affections are tied to things without Himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking; for this, too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice, and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the soul of Man is not by its own Nature or observation furnished with sufficient Materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to Learning and Books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them, but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole Life.

*O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis !*

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wise !

The first Minister of State has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private, if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'That a man does not know how to pass his Time.' 'Twould have been but ill-spoken by *Metbusalem* in the Nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his Life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any Science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you'll say, is work only for the Learned; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from

Letters I know they are not, and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a man totally illiterate.

*Essays*

174

*Of Himself*

AS far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an Enemy to all constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any perswasions or encouragements, to learn without Book the common rules of Grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other Verses. . .

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these Characters in me. They were

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mother's Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any Book but of Devotion), but there was wont to lie *Spencers Works*; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees with the tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch.

*Essays*

### 175 *Fallentis semita vitae*

I LOVE and commend a true good Fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue; not that it doeth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. *Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made

the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as Cry in the *Exit*), this Innocent Deceiver of the world, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with show and noise, nay, even than *Augustus* himself, who asked with his last breath, Whether he had not played his *Farce* very well.

*Essays*

## JOHN EVELYN

1620-1706

## 176 On his Plan of a Garden Book

Co. Garden, Lond 28 Jan. [1657-8].

SIR, I return you a thousand acknowledgements for the papers which you transmitted me, and I will render you this account of my present undertaking. The truth is, that which imported me to discourse on this subject after this sort was the many defects which I encountered in books and in gardens, wherein neither words nor cost had been wanting, but judgement very much; and though I cannot boast of my science in this kind, as both unbecoming my years and my small experience, yet I esteemed it pardonable at least, if in doing my endeavour to rectify some

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mistakes, and advancing so useful and innocent a divertisement, I made some essay, and cast in my symbol with the rest. . . . The model, which I perceive you have seen, will abundantly testify my abhorrence of those painted and formal projections of our cockney gardens and plots, which appear like gardens of paste-board and marchpane, and smell more of paint than of flowers and verdure : our drift is a noble, princely, and universal *Elysium*, capable of all the amenities that can naturally be introduced into gardens of pleasure, and such as may stand in competition with all the august designs and stories of this nature, either of ancient or modern times ; yet so as to become useful and significant to the least pretences and faculties. We will endeavour to show how the air and genius of gardens operate upon human spirits towards virtue and sanctity, I mean in a remote, preparatory, and instrumental working. How caves, grotts, mounts, and irregular ornaments of gardens do contribute to contemplative and philosophical enthusiasm, how *elysium*, *antrum*, *nemus*, *paradysus*, *bortus*, *lucus*, &c, signify all of them *rem sacram et divinam* ; for these expedients do influence the soul and spirits of man, and prepare them for converse with good angels, besides which, they contribute to the less abstracted pleasures, philosophy natural and longevity ; and I would have not only the eulogies and effigy of the ancient and famous garden heroes, but a society of the *paradisi cultores*, persons of ancient simplicity, Paradisean and Hortulan saints, to be a society of learned and ingenuous men, such as Dr. *Browne*, by whom we might hope to redeem the time that has been lost in pursuing *Vulgar Errours* and still propagating them, as so many bold men do

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yet presume to do. Were it to be hoped, *inter hos armorum strepitus*, and in so general a catalysis of integrity, interruption of peace and propriety, the hortulan pleasures, these innocent, pure, and useful diversions might enjoy the least encouragement, whilst brutish and ambitious persons seek themselves in the ruins of our miserable yet dearest country, *quis talia fando*—?

*Letter to Sir Thomas Browne*

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### *Galley-Slaves*

WE went to visit the Galleys, being about twenty-five; the Captain of the *Galley Royal* gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, having their heads shaven close and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the captain sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable catiffs lie in their galley crowded together, yet there was hardly one but had some occupation by



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which, as leisure and calms permitted, they get some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. Their rising forward and falling back at their oar is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of strange and fearful to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet on the least disorder, and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

*Diary*

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### *The Great Fire*

SEPT. 7. I went this morning on foot from *Whitehall* as far as *London Bridge*, through the late *Fleet Street*, *Ludgate Hill*, by *St. Paul's*, *Cheapside*, *Exchange*, *Bishopsgate*, *Aldersgate*, and out to *Moorfields*, thence through *Cornhill*, &c, with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Majesty got to the *Tower* by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the *White Tower* where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church *St. Paul's* now a sad ruin, and that

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beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, freizes, capitals, and projectures of massy *Portland* stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than 6 acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into *St. Faith's*, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the *Stationers*, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the East end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remained entire.

Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought *Mercers' Chapel*, the sumptuous *Exchange*, the august fabric of *Christ Church*, all the rest of the *Companies' Halls*, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust, the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling, the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal

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desert, or rather in some great City laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir *Tho. Gressham's* statue, though fallen from its nich in the *Royal Exchange*, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in *Cornhill*, and *Queen Elizabeth's* effigies, with some arms on *Ludgate*, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the *City* streets, hinges, bars and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat.

Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest: the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards *Islington* and *Highbate*, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions

*Diary*

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## LUCY HUTCHINSON

b 1020

### 179      *A Puritan Courtship*

HE therefore went to Richmond, where he found a great deal of good young company, and many ingenuous persons that, by reason of the court, where the young princes were bred, entertained themselves in that place, and had frequent resort to the house where Mr. *Hutchinson* tabled. . . In the same house with him there was a younger daughter of Sir *Allen Apsley*, late lieutenant of the *Tower*, tabled for the practice of her lute, till the return of her mother, who was gone into *Wiltshire* for the accomplishment of a treaty that had been made some progress in, about the marriage of her elder daughter with a gentleman of that country, out of which my lady herself came, and where her brothers, Sir *John St John* and Sir *Edward Hungerford*, living in great honour and reputation, had invited her to a visit of them. This gentlewoman, that was left in the house with Mr. *Hutchinson*, was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit, and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr. *Hutchinson* took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in discourse with her. She having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. *Hutchinson*, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books, asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, inquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry

## LUCY HUTCHINSON

she was gone, before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr. *Hutchinson's* desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself, that his heart, which had ever had so much indifferency for the most excellent of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not), who had ordained him, through so many various providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction. There scarcely passed any day but some accident or some discourse still kept alive his desire of seeing this gentlewoman; although the mention of her, for the most part, was inquiries whether she had yet accomplished the marriage that was in treaty. . .

One day, having been invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood to a noble treatment at *Sion Garden*, which a courtier, that was her servant, had made for her and whom she would bring, Mr. *Hutchinson*, Mrs. *Apsley*, and Mr. *Coleman's* daughter were of the party, and having spent the day in several pleasant divertisements, at evening when they were at supper, a messenger came to tell Mrs. *Apsley* her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. *Hutchinson*, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay till the supper was ended, of which he ate no more, now only longing for that sight which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained, but his heart, being prepossessed with his

## LUCY HUTCHINSON

own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anything before her, yet, in spite of all her indifferency, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person. He was at that time, and indeed always very neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and had a variety of them, and had them well suited and every way answerable; in that little thing, showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him, which he wore with such unaffectedness and such neatness as do not often meet in one.

Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her; yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made him think all his pains well paid, and this first did whet his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found that she was wholly disengaged from that treaty, which he so much feared had been accomplished; he found withal, that though she was modest, she was accostable, and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her councils, for she was then much perplexed in mind. Her mother and

## LUCY HUTCHINSON

friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough, she was obedient, loth to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to. . . Mr. *Hutchinson*, on the other side, having been told, and seeing how she shunned all other men, and how civilly she entertained him, believed that a secret power had wrought a mutual inclination between them, and daily frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks, which, at that sweet season of the spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights . . .

He, in the meanwhile, prosecuted his love with so much discretion, duty, and honour, that at the length, through many difficulties, he accomplished his design. I shall pass by all the little amorous relations, which, if I would take the pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; but these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy of mention among the greater transactions of his life. There is this only to be recorded, that never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections. . . and thus indeed he soon made her more equal to him

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than he found her ; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present ; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his , so as his shadow she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing.

*Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*

## HENRY VAUGHAN

1622-1695

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*Finis rerum*

WHAT is become now of these great *Merchants of the earth*, and where is the fruit of *all their labours under the Sun*? Why, truly they are taken out of the way as all others, and they are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. Their dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies waste, and is not known : *Nettles and Brambles come up in it, and the Owl and the Raven dwell in it.* But if you will visit them at their long homes, and knock at those *desolate doors*, you shall find some remains of them, a heap of loathsomeness and corruption. O miserable and sad mutations ! Where is now their *pompous and shining train*? Where are their *triumphs, fireworks, and feasts*, with all the *ridiculous tumults of a popular, prodigious pride*? Where is their *purple and fine linen*, their chains of *massie gold*, and sparkling ornaments



## HENRY VAUGHAN

of *pearls*? Where are their *Cooks* and *Carvers*, their *fowlers* and *fishers*? Where are their curious *Uten-sils*, their *Cups* of *Agate*, *Crystal*, and *China-earth*? Where are their sumptuous *Chambers*, where they enclosed themselves in *Cedar*, *Ivory*, and *Ebony*? Where is their *Musick*, their *soft* and *delicate dressings*, *pleasing motions*, and *excellency of looks*? Where are their rich *perfumes*, costly *Conserves*, with their precious and various store of *foreign* and *domestick* wines? Where are their *sons* and their *daughters* fair as the *flowers*, straight as the *Palm-trees*, and *polished as the corners of the Temple*? O pitiful and astonishing transformations! all is gone, all is dust, deformity, and desolation. *Their bones are scattered in the pit, and instead of well-set hair, there is baldness and loathsomeness instead of beauty.* This is the state of their *bodies*, and (O blessed *Jesus*!) who knows the state of their *souls*?

*The Mount of Olives*

## ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

1621-1683

### 181 *Character of Henry Hastings*

MR HASTINGS, by his quality, being the son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and his way of living, had the first place amongst us. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our nobility in ancient days in hunting and not warlike times, he was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer,

## ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER

and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen, many fish-ponds, and great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting-house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport-hounds that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and hawks long and short winged; he had all sorts of nets for fishing: he had a walk in the New Forest and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time in such sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he were not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came. There he found beef pudding and small beer in great plenty, a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the great hall strewn with marrow bones, full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers, the upper sides of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's skinning, here and there a polecat intermixed, guns and keepers' and huntsmen's poles in abundance. The parlour was a large long room, as properly furnished; on a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels; seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always

## EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other such like accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles; an oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons: the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself, tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he

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could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrrup of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastard and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to a hundred, never lost his eyesight, but always writ and read without spectacles, and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

*Fragment of Autobiography*

## ALGERNON SIDNEY

1622-1683

182 *The Sanction of Government*

NO man can be my Judge, unless he be my Superior, and he cannot be my Superior, who is not so by my consent, nor to any other purpose than I consent to. This cannot be the case of a Nation, which can have no equal within itself. Controversies may arise with other Nations, the decision of which may be left to Judges chosen by mutual agreement; but this relates not to our question. A Nation, and most especially one that is powerful, cannot recede from its own right, as a private man from the knowledge of his own weakness and inability to defend himself, must come under the protection of a greater Power than his own. The strength of a Nation is not in the Magistrate, but the strength of the Magis-

## ALGERNON SIDNEY

trate is in the Nation. The wisdom, industry, and valour of a Prince may add to the glory and greatness of a Nation, but the foundation and substance will always be in itself. . . . The people therefore cannot be deprived of their natural rights upon a frivolous pretence to that which never was and never can be. They who create Magistracies, and give to them such name, form, and power as they think fit, do only know, whether the end for which they were created, be performed or not. They who give a being to the power which had none, can only judge whether it be employed to their welfare, or turned to their ruin. They do not set up one or a few men, that they and their posterity may live in splendor and greatness, but that Justice may be administered, Virtue established, and provision made for the publick safety. No wise man will think this can be done, if those who set themselves to overthrow the Law, are to be their own Judges.

*A Discourse on Government*

## GEORGE FOX

183

### *The Cloud*

1624-1690

ONE morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: There is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the

life rose over it all, and my heart was glad and I praised the living God.

*Journal of George Fox*

## JOHN BUNYAN

1628-1688

184 *He Plays Tip Cat on Sunday*

**B**UT one day, amongst all the Sermons our Parson made, his Subject was, to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the Evil of breaking that, either with Labour, Sports, or otherwise. (Now I was, notwithstanding my Religion, one that took much delight in all manner of Vice, and especially that was the day that I did solace myself therewith.) Wherefore I fell in my Conscience under his Sermon, thinking and believing that he made that Sermon on purpose to show me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before, that I can remember. But then I was, for the present, greatly loaden therewith, and so went home when the Sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my Spirit.

This, for that instant, did benumb the Sinews of my best Delights, and did embitter my former Pleasures to me. But behold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the Trouble began to go off my Mind, and my Heart returned to its old Course. But oh! How glad was I, that this Trouble was gone from me, and that the Fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied Nature with my Food, I shook the Sermon out of my Mind, and to my old Custom of Sports and Gaming I returned with great Delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game at Cat, and having struck it one blow from the Hole,

## JOHN BUNYAN

just as I was about to strike it the second time, a Voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my Soul, which said, *Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell?* At this I was put to an exceeding Maze. Wherefore, leaving my Cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and was as if I had, with the Eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous Punishment for these and other my ungodly Practices.

I had no sooner thus conceived in my Mind, but suddenly this conclusion was fastened on my Spirit (for the former hint did set my sins again before my Face), *That I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after Heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my Transgressions.* Then I fell to musing upon this also. And while I was thinking on it and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my Heart sink in Despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my Mind I would go on in sin. For, thought I, if the Case be thus, my State is surely miserable. Miserable if I leave my Sins, and but miserable if I follow them. I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as be damned for few.

Thus I stood in the midst of my Play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing. But I say, I having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of Despair did so possess my Soul, that I was perswaded, I could never attain to other Comfort than what I should get in sin; for Heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think.

*Grace Abounding*

## JOHN BUNYAN

### 185 *Christian and Faithful come to Vanity Fair*

THEN I saw in my Dream, that when they were got out of the Wilderness, they presently saw a Town before them, and the name of that Town is *Vanity*; and at the Town there is a *Fair* kept, called *Vanity-Fair*. It is kept all the Year long: it beareth the name of *Vanity-Fair*, because the Town where it is kept, is *lighter than Vanity*; and also, because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is *Vanity*. As is the saying of the wise, *All that cometh is Vanity*.

This Fair is no new erected business, but a thing of ancient standing, I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were Pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and *Beelzebub*, *Apollyon*, and *Legion*, with their Companions, perceiving by the Path that the Pilgrims made, that their way to the City lay through this Town of *Vanity*, they contrived here to set up a Fair; a Fair wherein should be sold of *all sorts of Vanity*, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this *Fair* are all such Merchandize sold, as Houses, Lands, Trades, Places, Honours, Preferments, Titles, Countries, Kingdoms, Lusts, Pleasures, and Delights of all sorts, as Whores, Bawds, Wives, Husbands, Children, Masters, Servants, Lives, Blood, Bodies, Souls, Silver, Gold, Pearls, Precious Stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this Fair there is at all times to be seen Jugglings, Cheats, Games, Plays, Fools, Apes, Knaves, and Rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing,



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Thefts, Murders, Adulteries, False-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other Fairs of less moment, there are the several Rows and Streets, under their proper names, where such and such Wares are vended: So here likewise, you have the proper Places, Rows, Streets (*viz.* Countrys and Kingdoms), where the Wares of this Fair are soonest to be found: Here is the *Britain* Row, the *French* Row, the *Italian* Row, the *Spanish* Row, the *German* Row, where several sorts of Vanities are to be sold. But as in other Fairs, some one Commodity is as the chief of all the Fair, so the Ware of *Rome* and her Merchandize is greatly promoted in this Fair. Only our *English* Nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this *Town*, where this lusty Fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this *Town*, must needs go out of the *World*. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this *Town* to his own Country, and that upon a *Fair-day* too. Yea, and as I think, it was *Beelzebub*, the chief Lord of this Fair, that invited him to buy of his *Vanities*; yea, would have made him Lord of the Fair, would he but have done him Reverence as he went through the *Town*. Yea, because he was such a person of Honour, *Beelzebub* had him from *Street* to *Street*, and showed him all the Kingdoms of the *World* in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One, to cheapen and buy some of his *Vanities*. But he had no mind to the Merchandize, and therefore left the *Town*, without laying out so much as one Farthing upon these *Vanities*. This Fair therefore is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great Fair.

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Now these Pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this *Fair*. Well, so they did, but behold, even as they entered into the *Fair*, all the people in the *Fair* were moved, and the Town itself as it were in a Hubbub about them; and that for several reasons. For,

First, The Pilgrims were cloathed with such kind of Raiment as was diverse from the Raiment of any that Traded in that *Fair*. The people therefore of the *Fair* made a great gazing upon them. Some said they were Fools, some they were Bedlams, and some they are Outlandish-men

Secondly, And as they wondered at their *Apparel*, so they did likewise at their *Speech*, for few could understand what they said; they naturally spoke the Language of *Canaan*, but they that kept the *Fair*, were the men of this World: so that from one end of the *Fair* to the other, they seemed *Barbarians* each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the Merchandizers, was, that these Pilgrims set very light by all their Wares.

*The Pilgrim's Progress*

### 186 *The Valley of Humiliation*

**B**UT we will come again to this Valley of *Humiliation*. It is the best, and most fruitful piece of Ground in all those parts. It is fat Ground, and as you see consisteth much in Meadows, and if a Man was to come here in the Summer-time as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his Eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold, how green this Valley is, also how beautified with *Lilies* I have also known many labouring men that have got

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good Estates in this Valley of *Humiliation*. (For God resisteth the Proud; but gives *more, more* Grace to the Humble) for indeed it is a very fruitful Soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's House were here, that they might be troubled no more with either Hills or Mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloathes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured Countenance, and as he sat by himself he sung. Hark, said Mr. *Greatheart*, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said,

*He that is down, needs fear no fall,*

*He that is low, no Pride:*

*He that is humble, ever shall*

*Have God to be his Guide.*

*I am content with what I have,*

*Little be it, or much:*

*And, Lord, contentment still I crave,*

*Because thou savest such.*

*Fullness to such a burden is*

*That go on Pilgrimage:*

*Here little, and hereafter Bliss,*

*Is best from Age to Age.*

Then said the *Guide*, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of that Herb called *Hearts-ease* in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet; but we will proceed in our Discourse.

*The Pilgrim's Progress*

187 *Mr Valiant-for-truth Crosses the River*

AFTER this, it was noised abroad that Mr. *Valiant-for-truth* was taken with a Summons, by the same *Post* as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, *That his Pitcher was broken at the Fountain*. When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Fathers, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My *Sword*, I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my *Courage* and *Skill*, to him that can get it. My *Marks* and *Scars* I carry with me, to be a Witness for me, that I have fought his Battles who now will be my Rewarder. When the Day that he must go hence, was come, many accompanied him to the River side, into which, as he went, he said, *Death, where is thy Sting?* And as he went down deeper, he said, *Grave, where is thy Victory?* So he passed over, and the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

*The Pilgrim's Progress*

## SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

1628-1699

188 *Of Poetry*

WHETHER it be that the Fierceness of the *Gothick* Humors, or Noise of their perpetual Wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern Languages would not bear it, certain it is, that the great Heights and Excellency both of

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Poetry and Musick fell with the *Roman* Learning and Empire, and have never since recovered the Admiration and Applauses that before attended them. Yet such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent Amusements of common Time and Life. They still find Room in the Courts of Princes and the Cottages of Shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead Calm of poor or idle Lives, and to allay or divert the violent Passions and Perturbations of the greatest and the busiest Men. And both these Effects are of equal use to Humane Life, for the Mind of Man is like the Sea, which is neither agreeable to the Beholder nor the Voyager in a Calm or in a Storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle Gales, and so the Mind, when moved by soft and easy Passions or Affections. I know very well that many, who pretend to be Wise by the Forms of being Grave, are apt to despise both Poetry and Musick as Toys and Trifles too light for the Use or Entertainment of serious Men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these Charms would, I think, do well to keep their own Counsel, for fear of reproaching their own Temper, and bringing the Goodness of their Natures, if not of their Understandings, into Question. It may be thought at least an ill Sign, if not an ill Constitution, since some of the Fathers went so far as to esteem the Love of Musick a Sign of Predestination, as a thing Divine, and reserved for the Felicities of Heaven itself. While this World lasts, I doubt not but the Pleasure and Request of these two Entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not

trouble the World or other Men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no Body hurts them.

When all is done, Human Life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward Child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the Care is over.

*Essays*

### 189 *On his Retirement from Public Life*

FOR the Ease of my own Life, if I know myself, it will be infinitely more in the retired, than it has been in the busy Scene: for no good Man can, with any Satisfaction, take part in the Divisions of his Country that knows and considers, as I do, what they have cost *Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Florence, Germany, France, and England*. nor can the wisest Man foresee how ours will end, or what they are like to cost the rest of Christendom as well as ourselves. I never had but two aims in publick Affairs; one, to see the King great as he may be by the Hearts of his People, without which I know not how he can be great by the Constitutions of this Kingdom. The other, in case our Factions must last, yet to see a Revenue established for the constant maintaining a Fleet of fifty men of War, at Sea or in Harbour, and the Seamen in constant Pay; which would be at least our Safety from abroad, and make the Crown still considered in any foreign Alliances, whether the King and his Parliaments should agree or not in undertaking any great or National War. And such an Establishment I was in Hopes the last Parliament at *Westminster* might have agreed in with the King, by adding so much of a new Fund to Three Hundred Thousand

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Pounds a Year out of the present Customs. But these have both failed, and I am content to have failed with them.

*Memoirs*

190

### *On Gardens*

IN every Garden four things are necessary to be provided for, Flowers, Fruit, Shade, and Water; and whoever lays out a Garden without all these, must not pretend it in any Perfection. It ought to lie to the best Parts of the House, or to those of the Master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the Rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your Garden next your House (besides the Walks that go round it), should be a Parterre for Flowers, or Grass-plots bordered with Flowers; or if, according to the newest Mode, it be cast all into Grass-plots and Gravel Walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with Fountains, and the plainness of those with Statues, otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the Eye. However, the part next the House should be open, and no other Fruit but upon the Walls. If this take up one half of the Garden, the other should be Fruit-trees, unless some Grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be Dwarf-trees, and the last Standard-fruit; or else the second part Fruit-trees, and the third all sorts of Winter-Greens, which provide for all Seasons of the Year.

The best Figure of a Garden is either a Square or an Oblong, and either upon a Flat or a Descent; they have all their Beauties, but the best I esteem an Oblong upon a Descent. The Beauty, the Air, the View

## SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

makes amends for the Expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the Terrace-walks, in levelling the Parterres, and in the Stone-stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

*Upon the Gardens of Epicurus*

## CHARLES COTTON

1630-1687

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### *The Fishing-house*

**PISCATOR.** Good morrow, *Sir*: what! up and dressed, so early?

*Viator.* Yes, *Sir*, I have been dressed this half-hour. for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a Trout taken in your fine River, that I could no longer lie a-bed.

*Piscator.* I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport: though I must tell you this day proves so calm, and the Sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the Angler: but, however, we'll try, and, one way or other, we shall, sure, do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this Morning?

*Viator.* For Breakfast I never eat any, and for Drink am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of Ale, I'm for you: and let it be quickly if you please, for I long to see the little Fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

*Piscator.* Well, *Sir*, you see the Ale is come without calling: for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet, which is always one Glass so soon as I am dressed, and no more till Dinner: and so my Servants have served you.



## CHARLES COTTON

*Viator.* My thanks. And now, if you please, let us look out this fine morning.

*Piscator.* With all my heart. Boy, take the Key of my Fishing-house, and carry down those two angle-Rods in the Hall window, thither, with my Fish-pannier, Pouch, and Landing-net; and stay you there till we come. Come, *Sir*, we'll walk after, where, by the way, I expect you should raise all the exceptions against our Country you can.

*Viator.* Nay, *Sir*, do not think me so ill-natured, nor so uncivil: I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

[*Piscator.*] You were then in as good earnest as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But look you, *Sir*, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in *Essex*, *Middlesex*, or *Kent*, or any of your southern countries?

*Viator.* 'Tis a delicate Morning indeed, and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

*Piscator.* Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so: and those of my friends who know my humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, *Sir*, now you are at the brink of the Hill, how do you like my River, the Vale it winds through like a snake, and the situation of my little Fishing-house?

*Viator.* Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems, at this distance, a neat building.

*Piscator.* Good enough for that purpose. And here is a bowling Green too, close by it, so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally

devoted to my own pleasure but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the door; pray walk in, and there we will sit, and talk as long as you please.

*Viator.* Stay, what's here over the door? *Piscatoribus Sacrum.* Why then, I perceive I have some Title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst. And here, below it, is the Cipher too you spoke of; and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it; for it seems new built?

*Piscator.* Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up; but never in the posture it now stands: for the house was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the Arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it yet. for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this Summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

*Viator.* Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more room for their pleasures. And 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house of anything I ever saw: it stands in a kind of *Peninsula* too, with a delicate clear River about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without but by your leave, I'll try. Why, this is better and better, fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a Marble Table and all in the middle!

*Piscator.* Enough, Sir, enough, I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself, and now you attack me there. Come, Boy, set two Chairs, and whilst I am taking a Pipe of Tobacco, which is

## CHARLES COTTON

always my Breakfast, we will, if you please, talk or some other Subject.

*Viator.* None fitter, then, *Sir*, for the time and place, than those instructions you promised.

*The Compleat Angler, Part II*

## JOHN TILLOTSON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

1630-1694

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### *Of Feasts*

ONE would be apt to wonder, that *Nehemiah* (Chap. v, Verses 16, 17, 18) should reckon a huge bill of fare, and a vast number of promiscuous guests amongst his virtues and good deeds, for which he desires God to remember him. But, upon better consideration, besides the bounty, and sometimes charity, of a great table (provided there be nothing of vanity or ostentation in it) there may be exercised two very considerable virtues; one is *temperance*, and the other *self-denial*, in a man's being contented, for the sake of the public, to deny himself so much, as to sit down every day to a feast, and to eat continually in a crowd, and almost never to be alone, especially when, as it often happens, a great part of the company that a man must have is the company that a man would not have. I doubt it will prove but a melancholy business, when a man comes to die, to have made a great noise and bustle in the world, and to have been known far and near, but all this while to have been hid and concealed from himself. It is a very odd and fantastical sort of life for a man to be continually from home, and most of all a stranger at his own house.

It is surely an uneasy thing, to sit always in a frame,

and to be perpetually upon a man's guard, not to be able to speak a careless word, or to use a negligent posture, without observation and censure.

Men are apt to think, that they, who are in highest places, and have the most power, have most liberty to say and do what they please. But it is quite otherwise; for they have the least liberty, because they are most observed. It is not mine own observation; a much wiser man (I mean TULLY) says, *In maxima quaque fortuna minimum licere*. They, that are in the highest and greatest condition, have of all others the least liberty.

*Reflections*

## JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

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*June 3rd, 1665*

IT was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late War, when our Navy engaged the Dutch, a day wherein the two most mighty and best-appointed Fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the Globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our Countrymen, under the happy conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the Enemies, the noise of the Cannon from both Navies reached our ears about the City, so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross

## JOHN DRYDEN

the River, others down it ; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Among the rest it was the fortune of *Eugenius*, *Crites*, *Lisideius*, and *Neander*, to be in company together, three of them persons whom their wit and Quality have made known to all the Town, and whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed names that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a Barge which a servant of *Lisideius* had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired : after which, having disengaged themselves from many Vessels which rode at anchor in the *Thames* and almost blocked up the passage towards *Greenwich*, they ordered the Watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the Air break about them like the noise of distant Thunder, or of swallows in a Chimney : those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the Fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, *Eugenius*, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy Omen of our Nation's Victory: adding, we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English Coast.

*Essay of Dramatic Poesy*

194 *Shakespeare and Ben Jonson*

TO begin, then, with *Shakespeare*. He was the man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the Images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of Books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of Mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his Comick wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into Bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*

The consideration of this made Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton* say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but he would produce it much better treated of in *Shakespeare*, and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him *Fletcher* and *Jonson*, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last King's court, when *Ben's* reputation was at highest, Sir *John Suckling*, and with him the greater part of the Courtiers, set our *Shakespeare* far above him. . .

As for *Jonson*, to whose Character I am now arrived,

## JOHN DRYDEN

if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last Plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious Writer which any Theatre ever had. He was a most severe Judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and Language and Humour also in some measure, we had before him ; but something of Art was wanting to the *Drama* till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making Love in any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the Passions ; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper Sphere ; and in that he delighted most to represent Mechanick people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them . there is scarce a Poet or Historian among the Roman Authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his Robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any Law. He invades Authors like a Monarch ; and what would be theft in other Poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these Writers he so represents old *Rome* to us, in its Rites, Ceremonies, and Customs, that if one of their Poets had written either of his Tragedies we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his Language 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously in his serious Plays perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our Tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them - wherein, though he learnedly followed

the Idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare him with *Shakespeare*, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but *Shakespeare* the greater wit. *Shakespeare* was the *Homer*, or father of our Dramatick Poets; *Johnson* was the *Virgil*, the pattern of elaborate writing, I admire him, but I love *Shakespeare*.

*Essay of Dramatic Poesy*

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### *Chaucer*

HE must have been a Man of a most wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the whole *English* Nation, in his Age. Not a single Character has escaped him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the Poet gives them. The Matter and Manner of their Tales, and of their Telling, are so suited to their different Educations, Humours, and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguished by their several sorts of Gravity: their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding, such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some Vertuous, some are unlearned, or (as *Chaucer* calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the Low Characters is different: the *Reeve*, the *Miller*, and the *Cook*, are several men,



## JOHN DRYDEN

and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing *Lady-Priores*s and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of *Bath*. But enough of this ; there is such a variety of Game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my Choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the Proverb, that *here is God's plenty*.

*Preface to the Fables*

### 196 *Dryden Grown Old*

I HAVE added some Original Papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other Poems, an Author is the most improper Judge ; and therefore I leave them wholly to the Mercy of the Reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned ; but if they should, I have the Excuse of an old Gentleman, who, mounting on Horseback before some Ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the Fair Spectators that they would count Fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the Mercy of God, I am already come within Twenty Years of his Number, a Cripple in my Limbs ; but what Decays are in my Mind, the Reader must determine. I think my self as vigorous as ever in the Faculties of my Soul, excepting only my Memory, which is not impaired to any great degree ; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What Judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes ; and Thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only Difficulty is to chuse or to reject ; to run them into Verse or to give them the other harmony of Prose : I have so long studied and practised both, that they

are grown into a Habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old Gentleman's Excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no Grains of Allowance for the Faults of this my present Work, but those which are given of course to Humane Frailty.

*Preface to the Fables*

## JOHN LOCKE

1632-1704

197 *On the Teaching of English*

TO write and speak correctly gives a Grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and, since it is *English* that an *English* Gentleman will have constant use of, that is the Language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his Style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken anywhere to improve Young Men in their own Language, that they may thoroughly understand and be Masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his Mother Tongue, it is owing to Chance, or his Genius, or anything, rather than to his Education, or any care of his Teacher. To mind what *English* his Pupil speaks or writes is below the dignity of one bred up amongst *Greek* and *Latin*, though he have but little of them himself. These are the

## JOHN LOCKE

learned Languages, fit only for learned Men to meddle with and teach ; *English* is the language of the illiterate Vulgar, though yet we see the policy of some of our neighbours hath not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own Language. Polishing and enriching their Tongue is no small Business amongst them . it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised amongst them a great Ambition and Emulation of writing correctly , and we see what they are come to by it, and how far they have spread one of the worst Languages, possibly, in this part of the World ; if we look upon it as it was in some few Reigns backwards, whatever it be now The great Men amongst the *Romans* were daily exercising themselves in their own language ; and we find yet upon record the Names of Orators who taught some of their emperors *Latin*, though it were their Mother Tongue.

It is plain the *Greeks* were yet more nice in theirs , all other Speech was barbarous to them but their own, and no Foreign Language appears to have been studied or valued amongst that learned and acute People , though it be past doubt, that they borrowed their Learning and Philosophy from abroad

I am not here speaking against *Greek* and *Latin* ; I think they ought to be studied, and the *Latin*, at least, understood well, by every Gentleman. But whatever foreign Languages a Young Man meddles with (and the more he knows the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.

*Some Thoughts concerning Education*

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*A Jaunt into the Country*

JULY 14, 1667. (Lord's day) Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs Turner come to us by agreement, and she and I stayed talking below while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. And to the town, to the King's Head, and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to church, where few people to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inn. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people hath taken to speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well

## SAMUEL PEPYS

as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry.

After dinner, he gone, we all lay down (the day being wonderful hot) to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose . . . and we took coach and to take the air, there being a fine breeze abroad ; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me ; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor . . . Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cousin Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place ; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again ; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was ; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him, so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something,

and went to the father and talked with him and I find he had been a servant in my cousin Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty; and, taking notice of them, 'why,' says the poor man, 'the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these,' says he, 'will make the stones fly till they ring before me.' I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horn crook. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a-week the year round for keeping of them: and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life.

So to our coach, and through Mr. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house, and so over the common, and through Epsom town to our inn, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfuls of milk, better than any cream; and so to our inn, and there had a dish of cream, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and

## SAMUEL PEPYS

passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the air, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work. Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-worms, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease: but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

*Diary*

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### *Amantium irae*

JAN. 12, 1668-9. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly; but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by, out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not

prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she came to my side of the bed, and drew my curtain open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.

*Diary*

SIR GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS  
OF HALIFAX

1633-1695

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*Charles II*

**W**HEN once the Aversion to bear Uneasiness taketh place in a Man's Mind it doth so check all the Passions that they are damped into a kind of Indifference; they grow faint and languishing, and come to be subordinate to that fundamental Maxim of not purchasing anything at the price of a Difficulty.



## SIR GEORGE SAVILE

This made that he had as little Eagerness to oblige as he had to hurt Men; the Motive of his giving Bounties was rather to make Men less uneasy to him than more easy to themselves; and yet no ill-nature all this while. He would slide from an asking Face, and could guess very well. It was throwing a Man off from his Shoulders that leaned upon them with his whole weight, so that the Party was not gladder to receive than he was to give. .

That Men have the less Ease for their loving it so much is so far from a wonder that it is a natural Consequence, especially in the case of a Prince. Ease is seldom got without some pains, but it is yet seldomer kept without them. He thought giving would make Men more easy to him, whereas he might have known it would certainly make them more troublesome.

When Men receive Benefits from Princes they attribute less to his Generosity than to their own Deserts; so that in their own Opinion their Merit cannot be bounded; by that mistaken Rule it can as little be satisfied. They would take it for a diminution to have it circumscribed. Merit hath a Thirst upon it that can never be quenched by golden Showers. It is not only still ready, but greedy to receive more. This King *Charles* found in as many Instances as any Prince that ever reigned, because the Easiness of Access introducing the good Success of their first Request, they were the more encouraged to repeat those Importunities, which had been more effectually stopped in the Beginning by a short and resolute Denial. But his Nature did not dispose him to that Method; it directed him rather to put off the troublesome Minute for the time, and that being his Inclination he did not care to struggle with it. . .

It must be allowed he had a little Over balance on the well-natured Side—not Vigour enough to be earnest to do a kind Thing, much less to do a harsh one; but if a hard thing was done to another Man he did not eat his Supper the worse for it.

*A Character of King Charles the Second*

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*Look to your Moat*

I WILL make no other Introduction to the following Discourse, than that as the Importance of our being strong at Sea was ever very great, so in our present Circumstances it is 'grown to be much greater; because, as formerly our Force in Shipping contributed greatly to our Trade and Safety, so now it is become indispensably necessary to our very being.

It may be said now to *England*, Martha, Martha, *thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary.* To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this World? there is no other answer but this, *Look to your Moat.*

The first Article of an Englishman's Political Creed must be, That he believeth in the Sea, &c., without that there needeth no General Council to pronounce him incapable of Salvation here.

We are in an Island, confined to it by God Almighty, not as a Penalty but a Grace, and one of the greatest that can be given to Mankind. Happy confinement, that hath made us Free, Rich, and Quiet, a fair Portion in this World, and very well worth the preserving, a Figure that ever hath been envied, and could never be imitated by our Neighbours. Our Situation hath made Greatness abroad by Land Con-

## MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

quests unnatural things to us. It is true, we have made Excursions, and glorious ones too, which make our Names great in History, but they did not last.

*A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea*

## ROBERT SOUTH

1634-1716

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### *Hypocrites*

**B**ODILY Abstinence, joined with a demure, affected countenance, is often called and accounted *Piety* and *Mortification*. Suppose a Man infinitely ambitious, and equally spiteful and malicious, one who poisons the ears of great men by venomous Whispers, and rises by the fall of better Men than himself; yet if he steps forth with a Friday-look and a Lenten face, with a *blessed Jesu!* and a mournful Ditty for the Vices of the times, oh! then he is a Saint upon Earth; an *Ambrose* or an *Augustine*, I mean not for that earthly trash of book-learning; for, alas! such are above that, or at least that's above them; but for Zeal, and for Fasting, for a devout Elevation of the Eyes, and an holy Rage against other Men's Sins. And happy those Ladies and religious Dames, characterized in 2 *Tim.* iii. 6, who can have such self-denying, thriving, able Men for their Confessors! and thrice happy those Families, where they vouchsafe to take their Friday-Night's Refreshments! and thereby demonstrate to the world what Christian Abstinence, and what primitive, self-mortifying Rigour there is in forbearing a Dinner, that they may have the better Stomach to their Supper.

In fine, the whole World stands in Admiration of them; Fools are fond of them, and wise Men are

## ROBERT SOUTH

afraid of them ; they are talked of, they are pointed at ; and as they order the matter, they draw the Eyes of all Men after them, and generally something else.

But as it is observed in Greyhounds, that the thinness of their Jaws does not at all allay the ravening fury of their Appetite, there being no Creature whose teeth are sharper, and whose feet are swifter when they are in pursuit of their Prey ; so woe be to that Man who stands in the way of a meagre, mortified, fasting, sharp-set Zeal, when it is in full chase of its spiritual Game. And therefore, as the Apostle admonishes the *Philippians*, *Phil. iii. 2, To beware of Dogs*, so his advice cannot be too frequently remembered, nor too warily observed, when we have to deal with those who are always fawning upon some and biting others, as shall best serve their Occasions.

*Sermon • On the Mischievous Influence of Words and Names falsely applied*

## THOMAS BURNET

1635?-1715

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*Dies irae, dies illa*

WHERE are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities ? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory ? Show me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name. What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction do you see in this Mass of Fire ?

*Rome* itself, *Eternal Rome*, the Great City, the Empress of the World, whose domination and super-

## THOMAS BURNET

stitution, antient and modern, make a great part of the History of this Earth, what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous, *She glorified herself and lived deliciously; and said in her heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no sorrow.* But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the Earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But 'tis not Cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as wax before the Sun; and *their place is nowhere found.*

Here stood the *Alps*, a prodigious range of stone, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their arms from the Ocean to the *Black Sea*, this huge mass of Stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here stood the *African Mountains*, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds. There was frozen *Caucasus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of *Asia*. And yonder towards the North, stood the *Riphaean Hills*, clothed in Ice and Snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the Snow upon their Heads, and swallowed up in a Red Sea of Fire.

*A Sacred Theory of the Earth*

## THOMAS SPRAT, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

1635-1713

### 204 *The Philosophy of the Primitive Church*

THIS was the Condition of Philosophy when the Christian Religion came into the World. That maintained itself in its first Age by the Innocence,

and Miracles and Sufferings of its Founder and his Apostles. But after their Deaths, when Christianity began to spread into the farthest Nations, and when the Power of Working Wonders had ceased, it was thought necessary for its Increase that its Professors should be able to defend it against the Subtilties of the Heathens by those same ways of Arguing which were then in use among the Heathen Philosophers. It was therefore on this Account that the Fathers and chief Doctors of our Church applied themselves to the Peripatetick and Platonick Sects; but chiefly to the Platonick, because that seemed to speak plainer about the Divine Nature; and also because the Sweetness and Powerfulness of *Plato's* Writings did serve as well to make them popular Speakers as Disputers. Having thus provided themselves against their Adversaries they easily got the Victory over them. And though the idolatrous Gentiles had kept the Instruments of disputing in their own Hands so many hundred Years, yet they soon convinced them of the Ridiculousness of their Worship, and the Purity and Reasonableness of ours.

But now the Christians having had so good Success against the Religions of the Heathens by their own Weapons, instead of laying them down when they had done, unfortunately fell to manage them one against another. So many subtile Brains having been set on work and warmed against a Foreign Enemy, when that was over, and they had nothing else to do (like an Army that returns victorious and is not presently disbanded) they began to spoil and quarrel amongst themselves. Hence that Religion, which at first appeared so innocent and peaceable, and fitted for the benefit of human Society, which consisted in the

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plain and direct Rules of good Life and Charity, and the Belief in a Redemption by one Saviour, was miserably divided into a thousand intricate Questions, which neither advance true Piety nor good Manners

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### *The Plague*

THE *Plague* was indeed an irreparable Damage to the whole Kingdom; but that which chiefly added to the Misery was the *Time* wherein it happened. For what could be a more deplorable Accident than that so many *brave Men* should be cut off by the *Arrow that flies in the dark*, when our Country was engaged in a *foreign War*, and when their Lives might have been honourably ventured on a glorious Theatre in its Defence? And we had scarce recovered this *first Misfortune* when we received a *second* and a deeper Wound; which cannot be equalled in all *History*, it either we consider the Obscurity of its *Beginning*, the irresistible Violence of its Progress, the Horror of its *Appearance*, or the Wideness of the Ruin it made, in one of the most renowned *Cities* of the World.

Yet when, on the one side, I remember what *Desolation* these Scourges of Mankind have left behind them; and on the other, when I reflect on the *Magnanimity* wherewith the English Nation did support the Mischiefs; I find that I have not more Reason to *bewail* the one than to *admire* the other.

Upon our Return after the abating of the *Plague*, what else could we expect but to see the *Streets* unfrequented, the *River* forsaken, the *Fields* deformed with the *Graves* of the *Dead*, and the *Terrors* of *Death*

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still abiding on the Faces of the living? But instead of such dismal Sight there appeared almost the same Throngs in all publick Places, the same Noise of *Business*, the same Freedom of Converse, and, with the Return of the *King*, the same Cheerfulness returning on the Minds of the *People* as before.

Nor was their *Courage* less in sustaining the *second Calamity*, which destroyed their *Houses* and *Estates*. This the greatest Losers endured with such undaunted Firmness of Mind that their Example may incline us to believe that not only the best *Natural*, but the best *Moral* Philosophy too, may be learned from the Shops of *Mechanicks*. It was indeed an admirable Thing to behold with what *Constancy* the meanest Artificers saw all the *Labours* of their *Lives* and the *Support* of their *Families* devoured in an instant. The Affliction, 'tis true, was widely spread over the whole Nation; every Place was filled with Signs of *Pity* and *Commiseration*, but those who had suffered most seemed the least affected with the Loss no *unmanly Bewailings* were heard in the few *Streets* that were preserved; they beheld the Ashes of their *Houses* and *Gates* and *Temples* without the least Expression of Pusillanimity. If *Philosophers* had done this it had well become their Profession of Wisdom; if *Gentlemen*, the Nobleness of their *Breeding* and *Blood* would have required it; but that such Greatness of Heart should be found amongst the poor *Artizans* and the obscure *Multitude* is no doubt one of the most honourable Events that ever happened. Yet still there is one *Circumstance* behind which may raise our Wonder higher; and that is, that amidst such horrible Ruins they still prosecuted the *War* with the same *Vigour* and *Courage* against three of the most powerful



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States of all *Europe* What Records of Time, or Memory of past Ages, can show us a greater Testimony of an invincible and heroick *Genius* than this of which I now speak? that the Sound of the *Heralds* proclaiming new *Wars* should be pleasant to the People, when the sad Voice of the *Bell-man* was scarce yet gone out of their Ears? That the Increase of their Adversaries *Confederates*, and of their own *Calamities*, should be so far from affrighting them, that they rather seemed to receive from thence a *new Vigour* and *Resolution*? and that they should still be eager upon *Victories* and *Triumphs* when they were thought almost quite exhausted by so great Destructions?

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## EDWARD STILLINGFLEET, BISHOP OF WORCESTER

1635-1699

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LOOK now upon me, you who so lately admired the greatness of my trade, the riches of my merchants, the number of my people, the conveniency of my *Churches*, the multitude of my Streets, and see what desolations sin hath made in the earth Look upon me, and then tell me whether it be nothing to dally with Heaven, to make a mock at sin, to slight the judgements of *God*, and abuse his mercies, and after all the attempts of Heaven to reclaim a people from their sins, to remain still the same that ever they were? Was there no way to expiate your guilt but by my misery? Had the *leprosy* of your sins so fretted into my walls, that there was no cleansing them, but by the flames which consume them? Must I mourn in